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THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around to say Farewell.
It is an irksome work and task;
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be he who took and gave!
Why should your Mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

So each shall mourn in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the Winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize?
Go, lose, or conquer, as you can:
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

THE WHITE GIPSY:

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

"I think I've heard what I wanted to learn," he said, with a quiet smile. "One of my men will guard the door below, while I and another will go round to No. 8, and make inquiries. Good evening, Miss Hurst—sorry to disturb you; but my business is very important—very."

He had reached the door, leaving Alice and the landlady standing, one in terror, the other in speechless wonderment, when he appeared suddenly to remember something. He turned back.

"I am sorry, Miss Hurst," he said, "that I am obliged to be unkind, but I must do my duty. Until I find Mr. Hurst, you must not leave this house."

He then quitted the room. But Alice was not easily satisfied, and followed him to the door.

"Excuse me, sir," she said; "you will be good enough to return, and give me some better explanation of your conduct, otherwise I shall be compelled to send for a constable, and have you put out of the house with your companions."

The officer, who had seen his mistake in a bungling manner, came back once more. Alice was delighted. His very stupidity made her heart leap with joy. The delay occasioned by this conversation would enable Hurst to escape.

"You have acted towards me in a very insulting manner," cried Alice, "and I must have an explanation. Who is to take your word that I am not to leave this house? Show me your authority for this. Mrs. Busbridge, please give me my shawl and bonnet, and I will this instant go out into the street."

The man was astounded. What could he do? He had no warrant against her; how could he detain her? The landlady went into the next room and fetched the things, which Alice immediately put on.

"Now, sir," she said, "let me pass—detain me if you dare."

The constable moved aside to let her pass. He knew he dared not detain her. And so Alice Carew went down the stairs, out of the house, into the quiet street, and walked away towards the open country. It was now half-past nine. What might not happen to blight all her hopes before the clock struck eleven?

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM BEHIND THE ELM-TREES.

It was evening at Carew House. Sir Mordaunt, complaining of a violent headache, had retired to rest.

Henri le Merneaut, the elder, who was to leave Carew House that night, sat in the drawing-room by himself. In half an hour his horse would be brought to the door.

The Baronet had resolved that under his roof he should remain no longer. Preserving, as he had promised his brother, the fatal secret—never once allowing Mrs. le Merneaut to imagine that he knew her not to be Lady Carew—he yet could no longer bear the idea that this husband of the one he had once loved was under the same roof as himself.

In her boudoir sat Lady Carew. The thoughts of husband and wife were far different. The one understood well why he was requested to shorten his stay. He even suspected that Lady Carew's own sojourn at the house would be far from lengthened, and had already formed in his own mind golden visions of the hush-money he would receive.

The other was waiting for her son. For some dark purpose, it was evident, for her bosom heaved irregularly, her eyes wandered from the fire to the door, ever and anon, while her lips were compressed and pale. Presently Henri entered.

"They told me below you were expecting me, mother," he said.

"I have been," answered Lady Carew. "Close the door carefully, and see there are no listeners."

He did so.

"Come, now, and sit by me, and answer my questions. On you, this night, depends both your fortune and mine."

He was surprised, but made no reply.

"Do you know who that man is who sits below?" she asked.

"Yes, he is my father."

"Who told you this?"

"Colonel Marchmont."

"I am glad you know this, as it will save much time. I declare to you, Henri, that when I married the Baronet I knew not that my husband lived. I thought he had died—a felon in a foreign land. He has come now to despoil me of my inheritance—he is even now the paid agent of Colonel Marchmont. As surely as that man goes away safe from this house to-night, so surely will the Baronet know all, and we be cast upon the world."

Henri did not yet comprehend her.

"What, then, are we to do?"

The question brought its answer quickly. It came in a hushed, cruel tone.

"He must die, Henri!"

The young man turned very pale.

"What is it you are talking of, mother?" he said. "What have I to do with this?"

"Everything. In less than half an hour he leaves Carew House on horseback. In the stables there is a second horse, ready saddled and bridled. This horse you must mount, and follow him. On the road you must pick a quarrel, and you must pass along the road afterwards alone."

Henri trembled violently. Not only did he tremble at the terrible deed she proposed to him, but at her voice, her manner, her glaring eyes.

"Mother!" he said, "I can do anything but murder."

She stamped her foot impatiently.

"Who talks of murder?" she cried. "This is no murder, but a fair fight. Come, Henri, say you will do my bidding. Our whole future depends upon it."

The young man shrank from her.

"No, no," he said; "I cannot—I cannot do it."

"Coward!" she cried, rising and pacing the room. "Are you afraid this man will kill you, or that he will beat you like a dog? Are you afraid he will see through your design, and whip you home with his horsewhip like a naughty child? Or are you a man—are you my son?"

"I fear him not," said Henri; "but I cannot murder him."

"No, no, base coward," she went on in her passion—"no, no! You can forge names to deeds, and induce innocent girls to believe in your lying words, but you dare not meet a man face to face!"

Henri's face, at this moment, expressed the extreme of human agony. In this he was at least sincere. He was no coward; but though committing lesser offences with recklessness, he would not stoop to murder. Tears stood in his eyes.

"Mother," he said, "I am your only child; do not command me to blast my whole life by slaying my own father!"

She changed instantly. She turned and gazed at him. And as she gazed, her eyes filled with tears; and springing forward, she caught him to her heart, pillowed his head upon her heaving bosom, and kissed his forehead. He was little worthy of such emotion in any one. But she remembered him as he was when a child. The eyes, the features, even the curly hair, was still there; and she could no longer dream of asking him—her only, her adored son—to become a murderer. She dropped her voice to a whisper.

"No, no, Henri," she murmured; "I was mad—I was mad! Think no more of what I have said. Go to your room now, and leave me to myself."

He rose quietly, and left the room without speaking. She watched him painfully—wistfully.

"What have I done now?" she thought. "I have turned my child against me!"

When he had gone, she took from out a wardrobe a dark dress, a dark shawl, and a dark bonnet, and dressed herself in haste. Then she went to a bureau, took something from a drawer and concealed it in her pocket. She listened. All was still in the house.

"He has not gone yet," she murmured; and opening the door, she groped out into the passage, turned the key in the lock, and went stealthily down the stairs, into the hall, out into the night. Henri le Merneaut, the elder, prepared to go. He rose, surveyed himself in the glass, and rang the bell. The servant entered.

"Is my horse ready?" asked M. le Merneaut.

"No, sir; but he can be got ready in a moment."

"Very well; let him be brought round to the front door at once."

"Well," he said, as the servant withdrew, and he began to put on his hat and cloak lazily—"well, I think, after all, this is better than Australia. I shall have plenty of money and nothing to do."

He passed leisurely down the stairs, examined the horse they had presented him with; and then, waving his hand in adieu to the servants, leaped on the back of the steed, and rode quietly out of the grounds. The night was very dark, though a few stars were visible. There was no moon; and the meadows, the lanes, and the houses appeared one black mass. He rode along at first, never dreaming that any evil could befall him; but as he went further and further away from the Carew House, an instinctive dread came over him. The clouds piled themselves in strange, weird masses in the sky. The trees cast unearthly shadows on the road. Over the meadows, as the clouds chased one another, unearthly shadows seemed to pass. He drew his cloak more tightly round him, and loosened his pistols in the holsters. Then, putting spurs to his horse, he darted forward at a greater speed.

"I don't know how it is," he said, "but I do not feel at all comfortable."

He had scarcely uttered the words, when a figure darted from behind a row of elm trees, and stood in the middle of the road. The horse started and reared.

"What do you want?" cried Henri le Merneaut, in alarm.

The only answer was a flash and a report, and Henri le Merneaut fell from his horse dead in the road. The figure rushed forward, dragged aside the startled horse, and stood over the body of the murdered man. There was no doubt that he was quite dead. The moon shone down upon the face of Lady Carew. It was white as ashes.

"It is done!" she said, as she threw down the pistol. "It is done! One enemy is now out of my path!"

Then she fled away. Down on the pistol gleamed the rays of the silver moon. And on the barrel were the words, "Colonel Marchmont."

But the Fate which had, up to this moment, been so unkind, had now changed its mind, and resolved to be friendly. Hardly had the murderess fled from the spot, when a second horseman came galloping along the road. He saw the dead body lying across the road, and descended.

"Great heavens!" he cried, as he knelt down and raised the head of the dead man; "there has been murder done here."

Then his eye caught sight of the pistol. He raised it up and glanced at the superscription. A smile crossed his face.

"Ah!" he said, "a kind providence has led me hither. Such a piece of treachery could only emanate from one source. He is the victim either of his son or his wife!"

He thought a moment. Then he reloaded his pistol.

"If I am found here," he said, "I shall be inevitably accused. I must away across country, and reach Carew House by another route."

As he spoke he could hear the sound of approaching wheels. There was not a moment to lose. He leaped his horse over the hedge, and dashing across the meadows, soon reached the high road leading to Edgeware. He reached Carew House before Lady Carew returned. But he had no chance of discovering this to Sir Mordaunt, as the Baronet was asleep, and it was some time before he could see his brother. When he did, Lady Carew was already in her room. Sir Mordaunt was alarmed at his brother's pallor.

"What ails you, my dear brother?" he said. "I trust no new misfortune has happened."

"Yes, indeed, there has been a misfortune—a very sad misfortune. It seems, indeed, as if I were encompassed by evil. It always will be so while that woman remains in the house."

The Baronet eyed him in wonder.

"What is it you mean?" he said: "tell me quickly."

"Henri le Merneaut is dead!" replied Colonel Marchmont: "he lies, now, murdered on the high road—whether by his son or by his wife, I know not. By his side lay a pistol, on which was inscribed my name. This I fortunately secured; or, again, a false accusation would have been my ruin."

"And how came it there, think you? Had it been stolen from you?"

"So I imagine."

"And how can the assassin be discovered?"

"I know not."

"Had I better seem to know nothing of this murder?"

"No, no! Let every one know that I have told you; let Lady Carew be summoned hither, and let her be sent from the house. Meanwhile, let the servants be sent to convey the body of the murdered man to some place in the neighborhood."

The Baronet rung the bell without a moment's hesitation. The footman answered the summons.

"Tell her ladyship," cried Sir Mordaunt, "that I must see her at once."

The man bowed. He was too surprised by the peremptory tone of his master to answer in words.

Presently Lady Carew entered, pale, stately, undaunted. Her white lips quivered slightly as she bowed to Colonel Marchmont; but no other sign of emotion was visible as she sat down by the fire, opposite the great arm chair where her husband sat in his dressing-gown.

"Madam," said Sir Mordaunt, sternly, "a murder has been this night committed."

"A murder!"

The start of surprise was unaffected: her wonder was that the Baronet had heard of the crime.

"Yes, madam! your husband is dead—he has been killed treacherously on the highway!"

Lady Carew saw that the game was up, though she did not care to give it up too soon.

"You are talking to me in enigmas, Sir Mordaunt!" she said.

"I will do so no longer, then," he answered, with a calmness which surprised his brother. "I know, upon good authority, that the man who has been killed by you, or by your directions, was Henri le Merneaut, your husband. There is no use denying it, as the proofs are satisfactory. You are not, therefore, my wife, and Henri is not heir to my fortune. This very night, therefore, you must leave my house. I will give you a check for a hundred pounds, and my carriage shall convey you to any spot which you may name."

Mrs. Le Merneaut rose. Her face was livid—her whole form trembled with passion.

"This is your work," she cried, turning to Wentworth, "convict—felon—thief! To-morrow morning all the world shall know that I, Lady Carew, have been turned out of my husband's house, for I defy either of you to bring forward proofs of the identity of that man."

Wentworth smiled. The Baronet made no reply.

"More than this!" continued the infuriated woman; "all the world shall hear that the returned convict, Wentworth Carew, has murdered his friend. Those who find the body will find also damning proofs of your guilt."

Wentworth still smiled. Then he drew out his pistol.

"You are right, madam," he said; "he who found the body, found also the pistol. It is here safe, you see, cleaned and reloaded. You have convicted yourself!"

She laughed scornfully.

"I care not," she cried—"I care not. Henceforward it is war between us. I fight for my son; you fight for the child you will never see again—the child whom I have taken from you."

So saying, she swept from the room, never even deigning to cast a look on the Baronet.

"She is a dangerous woman," said the latter, uneasily.

"Fear her not!" returned Wentworth Carew, whose cheek was a trifle paler since the utterance of her last words. "I will see she has no power for harm. The question of identity is a hard one—an awkward one, I must admit; but Mark Durant will help me out of the trouble. Meanwhile, I will go and give directions about the carriage."

Before an hour had elapsed, the chariot bore away from Carew House Mrs. Le Merneaut and her son. The old Baronet bowed his head as he heard the carriage wheels, and murmured, "Alone now—quite alone!"

And the woman he half regretted muttered to herself, "The Baronet must die next! There is a will leaving all to Henri. He must die ere he can make another!"

THE LATE JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH—TRAGEDIAN. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN OLD FAMILIAR VOICE.

"NOT alone in the world," said Colonel Marchmont to Sir Mordaunt Carew, as he sat swaying himself to and fro, in the agony of his great sorrow. "Remember, there is still one to claim your love."

The Baronet shook his head.

"She will never come," said he.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because everything goes against me—because each time I strive to be happy my bad fortune steps in to destroy every hope. In my horizon there is no sunbeam which is not obscured instantly by a cloud."

As he spoke, there was a loud knocking at the outer door. In the stillness of the night, it sounded unusually clear and distinct, and both the men started. Before they had time to suggest the meaning of a summons so unwonted in that quiet spot at night, a servant tapped at the door and entered hastily.

"There are persons below inquiring for you, Colonel Marchmont," said the man.

The Colonel rose hastily, turned pale, and gazed inquiringly at his brother. What could it mean? Were these officers of justice, who had discovered that Colonel Marchmont was Wentworth Carew? He feared to ask. The Baronet turned round to the servant and spoke to him.

"Who are these people?" he asked. "What do they name as their business?"

"It's a man and a girl, Sir Mordaunt," replied Thomas. "The girl's very pale and ill, it seems, and the man's in a mighty hurry to be gone."

Like a lightning-flash, the truth darted through Colonel Marchmont's brain, and he rushed down stairs. In the hall stood Bamfylde Moore Carew and Alice. The gipsy was very pale and agitated, and Alice was weeping.

"Sir," said Bamfylde, in a husky, tremulous voice—"sir, I bring to you your daughter. Such documents as prove her identity I give to you; others I may be able to supply in the future. I dare not stay to say more, for the law, which is so erroneously supposed to represent justice, is pursuing me with relentless fury."

He was about to go, when the Colonel detained him.

"Stay!" he cried—"stay! At least say who and what you are."

A bitter smile crossed the lips of the White Gipsy.

"I cannot tell you now," he said. "My name I will never reveal until I come here to claim my right, if not the love of those who should have cared for me better." Then he turned to Alice, pressed her white, stony, shivering hand to his lips, and said, "Adieu, Alice!—adieu, dearest and best of women! May heaven, in its mercy, guard you and re-unite us!"

With these words, he broke from the grasp of Wentworth Carew and fled out into the night. Alice gazed after him with eyes which were inundated with tears.

"Bamfylde! Bamfylde!—come back! come back!" she cried, with a voice almost suffocated with emotion.

Then, as his retreating footsteps died away in the distance, a deadly pallor overspread her face, her neck, her bosom, and she fell fainting into her father's arms. Wentworth raised her up and bore her into the room where sat the Baronet. Sir Mordaunt started up in wild amazement.

"Who is this?" he cried. "Can this—can this be Alice?"

"Yes," said Wentworth proudly, as he placed his child on a couch and gazed anxiously at her—"yes, this is our Alice. Come and see her. Is she not beautiful?"

The Baronet approached her. Long he gazed at the features of the reviving girl.

"She is beautiful indeed, Wentworth," he said. "She has all the features of the Carews. But who was it who brought her to you? Have you proofs of her identity?"

"Yes, yes. I have papers here—papers which explain everything, I hope; for after this great joy, I could not bear the grief of discovering I was mistaken."

He avoided the first portion of the Baronet's question. The Baronet repeated it.

"Who was it who brought her hither?"

"A young man whom they call the White Gipsy."

He rose as Alice opened her eyes, and led the Baronet aside.

"Mordaunt," he said, "when you were in sorrow this evening you refused to be comforted. Depend on it the old adage is true—'it is a long lane that has no turning.' This White Gipsy was spoken to by Alice as Bamfylde—may he not be your son?"

The Baronet staggered, and grasped convulsively the back of one of the tall, quaintly-carved chairs.

"Bamfylde," he murmured; "are you sure she said Bamfylde?"

Alice heard him. Ere Wentworth replied she had risen, and approaching Sir Mordaunt with tremulous steps, she sank at his feet.

"Yes, yes!" she cried wildly; "he is—he is your son! Send after him—call him back! There is danger abroad—they are seeking his life!"

The Baronet was very pale, and in his agitation could utter no sound. He made a feeble effort to move towards the door, but it was in vain. He sank down exhausted on his chair. Wentworth approached him, and laying his hand gently on his shoulder, said:

"Calm yourself, Mordaunt. Rely on me; I will take some of your men, and with them scour the country."

Mordaunt spoke not.

He pressed his hand in token of his thanks, and that was all.

"Adieu, my child!" said Wentworth, patting her head and kissing her forehead; "rest assured I will do my best to find him."

And he left the room, leaving his child still sitting on a stool at the Baronet's feet. It was not many minutes before he and two of the Baronet's servants set off on horseback in different directions. Their idea was to ride each along a separate road, and quarter themselves at the entrance of the first village or town. They little knew the habits of him of whom they were in search, or they would have known how seldom he trusted himself to the highway. On the night of his perilous escape from Lithree he betook himself at once to Lawburn Hills. The night was very dark, and it was with some difficulty that he made his way across the country toward the heights, which, now that the mills were destroyed, were scarcely distinguishable from the black clouds which shrouded the face of the heavens. On, however, over ditches and stiles, through bridges and by farmyards, where the dogs bayed deeply as he passed, he went rapidly; until, at length, he reached the desolate spot which spoke of the wrath of a starving population, and sat down in the shadow of the great darkness. The night was very still. Scarcely a breath of air stirred the leafless branches, and through the clear, frosty air he could distinguish the distant murmur of the village. He could even hear the clanging of the village blacksmith's [illegible]

He listened eagerly. Though he did not expect her until late, his ears were open to every sound. And so, listening to the voices of the night, he revolved in his mind the plans which it would be wise for him to follow in the future. It was here that he came to a decision to take Alice home to her father, as he believed Colonel Marchmont to be, and to seek out the person with whom were deposited the proofs of his own identity. If these were lost he would know there was no hope. If found, he would no longer be an outcast. In either case, the question would be forever settled. For years and years he had lost all trace of this person; but within the last few days he had received a communication which gave him great hopes of being able to find the long-lost documents. So, on the night when he came to Carew House, he was resolutely determined to be induced by no solicitations to enter the house, but to go at once towards the distant spot where he anticipated meeting with Amelia Greyton, the old woman to whom the first Lady Carew had confided her child. Along the dark pathways, under the hedge-rows, where his form could be distinguished by none, he crept away, taking the rattling of his friendly pursuers' horses for the sound of enemies, and hiding away when he heard it. When he reached Finchley he found the northern mail coach just ready to start, and, in spite of the intense cold, booked himself as an outside passenger. The town he was bound for was situated about ten miles from Hull, and it was a long and weary journey that Bamfylde Carew had engaged in. But at length Renniston was reached, and striking across country (it was now even-time again), the outcast—outlaw he might, indeed, be termed—arrived at Harborough just as the clock struck ten. His information was tolerably precise. Amelia Greyton had but lately arrived from abroad. Her husband was a master mariner, and she, going out with him in his ship which was lost off the American coast, had not for years been heard of. She had returned at length with a little money, and had settled with her only child, a daughter, in Lime Cottage, situated about half a mile out of the town. Such was the extent of his knowledge. Whether during her many adventures she had preserved the papers he had so much sought he could not tell. Strong in his hope, however, he went on, and in half an hour had reached the spot where he had been led to suppose the cottage stood. But he saw nothing. The trees, which now were putting forth their first leaflets, waved over a desert spot. For a long time he could not even discern any point where the tenement might once have been.

At length he started. His eye caught what seemed at first to be some black palings. He examined it. It was a temporary door, set up as if to keep persons out. He drew himself up by his hands and gazed over. There was a tangled mass of brushwood—a shapeless, weedy wilderness. In the centre was a sun-dial. It was overshadowed by thick trees. What mockery! With a bitter curse which he could not repress, Bamfylde dropped back into the road. There was no chance of his having been mistaken. On the posts of the doors were the words "Lime Cottage." They were partly erased, but were still legible. He paused for a moment, uncertain what to do. Then he strode back towards the town, hurriedly.

"I'm not known here," said he; "there will be no danger in my entering the inn."

The "Pig and Grapes" was a lonely-looking place enough. It stood on the highway, just at the entrance to Harborough. It seemed, indeed, like the first indication of life. On one side was the long, dark road, coiling away in the distance like a huge serpent. On either side the dull, heavy country. On the fourth side the commencement of the town, which at that hour of the night presented few indications of activity. From the windows of the "Pig and Grapes," however, streamed forth a cheerful light. It shone forth bright from the windows, struggled through the darkness, and fell dim and muffled on the opposite side of the way. In a place like this, Bamfylde could scarcely be known. He entered boldly. The company—oddly selected company it was—looked up suspiciously. They disliked strangers. But with this stranger there was little to find fault. He was tall, well built, honest-faced, as we know; and as he settled himself in a vacant seat by the fire, they reckoned him up and voted him at once a good sort.

"It's a dark night, and a sharpish one too, master," said the landlord, as he mixed him a strong glass of grog.

Bamfylde smiled grimly.

"Dark! Yes, it is dark. I've been groping about there in the lane for the last hour after a house, and I can't find it."

The people laughed. To them it seemed ridiculous that he was unable to find a house. To him it was no question of ridicule. To lose sight of Amelia Greyton was the annihilation of all his hopes.

"What house may ye want, governor?" asked one of the men.

"Lime Cottage."

The men looked from one to the other.

"Lime Cottage, eh? And did you expect to find any one there?"

Bamfylde started.

"Yes. I came all the way from London to see Mrs. Greyton, who, as I was told, lived in Lime Cottage."

The landlord had now attended to the requirements of his guests, and sat down in the chimney-corner.

"You've not heard of the fire, then?" said he, refilling his pipe.

"The fire!"

"Yes—at the cottage."

"I have heard of none."

"Oh! Every one has heard of that. It happened six months since."

"Indeed! Has Mrs. Greyton, then, left the neighborhood?"

"Yes; she left some six months since in great poverty."

"Poverty!"

"Yes; she scarce had food to eat."

"I understood that she was well off when she came here."

The landlord shook his head. He considered himself the village philosopher.

"Ah!" he said sententiously, "the best of us is open to misfortune. When she first came to Harborough she was well to do; but it seems that all she had she kept in the cottage, so that when the fire happened she lost everything."

Bamfylde trembled. To all, fire is terrible; to him, what did it not imply?

The loss of those papers which to him were all in all—which were necessary to his fortune—to his love—was this not inevitably the result of the burning of Amelia Greyton's cottage? Yet he found sufficient strength to reply, "And do you not know whither she has gone?"

"No, she went, and left behind her no address."

Bamfylde after this remained silent. The men in the room, who could scarcely be expected to understand or even notice his emotion, resumed the broken thread of their conversation. So they chatted comfortably and cheerily, while Bamfylde sat by the fire thinking drearily of the future. Encompassed with danger as he was, he certainly had considered himself upon the road to safety. Now all his hopes were crushed. What had he to fly to now that the proofs of his identity were beyond his reach?

Suddenly, while he was thinking, a strain of music struck upon his ear. It was an old familiar tune. An English ditty, composed by some bard in a love-sick mood. It was a tune which in ordinary circumstances he would have passed by unnoticed. Now, however, it seemed to take strange effect upon him. Was it the tune? or was it the tone in which it was uttered?

He started up.

"Great heaven!" he cried; "what voice is that?"

The company stared at him in amazement, not unmixed with contempt.

"Oh, it's only poor Flora, the street-singer," said the landlord, as he settled himself more comfortably in his chair. "She'll sing three or four songs, and then she'll come in for money. Why, drat the man! what's the matter with him?"

These words were evoked by the conduct of Bamfylde Moore Carew.

He started from his seat, with pale face and haggard eyes, and rushed through the open door out into the night. The men in the room were unused to such sensational scenes. They followed the example of the landlord and peeped out.

What did they see? Did their feeling of contempt last? The street-singer had ceased singing, and was bowing her head in tears over the child she carried in her arms.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NECROMANCERS OF OLD.—The raising of ghosts was a favorite exploit of the necromancers of old; the fame of Torralva, the Spanish magician, has been immortalized in "Don Quixote." The demons that the celebrated Italian artist, Benvenuto Cellini, describes as having seen, when he got within the conjuror's circle, and which amazement magnified into several legions, are now believed to have been merely figures produced by a magic lantern; and their appearing in an atmosphere of perfumes is accounted for by the burning of odoriferous woods, in order to dim the vision of the spectators. When the Emperor Charles the Fourth was married to the Bavarian Princess Sophia, in the city of Prague, the father of the bride brought with him a wagon-load of magicians to assist in the festivities. Two of the chief proficients in the art—Zytho, the Bohemian sorcerer, and Guion, the Bavarian—appeared as rivals in an extraordinary trial of skill before an exalted assembly. After superhuman efforts to astonish, Zytho opened his jaws from ear to ear, and swallowed his competitor until his teeth touched his shoes, which he spat out because he said they had not been cleaned. The admiration of the audience was succeeded by feelings of horror, but Zytho calmed their apprehensions by restoring the abashed Guion in his perfect corporeal proportions to life—a triumph of art inexplicable.

OUR GAME BAG.

THE LION TAMER AND THE BAILIFFS.—When Carter, the lion king, was exhibiting with Ducrow, at Astley's, a manager with whom Carter had made and broken an engagement, issued a writ against him. The bailiffs arrived, and rushed for Carter, my boy, open the door." Carter proceeded to obey, at the same time eliciting, by a private sign, a tremendous roar from his companions. The bailiffs staggered back in terror, rolled over each other as they rushed down stairs, and nearly fainted before they reached the street.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—A wag entered a store in London, some two years ago, which had for its sign "The Two Baboons," and addressing himself to the proprietor, he said:

"I wish to see your partner."

"I have no partner, sir."

"I beg your pardon, and hope you will excuse the mistake."

"Oh, there is no harm done, but what made you think there were two of us?"

"Your sign—The two Baboons,"

AN IMPECUNIOUS MAN WELL ANSWERED.—A tavern keeper in Newark, when giving a New Year's present to his "help," told one of his porters (a smart Irishman) that he was about the best man in the house, and therefore he should give him the most costly present. "Shure," said Pat, rubbing his hands with delight, "I always mane to do me juty." "I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year." "Thank yer honor," replied Pat, "and may all yer friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally."

TAKE NOTICE.—The following notice may be seen on a blacksmith's shop in Essex: "No horses shod on Sunday except sickness and death."

LAYING IN.—Some unknown reporter states that a lady who died of cholera, and was laid out by her friends, was found the following night standing at the cupboard eating cucumber pickles, or, in other words:

They left her "a laying in" white,
Prepared for the grave's quiet slumbers;
But they found her the very next night
"A laying in" pickled cucumbers!

READY WITTED.—Finn, the celebrated comedian, once stumbled over a lot of wooden ware in front of a man's store, whereupon the shopkeeper cried out: "You came near 'kicking the bucket' this time, mister." "Oh, no," said Finn, quite complacently, "I only turned a little pale."

LYING ON BOTH SIDES.—During a cause in which the boundaries of land were to be ascertained, the counsel on one part stated, "We lie on this side, my lord;" and the counsel on the other part said, "We lie on this." The Chancellor stood up and said: "If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me believe?"

HEAVY TAPPING.—Mrs. Ichabod Wing, who recently died of dropsy at East Weymouth, Mass, had been tapped ninety-five times since June 1858. The total amount of water taken from her at all of these operations was 2,368 quarts, or 18½ barrels, weighing 4,736 pounds.

THE LUSHINGTON'S OPINION OF COLD WATER.—A well primed lover of the bottle, who had lost his way, reeled into a tee-total grocery, and hiccupped, "Mr. Schaderback, do you —keep—a—anything—good to take—here?" "Yes," replied the temperance shopkeeper, "we have excellent cold water—the best thing you can have." "Well, I know it," was the reply; "there's no one thing that's done so much for navigation as that."

BEAUX STRUCK.—"I have always been astonished," said Mrs. Smith, "at the anxiety of young ladies for beaux, but I never pitied a female more than when Miss Fogarty left my school. Seeing her gazing toward the sky, I asked her what she was looking for? "That beau," she said, "which is spoken of in Genesis, as being set in the cloud, I wish he'd come down."

HOW TITLES ARE SECURED IN HINDOSTAN.—A very curious mode of styling the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and there remain until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated.

WELL FIXED.—"Sir" said a guest to the clerk of a Chicago hotel, "you must have made a mistake in my bill." "Why?" "Because I can pay it and have money left."

A SMART YOUTH.—Say sonny, where is your father;
Father's dead, sir.
Have you any mother?
Yes, I had one but she's got married to Joe Danklin, and don't be my mother any more; cause she says she's got enough to do to attend to his own young 'uns.
Smart boy; here's a dime for you.
That's ye, sir; its the way I gets my livin'.
How?
Why, by tellin' big yarns to green 'uns like you, at a dime a pop.

HOW THE NIGGER WON A HAT.—"Say, Pomp, you nigger, whar you get that new hat?" "Why, at de shop, ob course!" "What is de price of such an article as dat?" "I don't know, nigger, I don't know, th' shopkeeper warn't dar."

ON MISS ANNIE BREAD.—While belles their lovely graces spread, and fops around them flutter, I'll be content with *Annie Bread*, and won't have any *but her*.

HAD HER BOTH WAYS.—A LADY complained to Frederick the Great King of Prussia that her husband treated her badly. "That is none of my business," replied the king. "But he speaks ill of you," said she. "That, is none of your business."

BIG THING.—Oh Charley," said a little fellow to another, "we are going to have a cupola on our house." "Pooh! that's nothing rejoined the other, "Pa's going to get a mortgage on ours."

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.—AN enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental legs, with his venomous little teeth. "Hell's blazes! what're you bitin, me for? Well, dad, who begin'd this ere war?"

A KIND HEARTED BOARDING MISTRESS.—In the beginning of the war, a patriotic landlady, in her desire to emulate the generosity of many city governments and other corporations in continuing the wages of absent soldiers, gave notice that if any of her boarders wished to enlist, she would allow their board bill to run right on all the time they were gone, the same as if they remained.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE OFFICE of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

NOTICE.

Fourth of July coming on Monday this year, we take this opportunity to state that the next No. of the CLIPPER will be put to press on Saturday morning, July 2d, and will be sent out of town by the trains leaving here that day, so that there may be no difficulty in our patrons receiving it in good season. The city edition will be issued to dealers on Sunday morning, July 3d. We anticipate our usual day of publication, in order that compositors, pressmen, editors, reporters, and all hands engaged on the CLIPPER, may have an opportunity to participate in the celebration of our National Anniversary.

Advertisers, correspondents, etc., will please take notice, and send in their favors not later than Friday evening, July 1st.

To Correspondents.

J. B., Chicago, Ill.—1. Not being personally acquainted with either Jack English or Jack Shaney, of Baltimore, we cannot undertake to decide who is the best rough and tumble fighter. Write to the Chief of Police of that city. 2. We really don't know what has become of Sam McElwee. 3. Don't know. 4. Well, no, if Billy could better himself, he was right enough in chucking up the minstrel for the concert saloon business. 5. Tell Augustus to learn a trade first, so that he can have something to fall back on—after which if he is still crazy to become an actor, let him engage as "supe" and work his way up as the others have done; it's a hard row to hoe, though. 6. The present editor of this paper has filled the position ever since the CLIPPER was the CLIPPER.

INTRUDER, Carleton, St. Johns, N. B.—1. According to the old saying, "when there's a will there's a way," and notwithstanding the drawbacks you complain of, all you require is plenty of exercise with dumb-bells, clubs, pulleys, and fighting the bag—the two first named you can buy, the second any carpenter can make, and the third may be had of the sail or awning maker in your town. The "Family Gymnasium," published by Fowler & Wells is a very good book. 2. We have no faith in the books professing to teach boxing without a master unless you have somebody to box with—they are very good when you begin to understand the art. If there be a professor of fisticuffs in all St. Johns, go to him by all means for the rudiments.

J. P.—The fight between Morrissey and Sullivan was considered a fair stand up fight; Sullivan, who was considered to have had the best of it, lost the battle by failing to come to the scratch when time was called; there was a sort of promiscuous muss going on in Sullivan's corner, in which Yankee took a hand in, and while so doing, time was called, Morrissey responded, and when the thirty seconds had elapsed, Sully not having got through with his other muss, Morrissey claimed the fight and was removed from the ring; he subsequently got the stakes.

LE DROO, James River, Va.—If the course for the boat race was particularly defined and fully understood by the coxswain of each crew, then the boat that departed from the course, lost. If, on the other hand, "round the schooner" were the only instructions given, each boat had the privilege of choosing its own course, and could have gone under or over the hawser as might have been deemed expedient by the respective coxswains.

CONSTANT READER.—1. We received the letter and it was delivered to Mr. Miller. 2. Get Beadle's Dime Book on Base Ball. 3. The Cricket match between the English and American Eleven commenced at Hoboken, Oct. 3d, 1859. 4. Harry Lazarus fought two battles with Denny Horrigan. 5. Millage Cornell has had several scrimmages, but never fought a regular prize fight.

J. HAYES.—We should like to oblige, but the search is almost too much of a good thing during the dog days. After going back ten years, as the men were but little known, it is doubtful whether such a race was published at all. If we should come across it, will put it in among the answers, so keep your weather eye skinned.

PILOT BOAT FAVORITA, No. 5, Sandy Hook.—"You will much oblige some of your readers and settle a very frequent dispute by deciding the following:—A and B are playing cribbage; A plays a tray, B a six, A a deuce, B a four, A an ace, B a five, and claims a sequence of six, and A not being willing to allow it, it ends in a bet of $10 each for you to decide. How is it?".....B's claim is right.

ASH, Denver, Colorado.—There is no necessity of re-publishing Con Orem's challenge at all, as Dooney Harris agreed to his proposition nearly three weeks before your letter reached us containing his written challenge, as you will have perceived, in these columns. Our reporter never had any difficulty with Mr. Orem, and if he told you so, he has misinformed you.

GIMBLET, Philadelphia.—1. A man is considered down when he is on both knees. 2. He has no right to go down without receiving a blow—a strict adherence to the rules of the ring in this respect would lose him the fight, although it is practised more or less by Teddy Mills, in 4 min. 20½ secs. Bill Lang accomplished the distance quicker on a bet against time, but he ran down hill, and not over an even course.

TROY, N. Y.—We cannot undertake to decide your bet as to who is the best clog dancer in America. Opinions differ, but they all call themselves champions. A *bona fide* match dance alone can decide the point.

INDEX, Washington, D. C.—A letter addressed to McKay or Stephen Roberts, both experienced boat builders, will be the most direct means of getting what you want.

HANKS, N. Y.—A man who bets on a "sure thing" wins, providing the subject bet on is not a fraud which he has been instrumental in concocting.

BILLIARDS, Lockport, N. Y.—If the cue ball touches the other white ball before going into the pocket, the forfeiture is only two points.

TRENTON, N. J.—1. Con Orem fought Owney Geoghegan long before he fought Patsy Marley. 2. Marley and Orem contended for a purse of $50 in the same ring as Wilson and Fitzgerald.

J. F. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.—James Hamill has defeated Joshua Ward three times, twice at Philadelphia, (one a three and the other a five mile race) and once at Poughkeepsie.

WILLIE.—1. We have not heard of the lady under that name for several years. 2. We are not advised of Maggie Mitchell's engagements for next season.

S. L., Philadelphia.—1. Lucille Western never performed in a concert saloon. She is married. 2. Mr. John Dolman was a great favorite with the *habitues* of the Arch, Philadelphia.

ABSENT FRIEND, Nashville.—It is impossible for us to give you the lady's name as we have no way of getting at the file of bills of the theatre.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—The Webb Sisters have no agent. A letter sent to 17 Nassau street, Brooklyn, will reach the sisters.

CONSTANT READER, Bridgeport, Conn.—He became a citizen through his father's naturalization, and is, therefore, subject to the draft.

CLUB HOUSE, West Hoboken.—The dealer may give two or three cards as he pleases, but he must give an equal number to all on each successive round.

CONSTANT READER.—The rule says that if discovered after the trump is turned up, that if any of the players have too many cards, there must be a new deal, the dealer losing his privilege.

COMMISSARY, Rendezvous of Distribution, Va.—"A and B are playing cribbage; A plays a four, B a deuce, and A a tray. A claims a run of three—B demurs. Who is right?" .... A is right.

AMATEUR, Philadelphia.—"Richelieu" was written by Bulwer, and was originally produced at Covent Garden, London, March 7th, 1839. Miss Helen Faucit was the original Julie.

E. S., Troy.—The gentleman has been married but once, although there are two ladies who have the Mrs. prefixed to their name.

LAND CRABBE.—The James Dunn, at present in England with Joe Coburn, is the same person who fought and defeated Jimmy Elliott last spring.

CHARLIE BROWN, Concord, N. H.—Lady Don's maiden name was Saunders, daughter of John Saunders the veteran actor, for so many years at the Adelphi, London.

ROSCIUS.—Mr. Roberts, 96 9th Avenue, will furnish you with the boots. 2. For wardrobe call on Mr. Williams, costumer, in Broome street.

W. B., Jersey City.—We have no copy of the paper for sale containing either one of John Dorsey's fights.

CLAUDE HERBERT, Baltimore.—Send the letter to this office and we will deliver it.

MECHANIC, Washington.—We are not aware of any such book being published.

C. B. L., Chicago.—1. The former statement was incorrect. The lady is past 30. 2. Have not got the back numbers.

B. J. L., Portland, Me.—It will make about 9 lines. See terms in another column, and please duplicate copy.

FOREIGNER.—Madame Pasta made her last appearance before a London audience, July 11th, 1850, as Anne Bolena.

DRAMA, Boston.—Madame Vestris died August 8th, 1856, aged fifty-nine.

C. W. C., Troy, N. Y.—We have never heard one of the gentlemen, therefore cannot decide.

MARION.—Izzy Lazarus was born in 1812 instead of 1821, as appeared in our last—it was a misprint.

ITEMIZER, Rochester.—Walking by W. I. Boyd in 6 min. 42 secs; running, by Mills in 4 min. 20¾ secs.

LION WOOD, Snow Hill.—The salary of "supers" ranges from 20 cents to 30 cents a night.

CONSTANT.—Call on Mr Bogan who advertises in this issue of the CLIPPER. He will fix you all right.

C. C. M., Marlboro.—Have not got the back numbers you want.

P. B. H., Covington, Ky.—They are drawn.

C. C., Philadelphia.—We know not.

G. D. M., Washington, D. C.—Yes.

KENTUCKIAN.—We don't know the gent'eman.

PIG AND WHISTLE.—See our city summary.

H. A. P., Chicago.—Not a copy of that date in the office.

JAMES N. MILLS, Hospital, Washington.—Dan Rice is still living.

THE AMERICAN BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—This first class sporting event remains "as you were" for the present—that is to say, both Kavanagh and Tiemann are taking things easy during the heated term. In due time, however, they will begin to prepare for their forthcoming encounter.

THE COBURN AND MACE MATCH.

Articles of Agreement Signed by the Men.

THE FIGHT TO TAKE PLACE IN IRELAND ON THE 4TH OF OCTOBER.

THE STAKES TO BE EVEN 500*l.* A SIDE.

On the 10th day of June, 1864, Jem Mace and Joe Coburn with a few friends, met according to arrangement, at the office of *Bell's Life*, in London, for the purpose of settling the difficulties existing in regard to their proposed match, and to sign articles of agreement. Although some of the papers endeavored to make it appear that Coburn would not make the match for $2500 a side, yet Cusick's letter, published in last week's CLIPPER, gave our readers an official view of the case, and informed them that the match would be made for the sum named, and we are glad to say that this statement is contradicted by the articles of agreement, a copy of which is now before us. The men are to fight for $2500 (500*l.*) a side, on the 4th of October, within one hundred miles of Dublin. Those gentlemen who have been slurring Coburn and the CLIPPER about the "poverty" of the Irish American representative, will please take notice that Joe gets no odds from Mace; it was policy for Coburn to have the match made for as small a stake as possible, he knowing that the odds in betting would be against him, when he could lay out his money to much better advantage in outside speculation, than by putting it all in the main stakes. As Mace refused to make it for less than 500*l.* a side, Joe concluded to accomodate him. The articles say that 50*l.* a side had been made good; a private letter from the stake holder informs us that Coburn had placed 100*l.* in the hands of that official.

The following note from Mr. Cusick was received by the last mail from Europe.

LONDON, June 10, 1864.

FRIEND QUIRK—I write to inform you that the match is made, and to the best of our judgment. The terms you will see by the articles, a private copy of which will be forwarded to you by Mr. Dowling, by the mail that carries this. We are going to Manchester by the 3:30 train, which leaves me but little time to say much at present. We had a little skirmish the other night in Nottingham with a party that attempted to beat us; but we secured all the money the first night [probably meaning the proceeds of an exhibition.—ED. CLIPPER], and as we understood their little game we left them on the second, so they quit losers. We are all well and in good spirits, and join in sending our regards to you and all our friends. Yours truly,

JAMES CUSICK.

The following is a copy of an official note from the stakeholder, covering the articles of agreement, as signed by the "high contracting powers":

BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON,
Office 170 Strand, W. C.,
June 10, 1864.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER—Dear Sir—Joe Coburn and Mace met here to-day, and drew articles, a copy of which, at Coburn's request, I send to you. Joe has staked £100 in my hands.

Yours ever,
FRANK L. DOWLING,
Ed. Bell's Life.

The articles of agreement, it will be seen, leaves the question as to the referee to be settled the day before fighting. Here is a copy of the articles, as forwarded by the editor of *Bell's Life*:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this 10th day of June, 1864, between James Mace, of London, and Joseph Coburn, of New York. The said James Mace agrees to fight the said Joseph Coburn a fair stand-up fight, according to the rules of the Ring of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association, the fight to come off on Tuesday, October 4, above 20 and under 100 miles from Dublin, for £500 a side. The actual place to be mutually agreed on, or tossed for, on September 22. Coburn to receive from Jem Mace the sum of £100 for expenses, when the whole of the money is made good. The referee to be chosen the day before fighting. In case of magisterial or other interference, the referee to name the next time and place. The editor of *Bell's Life in London* to be the final stakeholder. In pursuance of this agreement, £50 a side is now staked, and the remainder shall be deposited in sums of £50 a side until the last, which shall be made of £100 a side, at a house to be named by Mace. The next deposit of £50 a side shall be made at Nat Langham's, the Mitre, Upper St. Martin's lane, on Tuesday, June 21, and the remainder of the money by six fortnightly instalments of £50 each, on days to be named in time for insertion in *Bell's Life* of the previous Saturday. The expenses of the ropes and stakes to be mutually divided. The men to be in the ring between twelve and one o'clock. In pursuance of this agreement, we hereunto attach our names.

JAMES MACE,
JOSEPH COBURN.

THE THEATRICAL SEASON.

FROM all sections of the country we are in the receipt of advices informing us of the close of the theatrical season of 1863-4, which has proved one of the most successful ever experienced. Many theatrical establishments have already closed their doors for the present, while a majority of the balance will follow suit after the 4th of July. The season of 1864-5 will be commenced early in September. In the meantime, the usual house cleaning, painting, renovating, etc., will take place, while the various companies will be re-organized; some improved, and some, we fear, made worse than heretofore; for those managers who have the most funds, and are not afraid to use them, will sweep the board of the best performers, leaving the little managers to eke out the season as best they can. Managers are already advertising in our columns for people, and people are advertising for "sits" for the next season. The success which has attended managerial enterprise during the past two years will probably tend to increase the list of managers, both stationary and peripatetic, and the demand for performers will doubtless show a corresponding increase. In this city, the various theatres are still running, and will try to overlap the 4th of July before taking in sail, or inaugurating the usual summer recess. If the "heated term" should prove to be at all endurable, a "summer season" will be tried on at a majority of our theatres. We hear many rumors of what is going to be done at this theatre, who is going to run that one, and what changes and weeding the different companies will undergo, but in the absence of facts upon those points, we do not consider it wise to repeat them. The CLIPPER will continue, as heretofore, to record the movements of the profession at home and abroad, in all seasons of the year.

WARD AND HAMILL'S MATCH.

AFTER considerable "aquatic diplomacy," the proposed match between James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, and Joshua Ward, of Newburgh, has progressed to the signing of articles, and the placing of nearly the entire amount of the money to be contended for in the hands of the stakeholder. The race will be for the sum of one thousand dollars; the distance to be pulled over, five miles; and the course, on the Monongahela river, in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. This will be the first championship match pulled on those waters, and it will necessarily prove to be an event of more than ordinary interest to the lovers of aquatic amusement in that city. Hamill and Ward have already pulled against each other on the river Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, and also on the river Hudson, at Poughkeepsie, but the people of the Smoky City have never yet had the pleasure of seeing those oarsmen in a race on Pittsburgh waters. As the match now in abeyance will culminate there, there will probably be a large turn out to witness the encounter. So far, speculation on the event is light, with Hamill the favorite. Tuesday, July 19th, is the time fixed upon for the meeting of the heroes of the east and west. A number of New Yorkers will be at Pittsburgh to see and enjoy the sport.

FOURTH OF JULY REGATTA AT CORNWALL.—As diligent CLIPPER students will remember, a first rate regatta came off on the Hudson at Cornwall, Joshua Ward's place of residence, last summer. It is to be repeated this season, and July the 4th is the date fixed upon, when prizes of $100, $50, and $25 are to be given. From its nearness to New York, the prizes given, the success of the former regatta, and the fact that it occurs on our great National Holiday, there ought to be a large attendance and first class sport. For further particulars, see advertisement in another column.

BOSTON FOURTH OF JULY REGATTA.—As usual, under the auspices of the city government of the modern Athens, Independence Day will be celebrated in part by a regatta. As the prizes are liberal, and the arangements are always well carried out, there should be a series of well contested races.

DEATH OF TOM HYER.

The Funeral fixed for this Afternoon, Tuesday, June 28.

ELSEWHERE will be found an account of a benefit gotten up by a few of the Old Chief's staunchest friends, and that worthy's last appearance in public, although at the time that article was penned we little thought that in less than one week we should have the painful duty of recording his death. At the benefit he looked better than we had seen him do for some time past, and for two or three days after, while being driven around the city, calling at the different sporting horses to collect his tickets, it was generally remarked how much better he appeared, but it was only the last deceptive flush, for the worthy gladiator, chief and king of all pugilists, now lies a corpse, conquered by Death.

On Saturday, 25th ult., Mr. Hyer, as usual, had been carriage riding in company with a friend, and about the last place he called at, as was his wont, was at his friend Ned Wilson's, from which place he was lifted into the wagon, and taken to his home in 35th street, arriving there at about half-past twelve. He was somewhat exhausted by the intense heat, and sitting down on the stoop he called for ice water which was given him. Soon afterwards he complained of feeling sick, and shortly before 2 o'clock A. M. he went to bed. Two hours and a half subsequently he woke up and asked his niece, Mary Harrison, then in attendance, for more ice water. He spoke no more after that, and died at about 6 o'clock A. M., Sunday June 26th, retaining his senses to the last.

Deputy Coroner Thomas Robinson, M. D., made a post mortem examination of the body; the right lung was found bound down by old pleuretic adhesions; both lungs were healthy; the heart was very large and fatty, and the pericardium filled and distended with serum; the liver was very much diseased, and the entire structure of it entirely degenerated into a scirrhas mess; the spleen was enormously enlarged, ten and a half inches in length and eight inches in width, and weighed several pounds; the stomach was healthy; the kidneys were granulous, intestines healthy. In Dr. Robinson's opinion the immediate cause of death was "cardiac dropsy." The jury accordingly rendered a verdict to that effect.

Mr. Hyer was a native of this city, and forty-five years of age at the time of his death. His tremendous contests with Country McCleester and Yankee Sullivan in the prize ring stamped him, in our opinion, as the greatest pugilist who ever entered a ring. When in his prime, like the late Matt Gooderson, he was a magnificent specimen of physical beauty. In our next we shall give a long and interesting biography of the Chieftan, introducing many incidents which have never before appeared in print.

The funeral will take place on Tuesday, June 28th, from his late residence, 155 East 35th street, when we hope to see everybody present to follow the Chief to his last resting place. Peace to his ashes.

PLENTY TO DO.—Somebody once put into print the report that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Probably the gentleman had been "through," and knew all about it, for there is much force and truth in the brief sentence. Be the crown a kingly crown or a laurel crown, it is all the same, for the head that wears the honors is never at ease, or secure in the presumed strength of its position. So, too, with our sporting champions; they cannot be permitted to rest in peace; ambitious men are always ready to start up and seek to secure the crowning prize. Hamill, the champion sculler of America, is called upon to defend his right and title to the honors of the office; and Kavanagh, the Billiard Monarch, is not permitted to rest upon his laurels for any great length of time. Already, there are two claimants for the succession—Phil. Tieman, who represents the West, has challenged the champion, while Goldthwaite, the Star of the East, boldly comes forward and offers to play the winner of that match, whoever the ensuing fall and winter season will be. The match between the Eastern phenomenon and his opponent will attract the attention of billiard players everywhere, for the recent display made by Goldthwaite in his encounter with Kavanagh, although resulting in the former's defeat, has only served to increase our admiration of his Billiardistic abilities, and make us anxious to witness a renewal of his brilliant performances.

WELL DONE.—Our friends will please join with us in giving three times three for the American cricketers who beat the English eleven in a match game in this vicinity last week. It is a great honor to achieve a victory over our English friends at cricket, for it is a purely English game, and one which nearly all Englishmen play exceedingly well. To Americans, it is comparatively new, Base Ball being their popular game. Therefore, boys, let us crow over John Bull while we have the chance, and give a stunnin' big shout for the Philadelphia American chaps who brought the New York Englishmen to grief.

A LIVELY WEEK.—Last week was decidedly lively in the matter of sport, several very important events having transpired. Among the most noteworthy were the great match at Cricket between the New York and Philadelphia Clubs; the annual regatta of the Brooklyn Yacht Club; and the second trotting match between Fillingham and Gen. Butler; reports of all of which will be found elsewhere.

WELL DONE.—The recent game of Base Ball played in Philadelphia between representatives of five Pennsylvania and five New Jersey clubs, netted to the Sanitary Commissioners the sum of $239.50, which has been duly acknowledged by the committee.

PROCEEDS OF A REGATTA.—By the late regatta of the Philadelphia Yacht Club, $200 was realised for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Fair in that city.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—The July No. of this journal, published by Fowler & Wells, begins a new volume of a most excellent work.

INTERESTING PIGEON SHOOT AT SYRACUSE.—On the 21st of June an exciting match at trap shooting came off on the Lake shore in the northern part of Syracuse. The contestants were Mort. Mayhew, a well-known expert at the business from Utica, and Hank Kipp, who is almost a novice, having never seen a trap until that day; but he is an old hunter, having followed the gun and rod since he was big enough to spear a muskrat. Hank hails from Montezuma, N. Y. The match was for $100 a side, each to fire at 50 birds, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary. The sport was opened at 2 P. M. by Hank bringing down the first bird. The match was carried on all the way through in a very spirited manner, Hank having the lead by one or two birds most of the time. Though he kept well ahead, the knowing ones were laying their money on Mort, which was lucky for them, as, although from the 30th to the 46th fire they were nip and tie, Kipp had the misfortune to miss two birds in succession, when it was all UP with him. The following is a correct summary:—

Kipp—10111101111111111011111010101111011111111111110011—41.
Mayhew—11011101111111111010011111110011111111111111111111—43

A PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH came off at Council Bluff, Iowa, on June 11th, between C. H. Babbitt and A. W. Smith. The prize contended for was the "Champion Rig" of the Council Bluffs Shooting Club, 21 yards rise, 100 yards bound, H. & T. ground traps, 1⅛ oz. shot, 10 birds each.

C. H. Babbitt (challenger).....0111111110—8.
A. W. Smith (champion).....0110111060—5.

Nearly all the birds were struck—some of them hard hit, so much so that one of Smith's and one of Babbitt's fell dead just outside of the bounds. Smith heretofore has proved "a success," having held the Championship for some time and against two contestants with whom he shot three matches, after winning the "Rig" from one of them.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—The shooting festival of the Philadelphia Rifle Club came off near that city on the 21st and 22d of June, in a very successful manner. The prizes won upon the Union Target were as follows: Mr. Schalk of Pottsville, the first, consisting of a Washington gold medal; the second, third and fourth prizes, each a Washington silver medal, won respectively in order by F. Langenheim, H. Cramer, and G. F. Kolb, of Philadelphia. On the general target there were various prizes, won by Messrs. Andibert, Wurfflein, Justi, Lager, and others. There were 512 bull's eyes made, all at the distance of 500 feet.

The affair was gotten up for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, and realized $400 for that fund.

NEW YORK VS. ALL MASSACHUSETTS.—On July 5th and 6th, an eleven of the New York Cricket Club play an eleven selected from All Massachusetts, on the grounds of the Boston Club at East Cambridge, Mass. On the 4th the second elevens of the New York and Boston Clubs play a match also, so that a grand cricket jubilee may be reasonably looked for. What with boatmen and cricketers, Boston will have a grand sporting 4th of July week.

THE GREAT MATCH MADE.

Coburn to Fight Mace for £500 a Side in Ireland.

SIGNING OF ARTICLES.

ALL DIFFICULTIES AMICABLY SETTLED.

MACE CLAIMS TO HAVE IRISH BLOOD IN HIS VEINS.

COBURN'S SET-TO WITH BINGEY ROSE.

"According to agreement, Jem Mace, accompanied by Mr. Abrahams, his backer, met Joe Coburn and Cusick at our office on Friday, June 10, for the purpose of settling the knotty points which last week prevented their coming together, and we are glad to say that, although matters looked stormy at the commencement, the conference terminated in an amicable and satisfactory manner. The question of the amount to be fought for was first re-opened, and Coburn at first offered to fight for £300 a side even, but finally agreed to go on upon the terms of the original challenge, viz., for £500 a side, Mace giving him £100 at the last deposit for expenses. Then arose the point as to a referee. At starting, Coburn would hear of nothing but choosing that official on the day, while Mace wished to delegate the power of selection to us, or else to appoint a meeting a week before fighting to select him. By degrees, however, Jem, who seemed to relish his job, gave way, and Coburn making one step to meet him, they agreed to meet either personally or by deputy the day before the fight, and choose a referee. The place of fighting was the last point of dispute, but was got over without difficulty, it being arranged that a meeting should take place ten days before the battle, when, if no agreement can be made, the choice of place is to be tossed for."

The documents being duly signed and witnessed, the men shook hands cordially, and took their departure, Coburn to Manchester, from whence he will doubtless make other starring excursions, and Mace to his usual routine in the sparring world. We shall not fail to keep our readers "fly" to the various moves of the belligerents, which will doubtless be watched with eager interest. Coburn informs us he is 29 years of age, having been born July 20, 1835, in the county Armagh. Mace requests us to state that, although born at Beeston, in Norfolk, he, too, is of Irish descent on his mother's side, so that, although many sensationists will doubtless talk of the match as "international," it is really nothing of the kind, both men being actually subjects of the British Crown. *Bell's Life, June 11th.*

JOE COBURN'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN NOTTINGHAM.

Great interest has been manifested in Nottingham by the hurried announcement that Joe Coburn was about to pay a visit and hold a levee at the Circus in that town. Many were inclined to believe the affair a hoax, but on Monday evening, June 6th, the American Champion, in conjunction with several local pugilists, appeared before a rather meagre audience to what might have been expected. The usual preliminary sparring first occupied attention, and after Ruff, Bartley, Macdonald, Jack Terry, and others had "donned the mittens," Joe Coburn and Bingey Rose were introduced for the wind-up. Bingey was, of course, inferior in size and build to his Yankee opponent, who was rather taken by surprise by Bingey's shifty tactics, and, though Coburn was his superior in point of science and effective hitting, the "spar" was nevertheless of a neat character. Coburn's style and finish were much admired, his prominent chest and well-knit frame contrasting strangely with his weaker opponent, and, though many opinions were ventured respecting the figure he is likely to cut with Mace, there could scarcely be any line drawn. In fact, Coburn appeared as though he had not recovered from the effects of his sea voyage.

JOE COBURN TO THE BRITISH PUGS.

Joe Coburn requests us to inform Jessee Hatton that he came to England purposely to fight Jem Mace or Tom King, but that he never intended to make a match with any one else. That intention remains unchanged, and he will take no notice whatever of any future challenge. Should he ever alter his mind, he will not be slow to make the alteration known.—*Sporting Life. June 11.*

AQUATIC.

THE AMERICAN SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF THE MATCH IN PITTSBURGH.

As stated by us last week, the match for the American Sculling Championship is made between James Hamill of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Joshua Ward of Cornwall, N. Y., much to the gratification of the friends of both. Without a doubt it will prove to be an exciting contest, and the Monongahela river, near Pittsburg, will have more people on its "bosom" and shores than at any previous time, and July 19 will be a gala day with the Pittsburghers. In New York the affair has already elicited no little interest, and speculation has already commenced, 2 to 1 on Hamill being the quotation. By way of giving an idea of what they think of it at Hamill's headquarters, and of their anticipations in regard to the same, we here quote an article from the Pittsburgh *Commercial*:

"Now that the great sculling contest between Hamill and Ward has been fixed for the 19th proximo, we deem it not out of place, thus far in advance, to throw out a few suggestions in regard to the race, which may in a good degree tend to make all things pass off agreeably, and to the credit of all concerned. First, then, let every lover of aquatic sports see to it that the stranger who comes from his home on the majestic Hudson, in the east, to contest the palm with our champion upon the placid waters of the Monongahela, in the west, has fair play. Let boats, scows, and craft of every description, be kept out of the way, and let the friends of Hamill, as far as may be, refrain from boisterous demonstrations of encouragement; nor should they try in any way to disconcert or depress the spirits of his antagonist. Of course, we of Pittsburgh all wish to see Hamill win the race, but we wish to see him do so fairly. Such we know to be his desire and determination, and we feel assured that he will discountenance anything calculated to produce a different result. They are both good men, equally matched, and will both do their best to win. Then give is endas. If rainy, fair start, and no interference till the have the satisfaction of knowing that his laurels were honestly won; if beaten, let him submit, as we know he will, with the best possible grace. As the coming contest will attract a large number of people from a distance, all of whom must of necessity spend more or less money during their visit, in a pecuniary point of view the race will benefit our city. Besides, it may be but the introduction to a series of contests of a similar character upon our waters. The thousands, of all ages and sexes, who line our shores upon the occasion of a boat race, proves the interest taken by our citizens in such sports, and as an afternoon's innocent recreation and amusement can be afforded at so cheap a rate, the more sculling matches which come

CRICKET.

The Capitoline Hotel,
BEDFORD AVE., near GATES AVE.,
BROOKLYN.
Johnson's Celebrated Old Burton, East India and XXX Ale on draught.
A 1 Liquors and Segars.
THE BEST QUOIT GROUND IN THE CITY, in perfect order at all times.
A GOOD BILLIARD ROOM, where parties can enjoy a quiet Game, with Good Attendance.
"BYRON," OF CRICKET RENOWN, will be happy to meet all comers in a friendly contest. 9-3m*

Matches Arranged.

JUNE 28 and 29.—St. George vs. Willow, at Bedford.
29.—New York, 2d eleven, vs. Satellite, at Williamsburgh.
JULY 5 and 6.—New York vs. All Massachusetts, at Boston.
14 and 15.—St. George vs. Boston, at Boston.

ANOTHER GRAND MATCH AT BEDFORD, L. I.

AMERICAN VS. ENGLISH, PHILADELPHIA VS. NEW YORK.
THE YOUNG AMERICANS VICTORIOUS.
AN INTERESTING GAME, AND A FINE DISPLAY OF CRICKET.

We have at last the pleasure of recording the success of a party of young American cricketers against an experienced English team, this important event, in the annals of the game in this country, occurring on the occasion of the grand match, which took place at Bedford, Brooklyn, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 22nd and 23rd, the contesting elevens being ten Americans, and one Englishman of the Philadelphia club, and ten Englishmen and one American of the New York club, the match proving to be one of the most interesting in this country for several years past. Both clubs were well represented on the occasion, although, had all the members of the Philadelphia club been home from the war, they might have presented a much stronger team. As it was, however, they proved themselves a very well practiced and efficient set of players, and had the honor of being the first party of American cricketers that have ever been successful against a first eleven of either of the leading clubs of the American metropolis. The New York team was about as strong a one as they have ever presented, but it was not their full strength, although as good an eleven as we think any club can present in the country. The result of this match, perhaps, is no evidence of the fact, some might say, in view of the recent defeat of the same Philadelphia eleven by an eleven of the St. George club, which certainly was not as strong a one as the Dragon Slayers presented last season. But there were other causes of the defeat of the New Yorkers than the superior play of their opponents, and to that we shall devote a few remarks by way of comment, as we think the subject has an important bearing on the future welfare of the game in this country. The cause we refer to is the dinner on Thursday, and if ever a match was lost by a dinner, this was. It would naturally be supposed, in this age of progress in physiological knowledge, that the injurious effect on the general health of the system, and especially on the digestive organs, of a hot dinner eaten with hearty appetites on a hot day, and immediately followed by active and violent exercise was patent to every one possessed of ordinary information on the subject; it would seem, however, that the majority of our cricketers have either yet to learn this fact, or else they are so prejudiced in favor of old time customs as to ignore it altogether, judging from the tenacity with which they hold on to this habit of eating hearty dinners in the midst of playing cricket matches. Setting aside all considerations of the the ill effects on the health of this foolish custom, the fact of its weakening the sight, clouding the judgment and preventing activity of movement, should be alone sufficient to induce the abolishment of the custom. But it is really difficult to introduce anything out of the regular routine old countrymen have been accustomed to, that nothing but the positive fact of its tendency to injure their interests as a club will ever lead to any improvement in this respect. Were we advocating the doing away with dinners altogether it might be different; but we are not; we simply desire to see this cause of delay in the game, this fruitful source of illness, and this enemy to good cricket deferred to a proper time, that time being the close of the day's play when all can leave the field, dress and prepare themselves to have a right merry and social time over the festive board as they would under ordinary circumstances on other occasions. But we beg to enter our protest against the eating of hearty meals during the playing of cricket matches, and if we mistake not the result of this match, which was "a dinner defeat" if any ever was, will have a decided effect in entering the wedge of reform in this matter. Having had our say on this subject we now proceed to describe the match in detail. The weather could not well have been more propitious for such an occasion; indeed, thus far, the New York Club has been greatly favored in this respect. The field presented a decidedly improved appearance over that of the last match, and the ground was very lively, and therefore more favorable for the bowling. Seats for spectators and a scorer's tent are still wanting, but before long both will be added to the attractive features of the ground.

THE FIRST DAY'S PLAY.

At 11.30, on Wednesday, Philadelphia sent in Large and Barclay to the bowling of Bailliere and Sadler, the former sending in ugly balls to deal with from the left hand side, and the latter fine length working balls at a medium pace. Large opened play with a single off Bailliere, Barclay following with a beautiful cut for three, and for some time these two young batsmen treated the crowd to as pretty a display of this feature of the game as we have seen for some time past, Large's beautiful drives and clean hits to leg being especially noteworthy. Barclay was the first to leave the wicket, a trimmer to the leg from Sadler sending him to the club house for a score of 10, marked by two fine hits for three each—first wicket for 17. The veteran Tom Senior took his place, and had young Large for a partner for nearly half an hour, they between them running up the score to 49, at which figure it was when Large was beautifully caught at wicket by Higham off Bailliere, his fine score of 24 being marked by a four, two threes, and six twos, fine leg hits and drives, it being the finest display of good hitting of the match. Jones Wistar took his place, and in view of the fact that it was this interesting youth who had so distinguished himself in the match against the All England eleven in Philadelphia, a fine score was expected from him, and as far as he was permitted to go he did not disappoint his friends, as a well-obtained 9 proved, a leg hit for three, and three twos completing his score, he being forced to retire from stopping a straight one from Marsh with his leg. We would here award praise to the umpires in regard to their decisions on appeals on questions of leg before wicket in this match. Players are so often given out improperly in this respect that we were gratified to see the umpires refuse to give the batsmen out for stopping balls with their legs, except when it was plainly apparent that the balls were first pitched straight, and being so pitched would have taken the wicket but for being stopped with the batsman's leg. Under no other circumstances is a batsmen out leg before wicket, and as balls from round hand bowlers—unless bowling over the wicket—will so seldom take the wicket when pitched within the lines from wicket to wicket, it follows that few batsmen can be given out for stopping such balls with their legs. Previous to Wistar's retirement Senior had popped one up off Bailliere for Hammond to take, his score being 15, consisting of two threes—a drive and leg hit—three twos and singles, his wicket falling for 56, Stevens taking his place, Pratt followed Wistar, and he was in with Stevens for half an hour, batting very creditably, considering how long it is since he has played cricket. He not only defended his stumps well, but made several fine hits, two threes and three twos being conspicuous in his good score of 16. He succumbed to a shooter from Bailliere—his wicket, the 5th, falling for the fine total of 98, young George Newhall being his successor. This promising cricketer had not been in long before he gave a chance to Marsh at point, which that fine fielder accepted in style, the 6th wicket going down for 115, of which Newhall's share was 7 marked by a three drive and a leg hit for two. Stevens in the meantime had been defending his stumps in masterly style, besides taking advantage of every loose ball he was favored with, and, when caught by Tyler at mid-off, Bailliere had run up the well-obtained total of 26, in which a four, two threes (leg hits) and a two were prominent, the others being well-scored singles, chiefly from good off-play. His wicket, the 7th, fell for 119, and this ended the average scores of the match, the next three wickets falling for an addition of seven runs off the bat, the total being 114, which, with the 13 extras, made up an aggregate of 127 runs, a very fine score against the eleven opposed to them, and a remarkably different result to that of their game at home with the St. George eleven. In fact, their play in this match makes it a matter of astonishment how they ever succumbed to any eleven for such scores as marked their play of the previous week. The fielding and bowling of the New Yorkers in this innings was not equal to their play in the match of the previous week. Sharp's fine long-stopping was noteworthy, as was Marsh's activity at point. Bailliere's was the most effective bowling, except, perhaps, Sadler's slows, the latter apparently being more troublesome to the Quaker City youths than any. As it was dinner-time when the innings terminated, no extra interruption occurred from that usual source of serious delay, and, what is more, as it was the first day's play, they took more time after dinner to digest their food, and, consequently, did not feel the ill effects of exercise after eating a hearty meal, as they otherwise would have done and did the day following.

At 2:40 the New York club sent in Sharp and Hudson to the bowling of McBride and Hunt, the former being a very swift bowler, half-underhand, and the deliverer of twisting balls, and the latter medium under-hand, with good length and well on the wicket. Maiden overs with wides marked the opening play, the New Yorkers playing carefully, in view of the large score they had to wipe off. After a while, however, these batsmen got well into their work, and soon began to make the scorers busy, a change in the bowling being one of the results, Geo. Newhall taking Hunt's place. Hudson had scored 11, in which were three twos, all pretty cuts, when he drew a ball on his wicket off McBride, the 1st wicket falling for 28. Higham was his successor, and, with Sharp, had been partisans for nearly an hour, when Newhall began to send in slows, and the first ball he delivered caught Sharp napping in his defense, the veteran retiring for the well-obtained score of 19, in which were three twos, his singles being mostly from good off-play and well-judged runs. Hammond took his place, and soon began to punish the slows in style, thereby bringing on Barclay in Newhall's place, Hunt also taking McBride's position. Barclay's really excellent bowling soon lessened the run-getting of the New Yorkers, one of its first results being the capture of Sadler's wicket for a small score, he having succeeded Higham, who was run out for 15, in which were two drives for two each. Sadler was beautifully caught at point by young Newhall off Barclay, it being the prettiest catch of the match. Sadler's wicket (the 4th) fell for 79, a very good average, Byron being his successor, and, for a quarter of an hour, he and Hammond played well together, running up the score to 93, at which figure it stood when a shooter from Hunt caused Hammond to give place to Kephardt, Hammond's half-an-hour's play at the bat yielding him the good score of 20, in which a leg hit for four, two drives for three each, and four twos were very prominent. Kephardt had only scored a single when a trimmer from Barclay took his leg stump and he retired in favor of Marsh, who was unlucky enough to be run out on the next over before having a chance to score, his wicket—the 7th—falling for 99, Crossley taking his place. Crossley had been a partner to Byron about ten minutes, scoring 6 only, in which was a leg hit for two, when Hunt got in on his leg stump, and he gave place to Bailliere. The latter had scored 5, marked by a fine drive for three, when he was well run out by Hunt and Barclay, his wicket falling for 110, Tyler being the last man. There were still 17 to get to tie, and a dozen of them had been scored when Tyler hit a beauty to leg off Hunt for five, thus tieing the game, Byron retiring the next ball from giving an easy chance to Stevens at mid off, the last wicket falling for 127, of which Byron had contributed 16, marked by a fine leg hit for four, a drive for three and three twos, he giving a chance to Newhall after scoring 8. The score off the bat was exactly 100, the extras being 27, of which byes and wides claimed a dozen each. Howe not long stopping as effectively as we have seen him do before. Pratt, too, did not distinguish himself in this department. By the way, we would suggest to Captain Wistar the propriety and policy of being less free in his censures of errors in fielding than he was in the case of Pratt. Every fielder strives to do his best for his own credit sake, and open censure on the field but induces still greater errors if it does not lead to ill-temper. The fielding in this innings, though very creditable in a majority of instances, and especially so in the cases of Newhall and Large in the field, and Barclay at the wicket, was not up to the mark of the eleven; and the bowling, too, except that of Barclay, was not of the best. In this respect the services of Senior were missed, he being too sick to take the field. The innings of the New Yorker closed at 5:15, and at 5:45—half an hour afterwards instead of ten minutes—their opponents entered upon their second innings, sending in Pratt and Hunt to the bowling of Sadler and Hammond, the former bowling "shotty." In the first over from Sadler, Hunt retired for a blank, being very neatly caught at mid off by Maddox, who was temporarily acting as substitute, the catch eliciting deserved applause and exciting the envy of Tom's eleven. First wicket for 3.

Jones Wistar was next, and he and Pratt run up the score to 18 before they were parted, Wistar retiring in favor of Newhall from being well caught at Wicket by Higham off Hammond, his score being marked with a fine leg hit for five, a drive for three, and a two. Newhall had only added a single to the score, when he gave a chance to leg, which Mudie—another substitute—took in style, the 3d wicket falling for 23. Stevens now came to the rescue, and for half an hour he and Pratt batted well together, the latter being first to retire from being finely caught at wicket by Higham off Hammond. Pratt's good score consisted of two threes—a drive and leg hit—two twos, and singles, Large being his successor, his wicket—the 4th—going down for 44. Large opened play with one of his splendid drives for four, after which he lost Stevens as a partner, the latter popping one up off Hammond, which Marsh held, Barclay taking his place—5th wicket for 49. Large, after scoring 10, was neatly stumped by Higham off Sadler, and Howe, his successor, was soon after bowled by Hammond for 4, McBride and Barclay being in together, when the latter was run out through an ill-judged run, the 8th wicket falling for 70. It was now time to draw stumps, and the game closed for the day.

THE SECOND DAY'S PLAY.

At 11:45 on Thursday the game was resumed, McBride again taking his place at the wicket, and Senior succeeding Barclay, both facing the bowling of Sadler and Bailliere, McBride being one of the latter's victims, and Senior the other, the Veteran, however, refusing to succumb until he had placed 14 to his credit on the score book, a three and three twos being prominent. W. R. Wistar carried his bat out for a single, the last wicket falling for 89, of which 82 were off the bat, Sharp only allowing three balls to pass him. The Philadelphians had therefore for a score, a grand total of 216, of which 196 were off the bat, leaving their opponents 90 to get to win, and at 12:45 they went in to obtain this rather large score, feeling pretty confident of success. This confidence was greatly increased when, after Sharp and Hudson had batted well for half an hour, the total of 23 had been placed upon the score; after that, however, Hudson was forced to retire from being beautifully caught at point by young Newhall, whose fielding in this innings was a model to copy from, his long stopping especially being a feature. Hudson's score of 11 was marked by three twos, Kephardt being his successor, and Senior soon caused him to be replaced by Higham, Kephardt scoring a blank. Higham and Sharp were well in, and the score had reached 43, when the dinner hour arrived, it being exactly two o'clock. We now come to a point in the game to which we deem it important to make a special reference, and it is the folly, to say the least, of the custom of eating heartily of a hot dinner on a hot day during the playing of a cricket match. Never was its ill effects in marring the sight and clouding the judgment of batsmen more forcibly illustrated than on this occasion. We should comment on this subject more fully did we have the least faith in being able to introduce any reform in the matter, but as we have not we shall not do more than describe the effects of the dinner on this occasion. As we before stated, 43 had been scored when the dinner hour arrived. As soon as this meal had been hurriedly got through with, the game was continued, the majority resuming active movements on full stomachs. The very first ball McBride delivered took Higham's wicket, and in the same over Hammond was forced to retire. Marsh and Byron then faced each other for a short time, but soon a fine ball ball sent Marsh back, and in the next two overs Crossley, Sadler, Tyler and Baillaire all retired in succession, only half an hour's play, *after dinner*, being required to get rid of nine batsmen, the majority being equal to the best in the country. Though 43 had been recorded when the 3d wicket fell, only 62 was the total when the last wicket went down, and of these but 38 were off the bat. The grand totals off the bat in the match were 19 to 138 in favor of the Philadelphians. McBride's swift and accurate delivery was the feature of the bowling in this innings, he taking five wickets for 10 runs, and making one catch in this innings. Byron carried his bat out for a single, he and Marsh—the only two that batted well after dinner—both refraining from hearty eating on the occasion. If ever a match was lost by a dinner, this one was. There is one consolation, however, for the defeat, or at least it ought to be one if it is not, and that is that the result will be highly beneficial to the progress of cricket among Americans and especially advantageous to the game in Philadelphia. We append a full and correct score of the match.

PHILADELPHIA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Large c Higham b Bailliere	24	st Higham b Sadler	8
Barclay b Sadler	10	run out	5
Senior c Hammond b Bailliere	10	b Bailliere	14
J Wistar l b w b Marsh	9	c Higham b Hammond	11
Stevens c Tyler b Bailliere	26	c Marsh b Hammond	11
Pratt b Bailliere	16	c Higham b Hammond	21
G Newhall c Marsh b Sadler	7	c Mudie b Sadler	1
Howe b Sadler	0	b Hammond	4
Hunt not out	3	c Maddox b Sadler	0
McBride c Marsh b Sadler	4	b Bailliere	6
W Wistar b Sadler	0	not out	1
Byes 3, leg bye 1, wides 9	13	Byes 4, wides 3	7
Total	127	Total	89

NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Sharp b G Newhall	19	b McBride	18
Hudson b McBride	11	c G Newhall b Barclay	11
Higham run out	15	b McBride	3
Hammond b Hunt	20	b McBride	0
Sadler c G Newhall b Barclay	2	b McBride	0
Byron c Stevens b Hunt	16	not out	1
Kephardt b Barclay	1	b Senior	0
Marsh run out	0	b Hunt	4
Crossley b Hunt	6	b McBride	0
Bailliere run out	5	b McBride	0
Tyler not out	5	c McBride b Hunt	1
Byes 12, leg byes 3, wides 12	27	Byes 6, leg byes 8, wides 10	24
Total	127	Total	64

Umpires—Messrs. H. Wright and R. Jefferson.
Scorers—Messrs. Davis and Newhall.

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

New York—First Innings.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Bailliere	124	56	7	4	5
Sadler	63	33	5	5	0
Hammond	32	16	2	0	2
Marsh	28	9	3	1	2
Second Innings.					
Sadler	84	45	3	1	2
Hammond	48	28	2	4	1
Bailliere	34	9	5	2	2
Philadelphia—First Innings.					
McBride	76	23	7	1	2
Hunt	67	29	5	3	6
G. Newhall	60	27	3	1	3
Barclay	60	21	4	2	1
Second Innings.					
Barclay	52	10	7	1	2
G. Newhall	8	7	0	0	0
Senior	40	11	5	1	3
McBride	82	4	4	5	2
Hunt	81	6	4	3	3

SATELLITE OF WILLIAMSBURGH VS. MANHATTAN OF NEW YORK.—These clubs played a very well contested and interesting game on the Union Ball grounds at Williamsburgh on the 22d ult., the result being as appended:—

SATELLITE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Walton b Livesey	10	Run out	10
Tilly b Tyler	0	b Tyler	4
Pink st and b Livesey	2	b Livesey	5
James not out	28	b Livesey	6
Palin b Tyler	0	c and b Livesey	13
Walker b Tyler	1	b Tyler	16
Arthur b Tyler	0	c H Tucker b Tyler	12
Tribeck b Tyler	2	b H Tucker	6
Kirk b Tyler	4	b H Tucker	1
Wilson b Tyler	0	not out	3
Wright b Tyler	0	b Tyler	9
Leg byes	2	Bye 1, leg byes 2, wide 1	4
Total	49	Total	89

MANHATTAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Neeves c Palin b Walton	0	b Tilly	11
Weston b Walton	2	c James b Tilly	0
Livesey run out	6	b Pink	5
Tyler c Palin b Walton	24	c Tilly b Pink	2
Plumer b Tribeck	2	b Tilly	11
Walker b Walton	12	b Tilly	3
Russell b Pink	1	c Tribeck b Tilly	1
H Tucker run out	11	b Pink	1
Seabring not out	13	c James b Tilly	5
J Tucker c James b Pink	0	l b w b Tilly	1
Simms b Pink	0	not out	2
Bye 1, leg bye 1	2	no ball	1
Total	73	Total	43

Umpires—Messrs. Stranger and Parkins.
Scorers—Messrs. Boyd and Metcalf.

BOSTON vs. FRANKLIN CLUBS.

These two of the leading clubs of Massachusetts played an excellent match on the 15th inst., which resulted in a victory for the latter. In reference to it we have a communication from the pen of the jolly cricketer, S. Frank Crockett, of the Bromfield House, Boston, which, as it gives all the particulars, we here give place to.

EXCURSION OF THE BOSTON CRICKET CLUB.

The Boston Club left home on Tuesday, the 14th ult., to play the annual match with the Franklin Club, of Shelburne Falls. The distance by rail is one hundred miles, and at the terminus of the road we were met by our friends of the Franklin Club, and we then stepped into a coach drawn by six spirited bays, driven in style by Mr. Paine, the proprietor. We were soon under way, passing through the most delightful scenery and over steep mountains, and two hours after found us at our journey's end. Our reception was truly cordial, and all that we could wish in the way of delicacies, including trout, were ours to enjoy. The club with which we were to contend is composed principally of Sheffield, Eng., men, who are engaged in the extensive cutlery works of Messrs. Lamson, Goodwin & Co., among whom are some very promising American players. We began play at 10 A. M. on Wednesday, the 15th ult., and closed on Thursday, P. M., the result being a victory for the Franklin Club by 56 runs. Good play was shown on both sides, but our opponents were men of steel with strong defence, and we were defeated. We are fully satisfied of their strength, and consider them one of the strongest country clubs in the States. After the match we were all invited to a ball in the evening, which was a very pleasant affair. On Friday we were invited to take a drive to the famous Hoosac tunnel, eighteen miles distant, and the scenery, the drive, and the attentions shown us by our many friends were duly appreciated. On Saturday morning we bade adieu to our friends and arrived home the same evening. The Franklin Club will be represented in the match to be played on the 5th and 6th against the New York Club on our grounds at East Cambridge, when conjointly we intend to give the Yorkers a warm reception in every sense of the term, and all the tribute we shall exact of Messrs. Higham & Co. is that ball, for which I have prepared a place to suspend it in my large dining room, when all who run may afterwards read, "Won from New York Club, July 5th and 6th, 1864." Here is the score of the match above alluded to:—

BOSTON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Crockett c Halligan b Hinde	0	b Drounfield	9
[illegible] c Langd'n b Drounf'ld	2	not out	6
[illegible] c Hinde b Moore	5	c Langdon b Clarke	2
Ashwell run out	4	c Hinde b Drounfield	7
Draper [illegible] b Clarke	2	run out	11
Kilner c [illegible] b Clarke	13	b Drounfield	4
O'Brien st [illegible]	1	b Drounfield	0
Davis b Moore	[illegible]	[illegible]unfield	0
Barron b Hinde	5	[illegible] b Hinde	2
Ridgely not out	1	c Halligan [illegible]	[illegible]
Lumb c Hinde b Moore	8	b Clarke	5
Collamore l b w b Moore	0	b Hinde	0
Byes 5, leg byes 2, wides 15	22	Byes 7, leg byes 3, wides 6	16
Total	63	Total	62

FRANKLIN CITY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Day c Draper b O'Brien	8	c Lowther b O'Brien	5
Moore run out	1	c Barron b O'Brien	0
Griswold c Ridgely b Barron	1	not out	2
Eaton run out	1	c Crockett b Ashwell	6
Hinde b O'Brien	0	b O'Brien	15
Clarke c Barron b O'Brien	19	b Barron	9
Langdon b O'Brien	4	c Ridgely b Ashwell	3
Drounfield c O'Br'n b Barron	3	c Lowther b Ashwell	2
Halligan c Draper b O'Brien	1	l b w b O'Brien	0
Pratt not out	10	b Barron	11
Yale c Kilner b Barron	7	b Ashwell	2
Byes 18, leg byes 4, wides 7	29	Byes 25, leg byes 6, wides 12	43
Total	84	Total	98

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

Boston—First Innings.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
O'Brien	140	22	19	4	1
Draper	60	15	6	0	3
Barron	80	18	9	4	3
Second Innings.					
O'Brien	148	21	27	4	0
Draper	4	3	0	0	1
Barron	76	14	10	2	6
Ridgely	4	4	0	0	2
Lowther	4	1	0	0	2
Ashwell	58	12	7	4	1
Franklin Club—First Innings.					
Hinde	64	11	8	2	4
Drounfield	40	5	7	1	7
Clarke	52	10	7	2	2
Moore	32	15	3	3	1
Second Innings.					
Hinde	92	22	11	2	2
Clarke	52	10	5	2	0
Moore	24	6	3	0	0
Drounfield	64	8	10	5	4

WILLOW VS. ST. GEORGE CLUB.—The first match of the season between the St. George and Willow Clubs will be played on Wednesday, June 29th, on the grounds of the Willow Club at Bedford, L. I., wickets to be pitched at 10 A. M. Both clubs will play without their professionals, so the Willow Club will waive the services of Messrs. Sharp, Hudson, and Higham to make an even match.

THE ST. GEORGE CRICKET CLUB OF OSWEGO, N. Y., organized on the 24th ult., preparatory to playing their return match with the Kingston, C. W. Cricket Club, which takes place about the middle of July at Oswego. The following are the officers elect for 1864:—President, Hon. A. C. Maltoon; Vice-President, Henry Gleason, Esq.; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry Stevenson, Esq.

A CRICKET MATCH was played at Plymouth, Ct., on the 17th ult., between the Young America and Hanover Clubs, which the former won by ten wickets. The totals were, Hanover 53 and 28, Young America 68 and 14.

THE RING.

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.
THE GREAT MATCH IS YET PROGRESSING.
ALL WHO WISH,
CAN ENTER THE RING,
But many an unlucky competitor has had to go over the ropes.
THE CHAMPION,
so far, is
ST. DOMINGO!
MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!
TRY RUSS' ST. DOMINGO BITTERS. 12-1t*

BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.
Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables; the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
12-tf MELVIN FOSTER, Proprietor.

MIKE DORSEY AND MIKE NUNAN MATCHED FOR $1000.

TO FIGHT AT CATCH-WEIGHT, OCTOBER 6TH.

We briefly alluded last week to a very interesting match made at our office on the 20th inst., between Michael Dorsey of this city, and Michael Nunan of Brooklyn, both tough, sturdy, clever young fellows with lots of backbone and lots of friends. The match originated from no enmity or hard feeling between the Messrs. Dorsey and Nunan, but a desire on the part of their respective friends to test their relative abilities. Of course the Brooklyn men are very sweet on their choice, and will bet their stamps liberally, steered, as they will be, by two or three prominent and influential South Brooklyn sports, whose example is followed with the same pertinacity as that of a flock of sheep—when one jumps they all jump the same way. The New Yorkers are more cosmopolitan in their ideas, and, as a general thing, invest their currency on the man they most fancy, regardless from whence he came or whither he's bound. The principals in the present match are rated A No. 1 at their weight, and both command the respect and confidence of all who know them: we have seen both of them at the ring side, belonging to opposing factions, but their demeanor, when everything around was regular Bedlam, was always tempered to the occasion, and, if others set a bad example, they were not the ones to follow it. Neither are strangers to the ups and downs of the prize ring, Dorsey having met and defeated the light-waisted and genteel little Dick Hollywood, while Nunan has had several turns-up with men every way bigger than himself, and given a good account of himself; a few months ago he was matched to fight Swift of Buffalo, a thick-necked, hard-headed customer, but the affair was knocked in the head, together with a number of the would-be spectators, by Foulk the First and his hirelings, whose disgraceful attack and clubbing of a number of men who had committed no breach of the peace, met with such universal condemnation on the part of both press and public at the time.

The company which met at our office when the articles were drawn up reminded us forcibly of the scenes around *Bell's Life* office in London on Friday afternoons, when all the match-makers (not lucifer matches), bruisers, dog-fighters, pigeon-flyers, horse-jockeys, pedestrians, and every other kind of sporting men assemble *en mass* to challenge and be challenged in the next day's paper. There seemed to be a small army interested in the muscular representatives of the City of Churches and the Empire City, foremost among whom were Kit Burns, Phil Clare, Harry Lazarus, Paddy Kiernan, Joe Graham, Hank McCotter, Johnny Dwyer, Tommy Meekin, Dick Hollywood, Barney Aaron, Jingles and Johnny Aaron. First off, they thought that they had mutually agreed to have the fight come off in Canada, and half a century apiece was forthcoming in a jiffy; but when the pen was taken in hand and half the articles written, they found out that they hadn't, and a long parley followed as to where the battle should come off, during which the confusion of tongues was like unto that of Babel, and, seeing that there remained little or no chance of coming to any settlement while there were so many who had their put in, the meeting was adjourned, the money drawn, and the delegation took their departure to a cosy spot near by, where, after taking sundry smiles, they came to an understanding about the ground to fight on. The parties directly interested re-appeared at our office, and there and then signed articles to fight on Thursday the 6th day of October, at catch-weight, in the State of Pennsylvania, for $500 a side, leaving $50 a side in our hands, to be transferred to the final stakeholder, who is to be named at the next deposit. The following is a list of the times and places when the different instalments have to be made good:

2d	Dep't of $50 a side,			at Lazarus', 12 E. Houston st.,	July 5.
3d	do.	do.	do.	at Clare's, 401 Columbia st., B'klyn,	do. 19.
4th	do.	do.	do.	at Dwyer's, E. Houston st.,	Aug. 2.
5th	do.	do.	do.	at Kiernan's, Baltic & Col'bia, B'kln,	do. 16.
6th	do.	do.	do.	at Lazarus', 223 Centre st.,	do. 23.
7th	do.	do.	do.	at Guy's "Band Box," Water st.,	do. 30.
8th	do.	do.	do.	at Colbert's, cor. Houston & Crosby,	Sept. 6.
9th	do.	do.	do.	at Murphy's, C'bia & Degraw, B'kln,	do. 13.
10th and last	do.	do.		at Lazarus', 12 E. Houston st.,	do. 20.

The said deposits to be made between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M. The men are to toss for choice of ground at Phil Clare's on the 29th of September, when each man is to be notified of the place of fighting on the same evening. They agree to be in the ring by ten o'clock in the morning, at the latest. The remainder of the articles, which were witnessed by Harry Lazarus on the part of Dorsey, and Kit Burns for Nunan, are of the same old stereotyped order, and we think we have given all that is likely to prove of interest contained therein. Of course the lads have got lots of time to get ready, or, as Mike Walsh used to say, "time enough to raise a new head of hair or cure a broken leg," but as Dorsey is not in the best fix, his backers have sent him away already to recruit.

THE TOM HYER BENEFIT.—With the thermometer at about 2:19¾, more or less, in every place of amusement, no matter how well ventilated it may be, it is out of all reason to find fault if sparring exhibitions are not well attended, and if, after Tovee and Aaron's benefit, they don't let up on them for the summer months, they will have none but themselves to blame for poor houses and dead failures. It is madness to think of it, for at both Lazarus and Hyer's benefits the people were right glad when the affairs were over, spending the best part of the time as they did, going in and out of the Champion to see the obese Charley Grovesteen for their lager, or to go one eye on Kate Stanton, the vivacious lady jig dancer, or Carrie, of 171, or Maggie, pronounced with soft g's, or whoever else they take a fancy to. How in thunder the sparrers are willing, unless out of sheer ambition, to set-to, is a mystery to us, and we can't blame them for not wanting to sweat themselves to death for the edification of a few hundred people. At Hyer's show it was long after nine before the exercises were opened, and had it not been for Harry Hill, who was the first to volunteer with his 35 lb. clubs, we don't know who the deuce would have started. Hill was followed by Johnny Barry, his "clark," in a smashing jig, done up brown, considering that "Amby" got on his dignity and wouldn't play for him, but sent a deputy, who didn't understand Barry's movements as well as Monseur Kerrigan. After Barry came little Dick Hill, whose Essence, essentially speaking, was rip-staving, and stimulated to emulate Richard, another youth named Barry, but no relation to the man who tends at the club rooms, essayed the Essence, too, but the little club swinger beat him all to smash. He, Dick, also used the light clubs. The sparring by Bob Corcoran and Mike Costello, Jimmy Hanley and Johnny Dwyer, and Jem Coburn and George Rooke, were all elegant, particularly the last-named, between Jack Rooke's brother, who, Jack, wanted to get on a match with Joe Coburn, and James, the brother of Joseph—it looked to outsiders as if because George happened to be brother to Jack, Jem wanted to take satisfaction out of him because his brother wanted to have a scrap with the Irish American champion. We don't know when we've witnessed such a rough set-to as the one between Coburn and Rooke, for the way Jim piled into him was enough to send a fellow through a stone fence. He did all the leading, keeping Rooke in a corner all the time, where he performed as well as any other man of his own strength could have been expected, relying altogether upon counter hits, and when Jim closed, he very sensibly put on the hug. Both were stripped to the pelt, and when they had finished, their breasts looked as if Macarthy had been daubing them all over with red paint. Immediately after this, the game and gallant conqueror of Country McCleester and Yankee Sullivan, leaning on the brawny shoulders of his friend Al Conrey, and Joseph Foote, was led to the footlights, and being left there, with a crutch under one arm and a stick in the other, though not the same in health, vigor, and looks, still the same unconquered, independent, self-willed Tom Hyer. Cheer after cheer arose from the spectators, most of whom went there on purpose to see Tom, and would have been perfectly well satisfied to see him, and him alone. Mr. Allen Conrey introduced his friend Hyer in a pointed, well-delivered speech, and after he had acknowledged the cheering by waving his cane, a chair was provided for Sir Thomas on the stage, where he sat during the wind up between Johnny Lazarus and Millage Cornell, which was red hot, wherein both got warmed till the perspiration on their thoughtful brows seemed to boil again. It being the first appearance of Johnny Lazarus since his return from Frisco, made the affair quite a sensation one. The house was well attended; $100 were taken at the door in money, and as over 2000 tickets were left at the different hotels and sporting houses, it is not to be expected that over half of them will be returned, so that he ought to make $1000. The Commissary, Father Tovee, was the M. C., and what with his badinage and oratory, he made much fun in his own inimical way.

A TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT FOR OLD BILL TOVEE.—To-night (June 28) the long-talked-of complimentary to the veteran Commissary General of the Boxing World, Bill Tovee, is to come off at the Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway, and we are convinced that he will have the house full in every part, as the old gentleman deserves. The best of it is, Mr. Tovee has seen all those whose names are down to assist, and their attendance may therefore be relied upon, for we have yet to see the man who will go back on the respected Master of Ceremonies, without whose services somebody would come out at the small end of the horn of the different exhibitions. To say nothing of the boxers, who have volunteered to a man, the variety of other attractions ought to fill a bigger house than the Stuyvesant. Look at this list:—Mr. George Guy, the descriptive tenor, will sing his famous aria, "The Ship on Fire;" Master Willie Guy, late of the Metropolitan Opera Troupe, in a comic song and oration; Walter Field, in his much admired song of "The Bloom is on the Rye;" Mickey Warren, champion jig; Johnny Hanson, rattlesnake jig; Young Golden, essence of Old Virginny; Thompson and Barry, great trial dance; Little Dick Hill, song, dance, and walk around; the Dobson Brothers, solos extraordinary on the banjo; Sim Morton, favorite ballad; Collins and Goodwin, double clog reel, by permission of M. C. Campbell: Harry Hill, Joe Foote, and Ed Russell, Indian club exercise, with Kehoe's clubs; Jake Smith, champion bone solo. There will also be any quantity of sparring, but the best of all will be the glove fight between Bill Tovee and Terrible Gardner. Tovee will also be prepared to have a box with Jack Williams, of Brooklyn, if that worthy sees fit. Tom the Boatman is to be the Master of Ceremonies, and the tickets are fixed at half a dollar and a dollar.

CON. OREM AND HIS CHALLENGES.

John Condle gets his back up because, as he states, we refused to insert his numerous challenges since he's struck Denver City, and says that we asserted that Patsy Marley "whipped him all to pieces." We don't remember using any such words, but what we have said we shall stick by, and that is that he was overrated, and for such a man to talk about fighting Joe Coburn just shows how he's gaited. The Denver papers may puff and blow about their pet as they please, but they must not go to traducing us—better tend to their own affairs and not get out of their element by meddling with sporting matters. Con Orem, through his friend "Ash," says that he had some difficulty with Ned James, and lays the blame on his shoulders, but if Mr. Orem did have trouble with our Reporter it is more than the latter person is aware of, and he would be obliged to John Condle if he would state when and where the aforesaid trouble occurred and all about it: it will be news for the boys. Con Orem's last proposition suits Dooney Harris to an allspice: Con says that he, too, prefers to fight in Canada, so that there's nothing in the world to hinder a contest between John Condle Orem and Dooney Harris. Both men can raise lots of stuff. We have now before us a letter from a correspondent at Harrisburgh, Pa., which reads as follows: "After reading the telegraphic dispatch which appeared in a late CLIPPER from Con Orem in the State Capitol Hotel on the 15th ult., I heard a responsible man say that he knew both men, and if the match was made, *he would go $500 alone on Con Orem*. He says that Con Orem was playing off on Marley for a $1000 match: he heard Con say so both before and after the fight. Be this as it may, Con can be backed in this little town for over $1000 if he fights Harris." We are glad to see that money will not be lacking for Orem, and know that Dooney Harris will experience no trouble at all in getting his part of the stake money, so there's not even a straw to interfere either way, and as soon as Con Orem sends a copy of the Articles of Agreement to us for Harris' signature, and a deposit, the match will go along as smooth as glass. Let no time therefore be lost.

DING DONG MILLING MATCH ON STATEN ISLAND.

CHARLEY ATKINS, *alias* "Careless," and George T. Kain, two pugilistic aspirants hailing from the neighborhood of Fulton Market, having had a little difficulty, as all good men will have occasionally, about something or other, we don't know what, agreed to settle their difference by the "code pugilistique," instead of using other than nature's weapons, as is too often the case. Accordingly, on Thursday, the 23d ultimo, our bold heroes started for the other side of Jordan to Staten Island, in company with a select number of their respective friends, although generally speaking the friends of one man were likewise on good terms with the other man, the only parties at loggerheads being Atkins and Kain themselves. Though both men are novices, they are good-sized specimens of the race, and proved themselves more game, expert, and honorable than three fourths of the so-called professors of pugilism. This was not a case where outsiders could win or have any say at all—it lay just with the men themselves, and to that reason we may partially attribute the slashing mill they made of it. Atkins stands 5 ft. 10 inches in height, and weighed 162 lbs.: Kain was an inch shorter, and turned the scales at 145 lbs., Atkins thus having every advantage in height, reach, and weight. After all due preliminaries had been arranged, seconds chosen—Mike Costello, the "Student," and Miller being chosen to look after Kain, and Joe Robinson, *alias* "Gummy," and J. Walker filling the same office for Atkins—and Jem Gorman being unanimously agreed upon as referee, the men peeled, shook daddies, and got to work in such gallant style that the spectators were taken by surprize, Atkins getting first blood and first fall, his opponent gaining the first knock down. For 45 min., in which 27 rounds were fought, they stuck to their work with a gameness and determination quite fierce to behold, the countering being of the most desperate description: nearly every hit which Kain, who had considerable science, delivered, cut his antagonist like a knife, and they were the more cutting owing to Atkins forcing the fighting and coming for them. So hard was the milling that Atkins was black and blue from the waist up, both eyes were in mourning, and he was covered with blood—notwithstanding all of which he refused to give in, so after getting satisfaction and administering a severe drubbing, which was all he wanted, Kain gave in. If, however, Atkins is not satisfied, Kain will make a fresh match for from $100 to $500 a side, through the CLIPPER. There was no wrangling, and no interruption whatever.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.—The trouble alluded to between Mike Dorsey and Jem Hanley, has two sides to it, and in order to give the devil his due, we subjoin Hanley's version. Jimmy says that he met Mike in a sporting drum in Houston street, they got wrestling, and warming up on the "wrastle," Dorsey threatened to punch Hanley in the Irish snoot; to this salute James replied that he should have to punch back, when Michael offered to fight him there and then, to which proposition the proprietor of the drum would not grant his permission. Such being the case, they partially agreed to fight the next morning, as Hanley understood it, down on one of the docks alongside Fulton Market. Several parties went down to the dock, some of whom wanted him to go out of the city and fight, but he preferred the neighborhood where they are said to have originally agreed upon and couldn't see it. Hanley says he knew nothing whatever about any cariages being in waiting for him at Harry Clarke's, as he had given no such order. In making this statement he wishes to create no feeling between himself and Dorsey, now that the latter is matched to fight, but wants his friends to know that he did not back down as was reported at the time.

ARRIVAL OF MRS. HARRIS.—The wife of Dooney Harris, the boxer, arrived from England on the 24th ult., having been sent for by Monsieur Dooney. We are glad to see that he isn't like some other British pugs we know, who, when they come to this country, desert their wives in the other, and take up with new affinities.

JOHNNY AARON'S GRAND BENEFIT.—The eccentric, lightning boxer, Johnny Aaron, has engaged the Stuyvesant Institute for Thursday, July 7th, when attractions without number will be offered, and sparring by the best men of this and adjoining cities. Among other star boxers to show on that occasion, will be the celebrated Jack Turner of Boston. It is over six years since Johnny Aaron has had a benefit in this city, and for what he's done for others, he ought to have a smashing house. The Star of the East and Pride of the Lane, if not brothers, are two peas out of the same pot, and will terminate the show in a brilliant assault at arms. Only 50 cents to see all.

THE CALIFORNIA EXCHANGE.—Johnny Lazarus, the returned Californian, has opened a first class bar and club room under the above caption at No. 428 Broome street, near Broadway. There are three large rooms, one of which is big enough for a ball room, and when the cold weather sets in we think it would pay to let it out for that purpose. Johnny bought the place "dirt cheap," as the saying goes, and he ought to make a go of it. The Lazarus family by this time are pretty well represented in the publican line—the old man and his two oldest sons being now in the liquor business, while Izzy, Jr., is tending bar for Pete Murphy, in place of Harvey, who has resigned.

BARNEY FARLEY, the Woonsocket Boy, whom Johnny Aaron once trained to fight Johnny Healey, of Worcester, but which fight didn't come off, has, we learn, left Woonsocket, and gone to California.

DOGMATIC CONTENTION AT COLD SPRINGS.—A short, but spirited fight between the dogs "Tige" and "Crib," took place at Cold Springs, near New Haven, Ct., on the 21st of June, resulting in the defeat of "Crib," after 28 minutes hard fighting. The caninists fought at 35 lbs. "Crib" is owned by Bruton.

MURCH AND SMITH'S FOOT RACE.—The one mile foot race between Joe Murch, the New England Champion, and Tom Smith, of Leeds, England, for $250 a side, came off on the Franklin Trotting Park on Tuesday, June 18, and was won by Murch in good style. The weather was favorable, and a large number of spectators were present.

A BENEFIT FOR CHARLEY LYNCH.—Billy Donnelly, the gallant little fireman, has it in contemplation to get up a benefit for Lynch's family, Charley being still in the hospital, unable to help himself. John Mahany, who hasn't appeared in public for years, says that he will volunteer his services, and aid in the good cause all he knows how. That's right, John.

PETER MARTIN AND CHARLES PRITCHETT'S WRESTLING MATCH.—The above named, who were matched for $100 a side, to wrestle three falls best two in three, decided their match on the Union Park Race Course, Philadelphia, on the 16th ult., and Martin was declared the winner. Pritchett's friends, however, were not satisfied, and a fresh match was made at John Farrell's, in Second street, for $200 a side, open for $500. Fifty dollars are now down, and the next deposit of $100 a side has to be made good at Arthur Mullen's, 315 Master street, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, June 29.

DEATH OF OLD MR. WHITNEY.—John W. Whitney's father, after a lingering illness, expired at the residence of his son during the latter part of last week. The old gentleman was very well known in this city, and leaves thousands who will regret his decease. His remains were taken to Albany.

JOE COBURN AND THE WHITE HOUSE.—It should be born in mind that Joe Coburn has not sold out the White House, 113 Grand street but still has an interest in it as partner. Captain James Saunders, Sir Joseph's side partner, has the running of it, and receives news from his nephew by every foreign steamer. As the match between Coburn and Mace is now all serene, and the articles have been signed, those gentlemen who promised to stand in money for Coburn will be kind enough to call on Captain Saunders as above, as he will need all he can raise for training and other incidental expenses, the match having been made for £500, or $2500, which is more than he bargained for.

CON FITZGERALD AND JIM HEENAN.—We have learned incidentally that Fitzgerald is ready at any moment to make a match with Heenan, and if the latter, after all the talk of his friends, means fighting at all, now's his time to come out. If he doesn't, then the public should know it, and not be kept in suspense. Let John Camel's brother speak out.

JOHNNY LAZARUS' EXHIBITION was but slimly attended, owing to the heat. Some six or seven couples sparred, and for the wind-up in the absence of Barney Aaron, Dick Hollywood volunteered. It came off at the Stuyvesant on the 23d ult.

SPARRING ROOM RENT FREE.—Jack Lazarus has a large and commodious room at his new place, the California Exchange, 428 Broome street, which he will let out without money and without price to any young fellows contemplating getting up an exhibition on a moderate scale. It's a good offer, and worthy of all acceptation.

AQUATIC.

Aquatic Celebration for the Fourth of July.
CORNWALL REGATTA!
CORNWALL REGATTA!
CORNWALL REGATTA!
A GRAND FOURTH OF JULY REGATTA,
FOR SINGLE SCULL BOATS,
Will come off at
CORNWALL, N. Y., ON THE 4TH OF JULY, 1864,
At 2 o'clock, P. M.,
When the following Prizes will be contested for:—
1st prize $100
2d prize 50
3d prize 25
The distance to be rowed will be Five Miles; Two and a half out, turn a Stake Boat and return.
☞ All Oarsmen are invited to contend in this race. Those wishing to do so will be obliged to make their entry before 9 o'clock on the day of the Race,
AT JOSHUA WARD'S HOUSE, CORNWALL, N. Y.,
Where he, Ward, is now training for his great race with James Hamill, for the Championship, to come off at Pittsburgh, July 13.
Persons desirous of attending this Regatta can take Steamers Thomas Colyer and Broadway, from foot of Jay street, North River, at 7 o'clock, on the morning of the race.
N. B. Neither JOSHUA WARD or JAMES HAMILL will be allowed to enter this race. 12-1t*

Race, Sail, and Fishing Boats.
BUILT IN THE BEST STYLE,
AT THE
BOAT BUILDING ESTABLISHMENT
OF
STEPHEN ROBERTS,
114th STREET AND AVENUE A,
Harlem River, New York.
Hamill's champion shell boat was built at this establishment.
Boats of all kinds on hand for sale. 9-3m

The Famous Four-oared Boat "Stranger," is for Sale for $250. It is one of the best Four-oared Boats ever built.
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BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE EDNA C, LAURA, MOLLIE, & BLACK HAWK, TAKE THE PRIZES.

The weather during the past week has been exceedingly favorable for aquatic sport, and the day selected by the Brooklyn Yacht Club for its regatta, Wednesday, 23d ult., was one of the most beautiful that could possibly have been selected. The club has on its list a large number of craft of various descriptions, and the entries for this regatta were numerous. At noon, the steamers D. R. Martin and Naushon left the dock at the foot of Fulton street, Brooklyn, with a large and fashionable assemblage, and steamed round to the starting place in Gowanus bay off the club house. There some little delay occurred, but those on board were kept in more than good temper by most excellent music discoursed by detachments from Grafulla's band. The bay at this time had a very brilliant appearance; the steamers with their large proportion of fair, fascinating and fashionable freight, laughing, talking and promenading to the strains of sweet music, the thousand and one craft dotting the water here and there, and gliding hither and thither like things of life, the dancing waves glittering in the bright sun light, and the grateful breezes from the westward, all conspired to make it one of the most pleasing and enjoyable scenes that we have looked upon in some time.

THE START.

At six minutes before one o'clock the attention of all hands was directed towards the starting dock, and presently were seen the model yachts leaving their anchorage to engage in the contest. The start took place in the following order:—

Yachts entered.	*Owners.*	*Tonnage or Length.*	*No.*
First-Class Schooners.—Started at 12:54 P. M.			
Edna C,	Noah Mason,	43 Tons	1
Mystic,	H. Wall,	45 "	2
Quickstep,	E. R. Greene,	30 "	3
Addie,	Wm. Hutcheon,	25 "	4
First-Class Sloops.—Started at 12:59 P. M.			
Alarm,	G. Haight,	30 Tons	5
Annie Laurie,	Wm. McMonies,	30 "	6
Isaak Walton,	N. F. Waring,	25 "	
Dophin,	T. W. Sheridan,	20 "	
Julia,	C. A. Meigs,	20 "	
Restless,	John Jones,	20 "	10
Early Bird,	G. A. Cooper,	15 "	11
Sea Drift,	H. B. Jackson,	15 "	12
Oceana,	J. J. White,	15 "	13
Jennie Cable,	R. M. Whiting,	15 "	14
Mollie,	Benson Van Vliet,	14 "	15
Second-Class Sloops.—Started at 12:57.			
Mary,	J. W. Lamson,	12 Tons	25
Blue Wing,	J. K. Brick,	12 "	16
Augusta,	J. N. Taylor,	12 "	17
Black Hawk,	J. H. Dimon,	11 "	18
Aurelia,	H. A. Gouge,	10 "	19
Lizzie,	John Ellerby,	10 "	20
First-Class Cat-Rig.—Started at 1:01.30.			
Hector,	Wm. Peet,	8 Tons	21
Laura,	S. M. Whiting,	8 "	22
Favorite,	J. McClenahan,	8 "	23
Nonpariel,	I. Fancher,	9 "	24

Out into the open bay sailed these crafts, taking every advantage of the wind and tide, proceeding to a stake boat moored off Coney Island point, where the D. R. Martin remained only long enough to note the arrival of the Edna C., at 1:59; Jennie Cable, 2:06; Annie Laurie, 2:08. From Coney Island the wind favored a short run across the lower bay to a stake boat at Buoy No. 9, which was passed by the yachts in the following order:

Edna C.	2:39	Favorite	2:52
Laura	2:43	Restless	2:52:03
Jennie Cable	2:44	Hector	2:52:35
Nonpariel	2:47	Julia	2:55
Annie Laurie	2:47:05	Dolphin	2:55:30
Mollie	2:48	Quickstep	2:58
Alarm	2:49	Aurelia	3:01
Black Hawk	2:49:30	Mystic	3:03

As will be seen by the above schedule, there were yet some ten yachts still to pass Buoy 9, when the Martin steamed away from that point to overtake those homeward bound. A tolerably stiff breeze had favorored the yachts up to this hour, and still continued, so that pretty fast time was made, particularly by the large vessels of the squadron. The course selected by most of them for their return trip, was almost close by Fort Lafayette, the Edna C. which was the first to start still leading by a considerable distance, with the Laura close in her wake, and, indeed, between these two, the one a schooner, the other a cat rig, almost all of the interest of the spectators on the steamers concentered. As they passed Fort Lafayette, they were favored with a salute, the smoke of which almost enveloped a number of the model crafts that were at that time huddled together like a flock of timid swans. As they rounded Owl's Head, into the gap, the highland kept the breeze from them, and diminished their speed, and the Laura overhauled the Edna C. The captain of the latter made a great mistake here, and we think, as he should have taken more sea room, and given his canvas a better chance to fill. As the graceful craft sailed smoothly along at this point, in close order, one of the most beautiful aquatic scenes was presented, and was enough to make any old salt's heart glad, for the smaller craft that had been sailing a stern chase, were now enabled to overhaul the larger vessels, and there they were, every boat in the fleet all within sight after passing the headland, the advance sailed away, followed in one long line by the others, extending from Owl's Head to Delaplaine Point, and thence to the stake boat, moved opposite the Club House at Gowanus, which they rounded in the following order:

Names.	*Time.*			*Names.*	*Time.*		
Laura	4h.	27m.	30s.	Mystic	4h.	56m.	30s.
Edna C.	4	28	55	Izaak Walton	5	04	00
Nonpareil	4	29	26	Sea Drift	5	05	00
Jennie Cable	4	30	02	Aurelia	5	06	10
Annie Laurie	4	30	50	Quickstep	5	41	30
Black Hawk	4	33	00	Augusta	6	00	00
Mollie	4	33	55	Addie	—	—	—
Restless	4	34	00	Early Bird	—	—	—
Alarm	4	35	15	Oceana	—	—	—
Favorita	4	35	50	Mary	—	—	—
Hector	4	37	40	Blue Wing	—	—	—
Dolphin	4	44	06	Lizzie	—	—	—
Julia	4	44	19				

Taking into consideration the allowance of time, which was one-and-a-quarter seconds for each square foot of canvas, the several prizes fell to the lot of the following boats: Laura, 1st class cat rig, a telescope; Edna C., schooner, a silver cup; Mollie, 1st class sloop, an oil painting of herself; Black Hawk, 2d class sloop, an oil painting of herself.

After getting the time and result as above, the Martin, with as merry and delighted a crew as ever promenaded the deck of any vessel, steered round to the foot of Robinson street, where those bound for Gotham debarked, feeling, we presume, well pleased, and invigorated by their delightful afternoon's experience on New York bay, than which there is not one more lovely mapped out on the world's chart. The whole affair was capitally conducted, and reflected great credit on the officers of the club the judges and the several committees. The club has some very beautiful model craft on its list, of which, to our judgment, the Laura is the most graceful and most fleet, and a prettier canvas than she spreads to the breeze we have never seen, and we refer to her victory on this occasion as in part corroborative of our opinion.

ANTICIPATIONS IN REGARD TO THE BOSTON 4TH OF JULY REGATTA.—The anticipations in regard to this first class aquatic event indulged in by the citizens of Boston, are of the most lively character. The Boston *Gazette*, in referring thereto, says: "The programme is nearly the same as last year; the only difference being that the single scull race for boys will not be given this, as it was at the last regatta, leaving but one race each for single scull and double scull wherries and one each for four and six oared boats. The four oared race will probably be the most interesting of the day. The old spirit of emulation between the 'Brown' crew of New York and the 'McClellan' of Boston, each of which has suffered a defeat at the hands of the others, will be revived on this occasion. It is also rumored that St. Johns will furnish a crew of the famous oarsmen for which that place has long been celebrated, and that the Pittsburgh boatmen are also anxious for a chance at one of the prizes.

"It is intimated that shortly after the regatta on the 4th a match race for four oars will be made between the 'Brown' of New York and a St. Johns boat.

"As a large number of good oarsmen will be collected at the City regatta, it is hoped that they will not be allowed to depart without having, subsequent to that event, special trials of skill and muscle. There are several kinds of races which have never been introduced here, common with the oarsmen of other cities. Among them is the pair oared race, in favor in New York, in which two men pull but one oar each. The New Yorkers say that with a boat manned in this way they can beat any single scull wherry, or even four oared boat, that can be rowed against them."

OUR DEAD.

BY J. W. L.

'On the weary, helpless soldiers,
Dying on the field of battle,
Blood from every channel dripping—
Oozing from life's very core;
Hear their voice in prayer arising,
Calling for the aid of Heaven,
Or forgiveness of their Father
For their selfish deeds of yore,
Sins repented long before.

Or, perchance, a saintly Christian,
Lying down beside his musket,
Thankful for the rebel bullet
Opening to him Heaven's door,
Thinks with joy of his proud laurels,
Thinks with hope of his dear country,
Thinks with pain of his loved homestead—
Children playing on the floor,
He will see them nevermore.

See the young man dying slowly;
Hear him cry out in his anguish:
"Mother, will you come and soothe me
As you did in days of yore?"
See! the shell in air exploding!
He no more now calls for mother;
From our list of noble martyrs
He's not lost, but gone before;
Earth shall see him nevermore.

There's another deadly torture:
While pale life is slowly waning
Comes along the fiery demon
Burning up the leafy floor.
If you'd heard those cries of anguish—
Cries of wounded soldiers burning,
Who before the flame had reached them,
Were then lying at death's door;
You'd forget it nevermore.

Then when laurels crown the victors,
Twine the garland round with cypress,
Let the poet chant a requiem
From his talent's choicest store;
Let the nation put on sackcloth;
Let it bow its head in worship
For the memory of those heroes
Who shall greet us nevermore—
Who have suffered years before.

Now they've joined a mighty army
And they have a princely Captain,
Who will lead them on to battle.
Victory crowns them as of yore.
See their scars and badges glisten;
Hear the words of their loved chieftain:
"Children rest here in my pasture—
Rest upon its grassy floor;
You shall leave me nevermore."

Hear the welcome of the angels
As they greet this martyred army—
As they bear them to the altar,
Kneeling on the golden floor;
See the light of glory strike them;
See their scars turn into laurel;
They now share that Heavenly bounty
Granted to the worthy poor,
Which shall fail them nevermore.

HOSPITAL, Annapolis, June 5th.

THE CHASE;

OR,

The Fate of Skinner the Smuggler.

Of the many beautiful lakes that gem New England, there is not one more lovely than Lake Memphremagog, the southern portion of which rises in Vermont, while its northern waters stretch away into Canada—the boundary line between the Canadas and the States crossing it about thirteen miles from its "head" at Newport. Its Indian name was Mem-plow-bow-que, signifying a beautiful expanse of water.

In the year 1812, as every school-boy is aware, occurred the last war with England; of course, large bodies of soldiery were stationed on the frontiers of the two territories. The dividing or boundary line crossed the lake at about its southern third, running through an island now known as Province Island. Near the latter are several other verdant spots, separated, but not far from the mainland, each of them named after some natural peculiarity, or from some event connected with its history. Of this latter class is Skinner's Island, which lies on the eastern shore opposite the Great Owl's Head mountain, a singular eminence, which rises boldly from the lake to a height of three thousand feet—its bold, craggy top visible from great distances around.

At the troubled period of the war, smuggling across the line in both directions was carried on to an enormous extent, despite the vigilance exercised by both the belligerent parties. The Yankees, in their swift boats, conveyed to the British troops tobacco and other articles, for which they received in exchange any tradeable article whatever—Canada whiskey especially, for there was no Maine Law in those days, and fear of Neal Dow was before the eyes of none. It was obviously to the interest of the armies on either side the line to put down this illicit traffic, for the fact that smugglers might act as spies was fully recognized. Vigorous measures were accordingly taken, and before many months had elapsed the lake was all but cleared of the enterprising gentlemen who, under cover of darkness, carried on a brisk but hazardous business.

All *but* cleared—for one bold buccaneer of the lake, Uriah Skinner by name, defied and eluded all attempts to capture him. This Skinner was now left alone in his glory. He was a big, burly fellow, as savage in appearance as he was in reality, and daring beyond measure. He was, in fact, the very *beau ideal* of a smuggler—crafty, fearless, and, if needs be, cruel. Continued success had made him reckless; but if he ever *did* get into a dangerous corner, he was cunning enough to slip out of it. Many and many a time had his boat been chased by the custom-house officers, but in such cases he invariably made for a certain one of the cluster of islands, and then mysteriously disappeared. This feat was repeated so often, that it is little wonder some of the most superstitious of the hunters believed him to be in league with a dark-complexioned personage who is popularly supposed to reside in a locality where the temperature is unpleasantly warm. Night after night would Skinner leave the wharf at Newport, glide cautiously under the lake shores, and deposit his cargo in some appointed spot on the Canada side, taking away with him articles which, by pre-arrangement, had been left for him in the same place. So matters went on for months, until at length a large reward was offered for Skinner's apprehension, and the pursuit of the smuggler grew hotter than ever.

The pitcher may often go to the well, yet get broken at last. This trite adage had its illustration in the fate of our smuggler; but I must not anticipate.

At the base of the Owl's Head mountain was a promontory of bold rock which jutted out into the lake, covered with pines, hemlocks, beeches and other trees, forming with the undergrowth a tangled wilderness. On a certain evening, about the time of the new moon, some twenty sturdy custom-house officers were carefully ambushed among these trees, in a spot which commanded a view of the lake in all directions. Every man was well armed, and, with eyes and ears opened, they sat, waiting and watching for a glimpse of Skinner's boat, they having received certain information that the smuggler would leave Newport that night, with a rich cargo, for the Canadas. Stimulated by the large reward offered, and anxious to clear up the mystery of his sudden disappearances, each one of them determined to exert himself to the utmost in order to make the long-desired capture.

Two hours had passed since the watch was set, but the men in ambush had neither heard the sound of oars nor caught sight of a boat. The young moon sank lower and lower, till at length the crescent was quite hidden behind the Basin mountain opposite. A light mist appeared on the surface of the water, and from the land rose a chilling, dark vapor, which did not add to the comfort of the watchers, who dared not light a fire.

"We're choused once more!" grumbled Joe Plug. "I'm —— (and here Mr. Plug used a rather strong expression,) if I don't believe he's the 'old 'un' after all! Why, who'd ha' thought of the mist rising an hour ago? We may as well go to hum, cap'n, as stop here and friz; I say so, at all events."

"He can't have gone by, I swow!" remarked another. "For my part, *I'll* stay here till morning. What say you, cap'n?"

Captain Zerubbabel Tredgold had, for some time past, been quietly sitting with his elbows on his knees, and his chin in the palms of his hands, quietly gazing into the far distance. Thus appealed to, he turned with rather a scornful look to the first speaker and said:—

"Joe Plug, you're a fool, and may go as soon as you please; but, friz or not friz, here I remain, even though you should *all* go. I tell you that Skinner will be along here to-night; and, what is more, I mean to have him! Let me get within range of the fellow, and I'll shoot him down like a dog before he can play any of his ghost tricks on me!"

"Hold hard, Cap'n," exclaimed Zeke Pipps, "Skinner has a good rifle, too, and is a darned good shot they say. So two can play at that game."

"Not *this* time," remarked the captain quietly, "I've looked to that."

"How do you mean?"

"Why," resumed Tredgold, "you must know I made a leetle arrangement with Seth Bowen, the smuggler that we captured. I got him pardoned on condition that he should secretly aid and assist me. Now Skinner, not being up to this, employs Seth to assist him in loading. Of course in the dark he could get hold of the fire-arms, you see, and—"

"Draw the bullets," suggested Pipps.

"*Exactly!*" said the captain "and so we've nothing to fear on the score of cold lead."

"Hist," observed an officer who just then returned from his look-out. "Come here, captain, he's away there."

The officers were on their feet in an instant, each of them peering through the branches at a speck on the lake just discernable within the shadow of some cliffs on the western shore.

Yes, it was Skinner's boat, there could be no mistake about that. No other craft would so cautiously hug the shore; besides its peculiar build was well known.

Slowly and cautiously on came the boat, until at length the huge form of Skinner was distinctly seen as he sturdily plied his muffled oars. It was not long before he came abreast of the point where the ambush was set, and not more than half a mile distant from it. Below the cliff was moored the long boat of the officers, who now rushed down the steep towards it, and in another moment they were on board.

But the noise made in embarking was heard by Skinner, who, instantly divining the cause thereof, by one strong sweep of his starboard oar put his boat, head on, to the opposite side of the lake. All concealment was of course now at an end; the custom-house boat, well manned, shot from under the shadow of the Owl's Head, and followed swiftly in the wake of the smuggler's light boat, which skimmed the lake's surface with astonishing rapidity. It was on the one side a race for gold and glory, on the other a struggle for life or death.

For some little time the speed of the boats appeared pretty equal, spite of the fearful odds against the smuggler, who, to lighten his little craft, was seen to throw portions of his cargo overboard. By the time they had reached the middle of the lake the pursuers had slightly gained on the fugitive, and continued gradually to lessen the distance between them. They were now rapidly approaching the western side of a long, low island, covered with trees and long trailing foliage to the water's edge, and Skinner, dexterously changing his course, made for its northern point. In this manner his light craft had an advantage over the heavy boat of the pursuers; it shot slightly ahead, but his advantage did not long continue, for, maddened by excitement, the officers bent to their oars, and in ten minutes more not twenty yards intervened between them and Skinner. The smuggler felt it was neck or nothing with him, and redoubled his efforts.

Still nearer and now a vigorous leaper might have cleared the distance between one boat and the other. The spirits of the officers were at the highest, but just when Captain Tredgold was giving orders to grapple the smuggler's boat, the latter made a sudden and sharp turn round a rocky point, and in sporting *parlance* was "nowhere."

It was as if boat and boatman had suddenly been engulphed in the lake, for on immediately afterwards rounding the same point neither Skinner nor his craft were to be seen. The officers stared in blank bewilderment at each other; and Mr. Plug's opinion that Skinner had to do with the devil was no longer peculiar to himself.

That Skinner had gone was clear enough, but *where* was the question? The boat's crew landed on the island and searched every inch of its surface, but unsuccessfully. It was quite impossible that he could have gained the mainland unseen—he might then be concealed among the rocky shores. These were examined, and they found, not Skinner, but his empty boat. The conclusion then arrived at was that the smuggler, rather than be captured, had trusted to swimming. Joe Plug declared it to be his opinion that Satan had claimed his own, and went so far as to assert stoutly that at the instant of Skinner's disappearance he "saw a flash of fire and smelt brimstone."

"Bother!" exclaimed Captain Tredgold, as, with an indignant kick he sent the smuggler's boat adrift.

The search was now given up, and the baffled custom-house officers returned home. No one doubted that, though not taken, Skinner's career had terminated. And, in fact, from that night he was never seen nor heard of.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Ten years had elapsed since the chase. The fate of Skinner was still enveloped in mystery. It chanced, however, that one day in early winter, a fisherman out on the lake was surprised by a sudden snow squall, which compelled him to seek refuge. Accordingly he coasted along the shore till he arrived at its northern point, close to which he saw, as the fierce wind tore away the entangled foliage, a large fissure in the rocky side. Mooring his boat, he entered it.

The fissure or cave was some ten feet high, and extended about thirty feet inwards. The first thing that met his eyes was a skeleton, the remains of Skinner, who doubtless sought refuge here and could not get away again, as his boat was set adrift as we have seen. In Skinner's time trailing shrubs and dense underwood had effectually concealed the place.

A HARD CASE OF GRIPES;

OR,

Ethan Spike's Wrastle with Ice Cream.

"Portland is the all-firedest place I ever seed. I was down there in '33, to see a little about my goin' to the Legislatoor, and such a time as I had you never heer'd tell on. Did I ever tell you about the Ice Cream scrape I had?"

We answered in the negative, and he resumed:

"Wall, I'd bin down thar two or three days, pokin' in every hole, an' tho't I'd seed everything thar was to be seen. But one day toward's sundown I was going by a shop in Middle street that looked wonderfully slick—thar war all manner of candy an' peppermints an' what nots in the windows. An' then thar war signs with goold letters on to them, hangin' round the door, tellin' how they sold Soda, Mead, an' Ice Cream thar. I says to myself, I have heern a good deal about this 'ere Ice Cream, an' now if I don't see what they's made of. So I puts my hands into my pockets, an' walked in kinder careless, an' says to a chap standin' behind the counter, do you keep any Ice Creams here?"

"Yes, sir," says he, "how much 'll have?"

I considered a minit; says I, "A pint, sir."

The young feller's face swelled out, an' he liked to have laughed right out, but arter a while he asked:

"Did you say a pint, sir?"

"Sartin," says I, "but p'raps you don't retail, so I don't mind takin' a quart."

Wall, don't you think the feller snorted right out. Tell yer what, it made me feel sort of pisin, an' I gave him a look that made him look sober in about a minit; an' when I clinch'd my fist and looked so at him, (here Mr. Spike favored us with a most diabolical expression,) he hauled in his horns about the quickest, and handed me a pint o' the stuff as perlite as could be. Wall, I tasted a mouthful of it, an' found it as cool as the north side of Bethel hill in January. I'd half a mind to spit it out, but jest then I seed the confectioner chap grinnin' behind the door, which riz my spunk. Goll smash it all, thinks I, I'll not let that white-liver'd monkey think I'm afeard—I'll eat the plaguey stuff if it freezes my inards. I tell yer what, I'd rather skinned a bear or whipped a wild cat, but I went it; I eat the whole in about a minit.

"Wall, in about a quarter of an hour, I began to feel kinder gripy about here," continued Ethan, pointing to the lower parts of his stomach, an' kept on feelin' no better very fast, till at last it seemed as though I'd got a steam injine sawin' shingles in me. I sot down on a cheer, and bent myself up like a nut-cracker, thinkin' I'd grin an' bear it; but I couldn't set still—I twisted and squirmed about like an angle-worm on a hook, till at last the chap as gin me the cream, who had been lookin' on snickerin', says he to me,—

"Mister," says he, "what ails yer!"

"Ails me!" says I, "that ere stuff o'yourn is freezen' up my daylights," says I.

"You eat too much," says he.

"I tell yer I didn't," screamed I; "I know what's anuff an' what's too much without askin' you, and if you don't leave off snickerin' I'll spile your face."

He cottoned right down, and said he didn't mean any hurt, an' asked me if I hadn't better take some gin. I told him I would. So I took a purty good horn, and left the shop.

Arter I got out, I felt better for a minit or two, but I hadn't gone fur afore the gripes took me again; so I went into another shop, an' took some more gin; then I sot down on the State House steps, an' there I sot an' sot, but didn't feel a mite better. I begun to think I was goin' to kick the bucket, an' then I thought of father and mother and of old Spanker—that's father's hoss—and when I thought that I should never see 'em again, I fairly blubbered. But then I happened to look up an' see a dozen boys grinnin' and larfin' at me. I tell yer what, it riz my dander—that had got down below *nero*—rite up again. I sprung at 'em like a wild cat, hollerin' out I'd shake their tarnal gizzards out, an' the way the little devils scampered was a caution to nobody. But after the 'citement of the race was over, I felt wus again, an' I couldn't help groanin' and screechin' as I went along.

At last I thought I'd go to the theatre, but afore I got there, the gripes got so strong that I had to go behind a meetin' house and lay down and holler. Arter a while I got up an' went into a shop an' eat half a dollar's wuth of biled isters, with four pickled cowcumbers, and wound up with a glass of brandy. Then I went into the theatre an' seed the plays, but I felt so that I couldn't see any fun in 'em, for I don't think the isters and the cowcumbers done me any good. I sot down, laid down, and stood up, but still it went on, gripe, gripe. I groaned all the time, an' once in a while I was obliged to screech kinder easy. Everybody stared at me, and somebody called out 'turn him out!' once or twice. But, at last, just as the nigger Orthello was going to put the pillar on his wife's face to smother her, there came such a twinge through me, that I really thought I was bustin' up, an' yelled out, 'Oh, dear! *Oh, scissors!*' so loud, that the old theatre rung again. Such a row you never seed; the nigger dropped the pillar, and Deuteronomy—or what you call her there—his wife, jumped off the bed and run, while everybody in the theatre was all in a muss, some larfin', some swearin'. The upshot of it was, the perlice carried me out of the theatre, and told me to make myself scarce.

Wall, as I didn't feel any better, I went into a shop close by, an' called for two glasses of brandy; arter swallowin' it, I went hum to the tavern. I sot down by the winder and tried to think I felt better, but 'twas no go; that blessed old injine was still wallerin' away inside; so I went out an' eat a quarter's worth of isters an' a piece of mince pie. Then I went back an' told the tavern-keeper I felt kinder sick, an' thought I'd take some castor ile, a mouthful of cold meat, and a strong glass of whiskey punch, and then go to bed. He got the fixins', which I took, an' went to bed.

But, tell yer what, I had a rather poor night. Sometimes I was awake groanin', an' when I was asleep I'd better bin awake, for I had such powerful dreams. Sometimes I thought I was skinnin' a bear, and then, by some hocuspocus, 'twould all change t'other side to, an' the tarnal critter would be a skinnin' me.

Then, again, I'd dream that I was rollin' logs with the boys, an' jest as I'd be shoutin' out—"now then! here she goes!" everything would get reversed again—I was a log, an' the boys were pryin' me up with their handspikes. Then I'd wake up an' screech an' roar—then off to sleep again—to dream that Spanker had run away with me, or that father was whoppin' me, or some other plaguey thing, till mornin'.

When I got up, I hadn't any appetite for breakfast, an' the tavern-keeper told me that if I was goin' to carry on, screamin' and groanin', as I had the night afore, my room was better than my company.

"I hain't," said Mr. Spike, in conclusion, "I hain't bin to Portland since, but if I live to be as old as Methusalem, I shall never forget that all-fired ice-cream."

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

THIS great tragedian was born at St. Pancras, London, Eng., May 1st, 1796. He was the son of an attorney, who intended him for the same profession, and he was accordingly placed at college. In his younger days, he was remarkable for his love of drawing and painting; but he soon abandoned that life and entered the Navy as midshipman. His father's opposition to such a life induced him to commence painting, which he soon gave up and turned to Blackstone; after which he applied himself to sculpture, and from that he turned his attention to the stage. He joined a Thespian society, and made his *debut* at a *car house* in Pancras street, Tottenham Court Road, as Frank Rochdale, in "John Bull." He then travelled with a strolling company, and made his regular *debut* at Peckham, September 13th, 1813, as Campido, in "The Honeymoon." He made his first appearance in London, at Covent Garden Theatre, October, 1813, as Sylvius, in "As You Like It." He was announced at Covent Garden Theatre one night to play Richard. Kean, who at that time kept a splendid chariot, met Booth in London, introduced himself, and gave Booth a friendly challenge to play together. Booth consented to the arrangement, and agreed to play Iago to Kean's Othello. Othello was Kean's best part, and Booth, in Iago, played to a disadvantage. The Covent Garden audience, disappointed by the non-appearance of Booth, and enraged at learning that he was playing with Kean at Drury Lane, repaired to the latter theatre, vented their anger upon the imprudent actor, and the consequence was, Kean triumphed. Booth shortly after sailed for America, and arrived here in 1821; made his first appearance on the American stage at Richmond, Va., July 13th, 1821, as Richard. Some recollections of an interesting character of Booth, were published in the Petersburg (Va.) *Express*. It says:—"In the season of 1821-22, our informant was residing at 'Osborne's,' a village on James River, some fifteen miles from Richmond, and then a place of some importance as a shipping port. One day, shortly after the arrival of a foreign vessel, he was surprised to see, lying under the piazza of the hotel, an immense pile of luggage, each marked 'J. B. Booth.' Wondering who Mr. Booth was, and what he could want with so much luggage, he entered the house and very speedily formed the acquaintance of the stranger, whom he met at the dinner table. He was an intellectual looking young Englishman, free and affable in his manners, and, as our friend very soon discovered, of a very convivial disposition. He sojourned two or three weeks at 'Osborne's' without giving any one about the place the slightest clue to his calling or future plans, when one day our informant was shown a bill of the 'Iron Chest,' underlined for an early night—the character of Sir Edward Mortimer by Mr. Booth, 'his first appearance in America.' He took an early opportunity of showing the bill to his new acquaintance, and of asking him if he was *the* Mr. Booth alluded to. He very complacently answered that he was, and invited our friend to accompany him to Richmond to witness his *debut* on the American stage. The invitation was accepted, and accordingly, on the night appointed, they repaired to the theatre, where a large audience greeted the powerful acting of the young tragedian with the warmest manifestations of approval. He appeared on the next occasion in 'Richard the Third,' and completely confirmed the splendid promise of his first appearance, by his unique and vigorous embodiment of that arduous character. Although playing in Richmond, he made Osborne his headquarters for many weeks afterward, and during that time our friend became familiar with the erratic habits and eccentricities which distinguished the character of this great master of the Tragic Muse." He first appeared in New York, October 5th, 1821, as Richard, at the Park Theatre; made his first appearance in Philadelphia, February 17th, 1823, at the Chestnut, as Richard; his reception in this city was not marked by any great excitement, as he was little known, and the house was a "shy" one, his first engagement proving a complete failure. In 1825, he went to England and opened at Drury Lane, as Brutus; his visit was of short duration. In 1828 he was acting manager of the Tremont Theatre, Boston, and on the 28th of October, he was presented with a silver plate and cup, valued at $100, by the association of the theatre, testifying their respect for him as a man, and for the very able manner he acquitted himself as acting manager of that theatre. During one of his engagements in Philadelphia, at the Chestnut, although the displays of his splendid histrionic genius excited enthusiastic applause, his eccentricities were wholly unsubdued. Upon one occasion, when summoned to appear upon the stage, he seized his servant's stock, and clapping it around his neck, went through the scene thus strangely adorned. On another occasion, he was announced to play for Mr. Pratt's benefit, but when the evening came he was not "in the vein." Solicitations, threats and entreaties were in vain. He swore he would not play to please aristocrats, and adjourned from the theatre to a bevy of more congenial spirits. In 1836, for the last time, he returned to England, and after remaining a year, returned to the land of his adoption. In 1838, while on a passage from New York to Charleston, on board the steam packet Neptune, he attempted to destroy himself under the following circumstances:—Mr. B. went on board the above packet in company with his friend, Mr. T. Flynn, the well known comedian, and on the passage showed evident symptoms of insanity: but being carefully watched by his anxious friend, he had no opportunity of escaping his vigilant eye, and appeared to improve gradually under Mr. F.'s friendly care; but in a few days afterwards, on the 9th, when 36 miles northeast of Frying Pan Shoals, during dinner, he excused himself from the table, and lowered himself overboard from the promenade deck. The Captain and Mr. Flynn were soon on deck, and endeavored to persuade him to return on board, when he not only refused, but immediately plunged into the ocean. The Captain instantly stopped the boat, which was going at the rate of eleven knots an hour, and by his prompt exertion a safety-buoy was thrown over, and a safety-boat launched. The Captain took the helm, and Mr. Booth, though then half a mile from the boat, was saved from a watery grave. They finally arrived in Charleston, and Booth was announced to appear at the theatre on the 13th of the same month, and he was again attacked with the malady. Booth's last appearance on any stage was at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, Friday, November 19, 1852, as Mortimer and John Lump. While in New Orleans, he contracted a violent cold. He took passage on the steamer J. W. Chenoworth from New Orleans to Cincinnati, but died on the passage. The following is an account of his sickness and death, published a few years ago by the person who attended him:—"I had taken passage on the steamer J. W. Chenoworth from New Orleans at the same time that Booth did, though at the time unknown to me save by reputation. We had been one day out from New Orleans, when I noticed a man walking back and forth in the saloon, with his hands behind him, his head bowed in deep thought. I sat observing him closely, trying to recollect when and where I had seen him. A gentleman came up to me and remarked: 'That is the tragedian Booth.' The second day out he was absent from the saloon, and on enquiry I found that he was confined to his stateroom, very sick of a diarrhœa. Well knowing the careless regard strangers have on those boats for one that is sick, I at once visited his room, apologizing for my intrusion, and offered my services to him in any manner that might be useful. After scanning me with a look of penetration and surprise that I can never forget, he accepted the offer. On examining his room, I found he had been neglected. I immediately called the porter, had the room cleaned out, clean linen put on him and the bed, and ordered some gruel made for him, as he was too weak for stronger nourishment; but there was no medical attendance at hand, and he wasted away very fast. The third day after he was taken sick, he could not turn over without help. I saw that he was getting in a hopeless condition, and thinking to stimulate his energies, gave him some brandy and water, having to saturate a rag and place it between his teeth, his jaws having become rigid; but on tasting it, he made an effort to remove it from his lips, and spoke with difficulty: 'No more in this world.' I saw that he had no hopes of living, and felt anxious in regard to his hopes for the future; but being a young man and an entire stranger, I felt it to be a very delicate situation for one of my inexperience. But with a mental prayer that I might be sustained, I commenced by asking him if he had a wife. He answered with a look of astonishment, and an emphatic 'Certainly I have.' I then asked him if he had any message to send to her. I could not understand him, but he seemed to say, in his look and features: 'Oh, that I could talk!' But, poor man, his power of utterance was so impaired that he could scarcely utter a word distinctly. He attempted to tell me of his travels in California, but I could understand nothing but that he had suffered a great deal, and had been exposed very much. On the fourth day after he was taken, I asked him if I should read to him from my Testament. He seemed anxious that I should, when I selected an encouraging chapter and read, while he gave the deepest attention. I then asked him if I might pray for him. His eyes became dim with moisture, and he signified his consent, when I knelt by his bunk and besought the Great Father of us all, before whom he was shortly to appear, to receive him, though at this late hour, for the sake of Him that died that sinners might trust in His mercy. He seemed very grateful, and attempted to put his arms around my neck as I bent over him to smooth his pillow. But the fifth day, about one o'clock, he died. I was with him all the morning until the bell rang for dinner, when he repeated the words several times, distinctly: 'Pray, pray, pray,' accompanied by a beseeching look. We were then below Louisville, Kentucky, where, upon arriving, the Captain procured a metallic coffin, and telegraphed to his wife in Baltimore to meet the corpse in Cincinnati, which she did.

"J. H. S."

His disease was consumption of the bowels. His burial took place December 11th, from his residence in North Exeter street, Baltimore, and proceeded to Baltimore Cemetery. He early purchased a farm in Maryland, between the village of Bel-Air and the Susquehanna river, about thirty miles from Baltimore, and came to town with eggs and butter, and the people were glad to see him. He could reap the stubble-field or mow the sea-green grass, and on a sultry day throw himself under the branches of the spreading oak, and repeat the best speeches of the melancholy Jaques. He shunned all notoriety, living in the most frugal and simple manner, and was apparently ostentatious in nothing. He was taciturn, yet chatty when the vein of genial converse was touched. As an actor, none of his rivals could approach him; he stood confessedly and pre-eminently superior. He possessed a voice singularly flexible and melodious—full, clear, and susceptible of the most exquisite pathos. His countenance was one of the most expressive ever seen on the stage, and his eye, that mirror of the soul, beamed with intelligence and fire. He was particularly successful in depicting the passions of hate, fear, terror, revenge, scorn, despair, and the like; but in the softer ones he was not so happy. He was a most accomplished linguist, speaking French, Spanish, Italian, German, and the Flemish dialect fluently. He was a short man, but one of those who seem tall when they choose to do so. He had a clear blue eye and fair complexion. In repose, there was nothing to attract attention to him; but when excited, his expression was so animated, his eye was so brilliant, and his figure so full of life, that he became another man. As Richard III. Mr. Booth was unapproachable. The nonchalance of "Chop off his head," to Buckingham, was truly characteristic. We cannot but extol the consummate art with which he assumed the show of fervent devotion before the Mayor and Aldermen. In the tent scene, where, perhaps, the greatest histrionic powers are required, he was pre-eminently fine; it was one of those astonishing displays that leave an impression on the mind not easily effaced. The agony and horror of his convulsed frame when he starts from his couch—the livid appearance of his visage—the quivering lip—his distended eye-balls, seeming about to break from their sockets—was an admirable exhibition of the broken slumbers of a haunted murderer.

Sir Edward Mortimer was one of his best performances, and almost inimitable. The library scene with Milford was wonderfully imagined, and equally executed. Remorse, despair, and all the diabolical passions were grandly and finely delineated; but in the last scene he was, beyond conception, great; shocked and shamed at the discovery of the weapon in the chest, where it had been placed by his own hand without his knowledge; contending between fear, shame, and remorse; reflecting on his own depravity, were the finest bursts of those different passions, powerfully and successfully played by this unrivalled tragedian.

Mr. Booth's Reuben Glenroy was, perhaps, as perfect a representation of the character as was ever seen.

As Pescara, he was excellent; his midnight vision of Florinda was horribly grand, if the expression may be allowed, and almost made the blood chill in one's veins, leaving an impression on the mind terrific and frightful. Taunting, bold, and fearless, he was completely the cool, determined, and systematic villain he represented.

There was an accuracy in Booth's characterization of Sir Giles that has not been surpassed on the stage. It was a complete identification with his part; a particular and true individualization. But his manner when, as he is chiding his weeping daughter, Lord Lovell enters, he immediately recovers his self-possession, and presenting her, exclaims, with hypocritical fondness: "A fine girl, my lord," was one of the most effective and happy touches of his art. In the last act, where his character is seen in all his malignity and villainy, after he finds his designs upon Wellborn have been baffled, and that instead of the consummation of the cherished views of his ambition which he had sought after with much avidity in the alliance of his daughter with a "Right Honorable," he had been caught in his own snare—words would be wanting in attempting to describe his frightful representation of the workings of malignity and disappointment.

As Hamlet, Mr. Booth went beyond the prescribed bounds. There was neither dignity nor contemplative seriousness enough in his characterization of the melancholic and misanthropic prince. At times, too, he gave way to a vehemence of expression by no means commensurate with his situation. At the appearance of the ghost, he appeared to *brave* the spirit, and exhibited none of that awe and wonder at its sight, which one looks for, and which should be rendered so impressive by the actor, as to impart to his audience a sensation similar to that we are to suppose affects him. In the play scene, he read:—"Nay, then let the devil wear black, *ere* I'll have a suit of sables," for which he has the authority of the old copies of Hamlet. Our modern actors read it:—"Nay, let the devil wear black, *for* I'll have a suit of sables." In addressing the shade of his father, he read as Macready:

——"I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father!——Royal Dane, Oh! answer me!"

We object to this reading; a diligent search into old editions of Shakspeare we have for authority.

Mr. Booth's Brutus was an excellent performance. His transition from imbecility to moral vigor was admirable, and the character supported throughout in a manner seldom if ever surpassed. There were instances of apparent tameness and want of vigor, but this was only observable in declamatory parts. Few actors possess the faculty of imparting interest to haughty declamations, and Mr. Booth had not in an eminent degree this power; it scarcely ever appertains to performers who have so much passion and feeling in their acting as he.

Mr. Booth's conception of Lear was just and correct. His performance was imposing, and would have been great had he softened some parts, and preserved, with his admirable representation of the weakness and decrepitude of old age, the accents of a man "four score and upwards." His curse of Goneril would have been inimitable, but for injudicious vociferation—his *manner* was effective. In the last scene where he enters mad, and bedecked with flowers, he deserved almost unqualified approbation; and when it is recollected that this is one of the most arduous parts in the tragedy, and how difficult it is to portray a mad man, and such a mad man as Lear is here depicted, this will not be considered weak praise.

In the character of Shylock, Mr. Booth was too impetuous and extravagant. The utmost vindictiveness of a human mind may be displayed without resorting to loud vociferations; and no actor can do justice to this part if his replies are not given with the coolness of one whose deep, unalienable hate, could enjoy the agonies of his victim, and find music in his groans. It is his calmness and impenetrability that heightens his malignity. If, therefore, we cannot say of his Shylock—

"This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew,"

we feel convinced if Mr. Booth had exercised his judgment in marking well the difference between malignity and choler, revenge and resentment, spleen and passion, this doggrel might be applied to him.

Although Jaffier is not a part very favorable to the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Booth's histrionic genius, it offers many opportunities for those touches of his art which he so often displayed. On the whole, he was more distinguished for passion and feeling, than judgment and discrimination. His numerous beauties so far outweighed his defects, that it was only necessary for him to have bestowed a little more attention to the character, to have rendered it one of his happiest performances. He is the only one who could infuse such intensity of feeling in this rhapsody:—

"Oh! woman! lovely woman; nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

But his acting afterwards in the remainder of the scene, did not correspond altogether with his exclamation of this eulogy—he sank into a reprehensible tameness.

Octavian was a character not very well suited to his powers; for while the bolder features of the part were expanded with much effect, the softer lines of "coloring and variation of conception, lines almost as delicate as the horizon that vanishes between the sea and sky," were but feebly and coldly delineated.

BALL PLAY.

Matches Arranged.

JUNE 30.—Nassau of Princeton vs. Athletic, on Athletic grounds, Philadelphia.

30.—Empire vs. Atlantic, on the Capitoline grounds, at Bedford, at 3 P. M.

JULY 1.—Nassau, of Princeton, vs. Olympic, on the grounds of the Olympic, Philadelphia.

2.—Nassau vs. Eureka, at Newark.

——.Nassau vs. Eckford.

——.Nassau vs. Mutual.

——.Nassau vs. Star.

——.Nassau vs. Atlantic.

A LIVELY AND INTERESTING MATCH AT HOBOKEN.

NEWARK VS MUTUAL.

ON Monday, June 20th, the Mutual nine put in an appearance in a match for the first time this season, their opponents being the Newark Club, which resulted finally in the success of the Mutuals by a score of 19 to 18, in a full game of two hours and ten minutes' duration. The Mutuals had intended opening play for the season with the Atlantics, but on second thoughts concluded to try the strength of their new nine in a match with a club in which there was not quite so much at stake; and as it turned out, it was lucky they did so, or otherwise another of the Mutual balls would have ornamented the Atlantic trophy case without doubt.

Both clubs were strongly represented, but neither had their men placed to the best advantage. With all the facilities the Mutuals have had at command for three seasons past to pick out a nine and organize and train them as a whole, we still find them playing the same old game of experiment, and still as incomplete in their organization, as far as a regular working nine is concerned, as they ever were. We question very much whether this having so many good players to select a nine from, is not more of a drawback to a club than a benefit, judging from the result in the case of the Mutual Club. Out of the last twenty games they have played, we do not believe they played two with the same nine. Under such circumstances, no matter how skilful their individual players may be, they need never expect to arrive at that point of excellence that they would were they to have a nine that played together as a whole, each in his regular and familiar position. They have a regular catcher in Wanzley, first and second base men in Goldie and Brown, and a left fielder in Zeller, and that is about all who have regularly appointed positions in their nine. McMahon ought to be their regular short stop or third base man; but one time he is in the field, another behind, and then again in some other position; in fact, nearly every match is an experimental game, and hence their career of success is marred by defeats, mainly the result of this want of thorough harmony in the organization of their nine.

This game was but another illustration of this error of judgment, and the result came near being a defeat in their very first match of the season. The game opened in favor of the Mutuals by a score of 2 to 0, the good double play made by Wanzley, Harris and Goldie mainly contributing to this result. In the second innings each party scored two runs, McMahon getting a home run for his share, owing to Lewis' falling down in fielding the ball, Heinisch making a pretty play at first base, and Osborne and Terrell one at second; Zeller also marking his fielding with a fine foul bound catch.

In this innings Brown began his loose play, and he was assisted by wild throws from several of the nine, the fielding in this and the three succeeding innings being about as poor as the Mutuals displayed in any game last season, Zeller, Goldie and Wanzley being the only players that did their duty thoroughly throughout. In fact, there were certain circumstances connected with the play in these innings which looked as if their errors were the result of designed carelessness, the object being apparently to influence the betting market for their grand match with the Atlantics; if so, the occasion was ill-timed, for the Newarkers were not a safe club to try such a risky game as that with. If this was the design, too, they played loose a little too far, for at the close of the sixth innings the Newarkers had obtained a lead of 13 to 6, and it required all the skill of the Mutuals to recover their lost ground; they did it, however, and by very creditable fielding and batting; the contrast between their fielding in the last two innings and that of those above alluded to, only going to prove the correctness of the surmise in relation to their wilful errors. They commenced their last innings with a heavy piece of work before them, having first to score five runs to win, and then to put out their opponents for a blank, and this result they achieved. It was just such another tight place as the Atlantics were in at New Brunswick one time in a game with the Liberty Club, they, like the Mutuals, having underrated the strength of their opponents.

On the part of the Mutuals in fielding, the feature of their play was the splendid fly tips taken by Wanzley; Zeller's activity in taking foul balls on the bound at left field was praiseworthy; as was Goldie's play at first base. Pattison also marked his play in the field with a pretty fly catch. In batting, Zeller was the most successful, McMahon being next, and McCullough third, he getting a clean home run in the last innings by a hit to left field, the ball bounding over the fence; it was a lucky hit for the Mutuals. Duffy, late of the Eckford Club, played like all do when they first enter a new club, his very efforts to excel causing him to make errors such as we have never before seen him make. Harris pitched finely throughout, and fairly for the batsman; in fact, he is too fair a pitcher for any but a well organized nine, ready to back him up well in the outer field; with such support he is about the best pitcher in Hoboken. In this respect we have to say that the game will never reach a satisfactory position until thoroughly fair pitching is made the rule, and until the brunt of the battle is thrown on the skill of the respective contestants in fielding.

On the part of the Newark Club, Terrell's fine play at second base, Osborne's good catching, and Thorne's effective play, especially at first base, which by right, is his position, together with the capital short fielding of Stockman, and good base play of Eaton, were the most prominent instances of good fielding. Buckley pitched well, too. In batting, Lewis was most successful; Osborne being next, and Heinisch third. Take it altogether, the Newark Club were entitled to considerable credit for making such a close game of it with such strong opponents. It was near enough to a victory to be anything but a defeat.

Mr. Forsyth acted as umpire in a satisfactory manner, and in a majority of instances kept both the pitchers and batsmen well within bounds; but we have yet to see a thoroughly satisfactory interpretation of the new rules.

The game was played throughout with the utmost good feeling, hearty cheers from both sides closing the proceedings, after which the usual display of hospitality was made by the Mutuals at the club house. The score:—

BATTING.

MUTUAL.	H. L.	R.	NEWARK.	H. L.	R.
Brown, 2d b	5	2	Thorne, c f	4	1
Wanzley, c	3	1	Eaton, 3d b	5	1
Pattison, r f	4	2	Heinisch, 1st b	3	3
Harris, p	2	2	Lewis, l f	2	3
Goldie, 1st b	4	1	Stockmann, s s	2	2
Zeller, l f	1	4	Osborne, c	2	3
McCullough, 3d b	3	2	Stout, r f	4	2
Duffy, s s	3	2	Buckley, p	2	2
McMahon, c f	2	3	Terrell, 2d b	3	1
Total		19	Total		18

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Mutual	2	2	1	1	0	4	4	0	5	19
Newark	0	2	1	5	5	1	3	1	0	18

Umpire—Mr. Forsyth, of the Gotham club.
Scorers—Messrs. McConnell and Dawson.
Passed balls—Osborn, 6; Wanzley, 2; McMahon, 1.
Home runs—McCullough, 1; McMahon, 1; Terrell, 1.
Struck out—Stout, 2.
Fly catches made—Osborne, 4; Eaton, 2; Terrell, 2; Buckley, 1—total, 9. Wanzley, 3; Harris, 1; Goldie, 1; McCullough, 1; McMahon, 1; Pattison, 1—total, 8.
Catches missed—Lewis, 2; Thorne, 1; Stout, 1; Wanzley, 2; Zeller, 2; McCullough, 2; Duffy, 1; Harris, 1.
Put out on foul balls—Newark, 11 times; Mutual, 5 times.
Put out on bases—Newark, 8 times; Mutual, 11 times.
Time of game—two hours and ten minutes.

BASE BALL AT WILLIAMS' COLLEGE, MASS.—Two matches were recently played there. The first game took in the players of all the classes, and resulted from a challenge given by the Eckford, of '65, and Ironsides, '67, to the Athletic, '64, and Piedmont, '66. It was the best played match ever witnessed there. The Es and Is had the lead up to the sixth innings, leading their opponents 3 at the close of the fifth. After that the As and Ps began two or three innings of fine batting and sent in Paul and Smedley to pitch and catch in place of Halby and Day, whose play had been excellent, but they were about tired out. One player on the '65 and '67 nine stood no less than thirteen minutes at the bat, when it seemed to outsiders that good balls passed him. Such things as these account for the great length of the match. Paul's pitching was the finest ever seen there, and its effectiveness may be judged of by the fact that but two runs were made on the last four innings against fourteen in the first five. Smedley's catching was very fine indeed and the fielding of Whitney capital. Clark made the finest fly catch while at third base. The play of the other side was perhaps not so noticeable, though Bixby and Sewall played exceedingly well together, the score of seven runs in one innings being made from Morris' pitching. Martin, Jerome, and Pratt, too, did well. Saturday's (June 18) match needs little comment. The score was quite even at first, but on the 3d and 5th innings the heavy batting of the Sophomores began to tell, as will be seen, no less than 22 runs being made in the 5th. This is an annual match between the Sophs. and Freshmen, but never has a class been so badly beaten before. Individual play needs no comment, as the match as a whole was not played with much animation, Wednesday's match having taken off much interest. Williams is up on ball now and any college can probably be accommodated. There has been some talk about a match with Harvard. The scores:

BATTING.

ATHLETIC & PIEDMONT.	H.L.	R.	ECKFORD & IRONSIDES.	H.L.	R.
Smedley, 1st b	3	3	Martin, 3d b	3	2
Durfee, l f	3	4	Jerome, 1st b	2	2
Delano, 2d b	2	3	G Sewall, c	4	1
Halley, p	2	4	Myers, r f	4	1
Day, c	3	3	Bixby, p	4	2
Clark, 3d b	2	4	Morris, 2d b	2	2
Whitman, c f	4	1	Pratt, s s	3	3
Paul, r f	5	1	A Sewall, c f	3	1
Wheeler, s s	3	3	Davenport, l f	2	2
Total		26	Total		16

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic & Piedmont	1	5	1	1	3	5	7	2	1	26
Eckford & Ironsides	2	4	2	0	6	0	1	1	0	16

Umpire—Mr. A. N. Andrews, of the Athletic club.
Scorers—Messrs. G. P. Noble, of Eckford, and T. W. Davis, of Piedmont.
Passed balls—Day, 12; Smedley, (four innings,) 0; G Sewell, 7; Morris, 5; Pratt, 1.
Struck out—Paul, 1.
Fly catches made—Smedley, 1; Durfee, 1; Delano, 2; Day, 2; Clark, 2; Whitman, 3—total, 10. Martin, 3; G. Sewell, 2; Morris, 1; Pratt, 1; Davenport, 1—total, 8.
Put out on foul balls—Athletic and Piedmont, 5 times; Eckford and Ironsides, 10 times.
Time of game—four hours and eight minutes.
Date of match—June 15, 1864.

PIEDMONT.	H.L.	R.	IRONSIDES.	H.L.	R.
Whitman, p	4	6	Adams, 2d b	3	2
Day, 2d b	5	7	G Sewell, c	3	2
Tracy, c f	5	5	Jerome, c f	3	2
Delano, c	4	7	Corning, 1st b	3	2
Beers, r f	4	6	A Sewall, 3d b	3	2
Clark, 1st b	0	10	Bixby, p	3	1
Hallock, 3d b	1	8	Gilbert, r f	3	0
Davis, l f	3	5	Davenport, l f	5	0
Wheeler, s s	1	5	Freeman, s s	2	3
Total		59	Total		14

BATTING.

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Piedmont	6	1	11	4	22	0	3	2	10	59
Ironsides	4	4	2	1	1	1	1	0	0	14

Umpire—F. F. Smedley, of Athletic club, '64.
Scorers—for Piedmont, G. H. Tracy; for Ironsides, G. P. Noble.
Passed balls—Delano, 6; G. Sewall, 11; Davenport, (four innings,) 1.
Struck out—Beers, 1; Whitman, 1.
Fly catches made—Day, 1; Tracy, 1; Delano, 3; Beers, 1; Davis, 1—total, 7. G. Sewall, 1; Jerome, 2; Corning, 1; A. Sewall, 1; Bixby, 2; Davenport, 2—total, 9.
Put out on foul balls—Piedmont, 5 times; Ironsides, 9 times.
Time of game—four hours and twelve minutes.
Played June 18th, 1864.

EAGLE VS. EMPIRE.—These clubs played together for the first time this season on Tuesday, June 21st, on the Gotham grounds, and the result was a victory for the Empires by a score of 19 to 10 in a full game of two hours and fifteen minutes. The game in the early part of it was closely contested, but on the three last innings the Empires scored eleven runs to their opponent's three. Of the play, Clarke, Gates, and Slote were the most noteworthy on the Eagle side in fielding, Gates, Slote, and Schaffer being the most successful at the bat. On the Empire side, Miller and Jewett were most successful on the field, and Miller and Ryder at the bat. The score:

BATTING.

EAGLE.	H. L.	R.	EMPIRE.	H. L.	R.
Yates, 1st b	1	3	Ryder, 2d b	2	4
Schaffer, s s	3	2	Dr Bell, p	4	3
Clarke, 3d b	4	0	Westervelt, l f	3	3
Simmons, l f	4	1	Benson, s s	5	0
Chichester, 2d b	3	1	Wilson, 3d b	2	1
Chapin, r f	3	0	Jewett, c	4	0
Salisbury, p	3	1	Russell, r f	4	1
Bogart, c f	4	0	Miller, 1st b	1	4
Slote, c	2	2	Snow, c f	2	3
Total		10	Total		19

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eagle	2	3	1	0	1	0	0	3	0	10
Empire	1	2	2	2	1	0	4	4	3	19

Umpire—Mr. Forsyth, of the Gotham club.
Scorers—Messrs. Oulyer and Powers.
Passed balls—Jewett, 2; Slote, 6.
Fly catches made—Slote, 7; Clarke, 2; Schaffer, 1; Salisbury, 1—total, 11. Jewett, 2; Miller, 1; Wilson, 1—total, 4.
Catches missed—Ryder, 3; Snow, 1.
Put out on bases—Eagle, 10 times; Empire, 9 times.
Put out on foul balls—Eagle, 7 times; Empire, 12 times.
Time of game—two hours and a quarter.

LIGHTFOOT VS. MOHEGAN.—These clubs, the former of Dorchester, and the latter of South Boston, Mass., played an interesting match of base ball, according to the rules of the Massachusetts game, on the afternoon of June 17th, on the grounds of the latter club, in which the former were the victors, proving themselves the superiors of the city players in all points of the game, and finally winning by a score of 75 to 17. Below is the score:—

BATTING.

LIGHTFOOT.	H. L.	R.	MOHEGAN.	H. L.	R.
Deasey	3	11	Brown	2	1
Eastman	2	8	Goodwin	5	4
Swan	3	6	Nourse	2	3
Southworth	2	7	Conley	3	2
Temple	4	9	Cox	4	0
Hebbard	2	10	Barstow	3	0
Hunt	5	5	Wheeler	6	1
Winsor	5	5	Osborn	3	2
Hannum	4	5	Morse	2	2
Bartlett	4	9	Leonard	4	2
Total		75	Total		17

Umpire—Mr. Flanders, of the Winnisimmett club.
Scorers—Messrs. Winsor and ——.
Home runs—Bartlett, 2; Winsor, 1; Hebbard, 1.
Time of the game—five hours and ten minutes.

THE RESOLUTE CLUB OF BROOKLYN, E. D.—This club have nearly completed arrangements to visit Philadelphia; the time is set for the 28th, 29th, and 30th of July; and the clubs they are going to play with are, the Athletic, Olympic and Keystone.

ATLANTIC VS. MUTUAL.—The first game between these clubs was to take place on the 27th ult., at Hoboken. A full report will appear in our next, if it comes off.

EMPIRE VS. ATLANTIC.—These clubs are to meet for the first time since 1856, on the 30th inst., and the contest promises to be very interesting.

SELF ADMIRATION.—A certain green customer, who was a stranger to mirrors, and who stepped into the cabin of one of the ocean steamers, stopping in front of a large pierglass, which he took for a door, he said: "I say, master, when does this here boat start?" Getting no reply from the dumb reflection before him, he again repeated: "I say, master, when does this boat start?" Incensed at the still silent figure, he broke out: "Go to thunder, you darned sassafras-colored, shock-headed bull calf. You don't look as if you knew much any how."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

W. WRIGHT, Washington.—Get Beadle's Dime Chess Instructor, through any news agent.

A Trenchant Hit.

A wantonly wicked attempt has been made by somebody to revive the old Morphy-Deacon controversy; for what purpose is best known to those who so ache to bring Mr. Staunton down to their own level. But the whole effort has resolved itself into a gross violation of the confidence of private correspondence. Some youngling, siezing the cudgel of controversy fiercely, brandishes it and calls on the *Evening Bulletin* to fight the quarrel over again, whereat the editor, unmoved, reads him the following quaint lesson in the "*Fable of the Two Dogs and the Bone.*" Once there were two dogs—an old dog who had been in many battles, and was covered with many scars, and a young dog who had never encountered a foe. One day the young dog thought he would have a fight with the old dog, and looked around for something to fight about. At last he found an old bone lying in the kennel. "Ah, ha!" said he, "the very thing I want!" So he pounced upon it, and dragged it to and fro before the old dog, who was basking in the sun, half asleep. But the old dog opened one eye and saw that the bone had no meat on it and no marrow in it, so he dozed away and took no notice of his young neighbor. "Uncomfortable old dog!" cried he at last, "don't you see this fine bone? Why don't you fight me for it?" "Because," yawned the other, "I am an old dog, and that is an old bone." And the young dog went off in disgust, while the old dog finished his nap in peace.

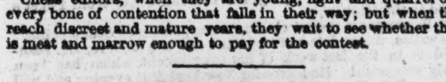
MORAL.

Chess editors, when they are young, fight and quarrel over every bone of contention that falls in their way; but when they reach discreet and mature years, they wait to see whether there is meat and marrow enough to pay for the contest.

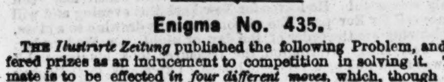
Enigma No. 435.

THE *Illustrirte Zeitung* published the following Problem, and offered prizes as an inducement to competition in solving it. The mate is to be effected *in four different moves*, which, though not difficult to the connoisseur, will yet be found interesting on account of its ingenious construction.—*Bra.* [We commend it to the attention of our correspondents.—ED.]

BY HERR MEYER, HANOVER.



at K Kt sq, K R 3, Q R 6, Q R 8, K B 5, Q R 4, Q Kt 3, Q 2d, and a White P at K Kt 3d.



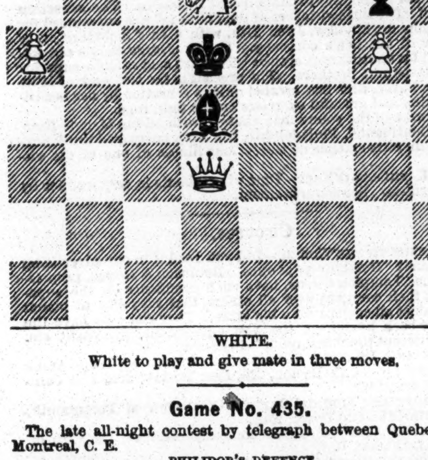
at Q B 4, Q Kt 5. Q B 3, Q 4, Q 5, K B 2, K B 3d.

White to play and give mate (four ways) in five moves.

Problem No. 435.

BY T. P. BULL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 435.

The late all-night contest by telegraph between Quebec and Montreal, C. E.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Montreal.	Defence, Quebec.	Attack, Montreal.	Defence, Quebec.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	26..Q to her sq	K R × R
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	27..K R × R	P-K R 3
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	28..Q-her 6	Q-K B sq
4..K Kt × P	K B-K 2 (a)	29..Q × Q + (c)	Q R × Q
5..K B-Q 3	P-Q R 3	30..R-Q R 7	R-Q Kt sq
6..Castles	P-Q B 4	31..R × R P	K Kt-K sq
7..K Kt-K 2	Q Kt-B 3	32..P-Q Kt 4	K B-K 3
8..P-K B 4	Q B-Kt 5	33..R-Q R 3	Q R-Q sq
9..Q B-K 3	K Kt-B 3	34..K-his B sq	K B-Q 7
10..Q Kt-Q 2	P-Q Kt 4	35..K-his 2	B × Q B
11..P-Q B 3	Castles	36..K × K B	Kt-Q B 2
12..P-K R 3	Q B × Kt	37..R-Q R 7	R-Q B sq
13..Q × Q B	K-R sq (b)	38..P-Q R 4	K-his Kt sq
14..Kt-K B 3	K Kt-R 4	39..R-Q Kt 7	Kt P × P
15..Q-K B 2	P-K Kt 3	40..B × R P	Kt-Q R sq
16..P-K Kt 4	K Kt-his 2	41..K B-Q 7	R-Q B 2
17..P-K B 5	Q Kt-K 4	42..B-K 6 +	K-Kt 2 (d)
18..Kt × Q Kt	Q P × Kt	43..K R × R +	K Kt × R
19..Q R-Q sq	B-K R 5	44..B × B P	Kt-Q R sq
20..Q-K B 3	Q-her B sq	45..K B-Q 5	Kt-Q B 2
21..K B-B 2	P-K B 3	46..P-Q B 4	K-his B sq
22..Q R-Q 5	P-Q B 5	47..P-Q Kt 5	K-his 2
23..K R-Q sq	P-K Kt 4	48..B-Q Kt 7	K-Q 3
24..Q R-Q 7	Q-K sq	49..P-Q Kt 6	K Kt-K sq
25..K R-Q 5	K R-B 2	50..K B-Q 5, and the Defence resigned.	

(*a*) 4..P to Q 4th had been far better. We have not room to repeat the variation: see "*Dime Chess Instructor*," p. 53; also "*Morphy's Games*" (Appleton's Ed.), p. 289.

(*b*) Quebec makes some moves along from this point that are lamentably deficient in point and vigor, and is steadily outplayed from henceforward.

(*c*) Well and pointedly exchanged; one does not often see a game where the gain of "one poor pawn" must so clearly culminate in victory.

(*d*) Pshaw! "fellers," resign gracefully, and ask them, good naturedly, to try it over again.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

W. R. BETHELL, Philadelphia, Pa.—We have written you a note by mail.

D. PALMER, Washington, D. C.—We are waiting for those parties to answer; can you get a decisive answer immediately?

G. THOMPSON, New York.—Glad to hear from you. Can you give us some position soon?

E. L. H., New York.—The old pioneer at Draughts is correct. It's hard for *us* "small fry," but we must stand it.

W. WRIGHT, Washington, D. C.—1. "Anderson on Draughts" is the work you need. We can get it for you, at $1.85. 2. We do not. 3. The CLIPPER is the Draught-player's organ of America.

M. L. B., Fair Haven, Ct.—The first of the series appears this week. Keep on; you will improve.

Game No. 12--Vol. XII.

TWELFTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.	Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.
1.. 9 to 13	22 to 18	14.. 1 to 6	22 to 18
2..10 15	25 22	15.. 2 7	26 23
3.. 6 10	23(a) 19	16.. 7 10(c)	14 7
4..11 16(b)	18 11	17.. 3 10	18 15
5..16 23	27 18	18..12 16	19 12
6.. 8 15	18 11	19..10 26	31 22
7.. 7 16	29 25	20.. 6 10	12 8
8.. 4 8	22 18	21..10 14	8 3
9.. 8 11	18 14	22..14 17	22 18
10..10 17	21 14	23..17 22	3 7
11..11 15	25 22	24..13 17	7 10
12..16 20	24 19	25..17 21	10 15
13..15 24	28 19	Wylie won.	

(*a*) The variation. Sturges plays 18 to 14. Drawn.

(*b*) Martins' troubles commence with this move, 5 to 9 is stronger.

(*c*) A bad move. 13 to 17 would have drawn the game.

"Anderson's Advice" Illustrated.

THE game below was handed us a few days ago by a friend, he at the same time asking us our opinion of it. It is endorsed by the "Buffalo Champion," and we publish his notes *verbatim*.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	14.. 2 to 6	30 to 26
2..15 22	25 18	15..10 14	32 27
3.. 8 11	29 25	16.. 6 10	16 12
4.. 4 8	24 20	17..14 17	26 23
5..10 15	25 22	18..17 26	31 22
6..12 16	21 17	19..10 14	27 24
7.. 9 13(a)	17 14	20.. 7 10	22 18
8..16 19(b)	23 16	21.. 1 5	18 9
9.. 8 12	27(1) 23	22.. 5 14	19 16
10..12 19	23 16	23..11 15	16 11
11.. 6 10	14 9	24..15 18	23 19
12.. 5 23	26 19	25..14 17	11 7
13..15 24	28 19	Drawn.	

NOTES BY HIM.

(*a*) Spayth, in his treatise, in Single Corner No. 9, calls this move a draw. Drummond, in his third edition, attempts to prove Spayth wrong, and gives some thirty variations,* all showing White's win after 9 to 13 is made.

(*b*) This move, which forces a draw, Drummond probably never thought of, any more than some other "small fry" this side who endorse his play. This criticism of Mr. D's is like that of nearly all others who attempt to correct the A. D. P. Anderson's advice should be always kept in mind. He says: "It should hardly be thought necessary to remind players, who are conscious themselves of not raising above mediocrity, that in many games there may be moves the scope and tendency of which they do not understand, and the merit of which they cannot appreciate at first sight."

* Drummond, in his "Scottish Draught Player," plays 6 to 9, 6 to 10, and 6 to 12, at the 8th move of Black, with thirty-five variations, all showing that Black's 7th move, (9 to 13) was the losing move. Sturges had already shown the effect of the move, 16 to 19.—ED. CLIPPER.

OUR OWN NOTES.

We will have "Uncle Joshua Sturges" report his views on the above game. He says:—

9..	14 to 10	13.. 5 to 9	27 to 23
10.. 7 to 23(2)	16 7	14.. 1 6	31 26
11.. 2 11	26 10	15.. 6 10	32 28
12.. 6 15	28 24	16.. 3 7	23 19

White wins.

(2)

10..12 19	27 23	11.. 7 14	23 7

White wins.(*c*)

(*c*) No comment is needed. We leave it to our Draught playing friends to say who are the "small fry," and who are most in need of Anderson's advice.

Solution of Position No. II, Vol. XII.

BY R. H. B.

1. White changes by going 14 to 18. This prevents Black from moving his remaining man at the peril of "two to one."
2. White next moves from 26 to 30; and as Black cannot force an exchange, White commands the "King-row," a draw is inevitable."

Solution of Critical Position.

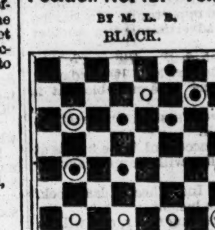
BY J. DRUMMOND.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..22 to 17	21 to 25	4.. 3 to 7	11 to 2
2..17 13	25 30	5.. 9 6	2 9
3..14 9	6 10	6..13 15, and wins.	

Position No. 12.--Vol. XII.

BY M. L. B.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and White to win.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

UNFINISHED MILL IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

The fistic engagement between Sam Samkins, of Gornal, and Josiah Jones, of Dudley, at catch-weight, Sam staking £12 to £10, from the celebrity of the men as determined boxers, has been watched with the keenest interest for weeks past. Sulphur has seen twenty-five summers, stands 5ft. 4½in., and weighs close on 9st 3lb. He took his exercise at Mr. Cruxton's, Dudley. Samkins, who had twice previously figured in the ring, is in his thirty-second year, stands 5ft. 9½in., and pulled down the scale at 10st. The toss for choice of place having been won by Sulphur, that well-beaten locality, Hartlebury Common, was selected, and as early as one o'clock on Tuesday morning, June 7, a start was made for that rendezvous, but the authorities got scent of the affair, and were on the beat. On ariving at the spot, a long time was cut to waste in the selection of referee, and it was a quarter to seven when they faced each for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The men showed considerable disparity, Samkins towering above his opponent, but his style was anything but artistic, compared with that of the practised hand he had before him. Sulphur, who is exceedingly well developed from head to foot, and looks every inch a boxer, was the first to be at work; he delivered his left beautifully on the mouth, and got away laughing, and as Samkins retreated, the ruby was visible and claimed for Sulphur. On getting together again, both countered, Sulphur on the facial region, getting his change on the ribs and side of the head. The blood of both being up, some hot exchanges ensued, and the round was finished by Sulphur slipping down. Scarcely had they reached their corners, when the unwelcome news ran round the ring that the police were at hand, and the combatants had to shift their positions, which they did, to the Dog, at Arlington. From this point, the referee ordered them to make for the Clent Hills. Still they were followed by the police; but, by means of traps, they were enabled to elude their pursuers for a time, and at half-past ten they again got together, little the worse for wear.

2. Both were exceedingly eager, and, without any "beating about the bush," punched away in right earnest to a close, Samkins being under in the fall.

3. Was only a repetition of the second round, with the exception of Sulphur being undermost at the finish.

4. After a slight passage of arms, Sulphur landed a terrific cross counter on the left eye, causing a deep incision, and floored his man instanter, amidst the most vociferous cheering, and offers to take even money.

5. Sulphur again took the initiative, and was out of distance, but on a second trial drove home a straight-'un on the nose, drawing the cork. Both went in most resolutely, fighting right and left in all parts of the ring, until Sulphur, when near the ropes, got from his man, and went down cleverly.

6. Sulphur was the first to lead off, a stinger on the nose; Samkins, anything but idle, and as game as a pebble, returning with severity on the ribs. Both down at the finish, Samkins under.

7. A wild, scrambling rally, in which little execution was done. They closed in the middle of the ring, and both came to grief together, Samkins under.

8. Although blowing from the fast fighting, both were very eager, Samkins' right eye contracting and his nose flattened; meanwhile, Sulphur's phiz was not free from mark, as his left eye had a large lump underneath, and his temple was much puffed. After fighting to a close, Samkins got his man in the crook, but Sulphur slipped from his hold, and got down.

9 and 10 were fought with the utmost gameness and determination on both sides, and on pretty even terms; both down at the finish.

11. Both men fought most resolutely, Sulphur getting repeatedly on the head, while Samkins administered on the ribs. On getting to a close, Sulphur cross-buttocked his man, adding his weight to the fall.

12 to 18 and last. Sufficient has been said of this plucky encounter for our readers to form an opinion of these belligerents. At the end of the eighteenth round, and when they had been fighting 22min,—making 27min. in the two rings—the police again came up, and, much disappointed at the unfinished state of things, all returned homewards. After a short respite, a meeting was held at Mr. Brown's, Queen's Cross, Dudley, where the tip was given that the fight would be renewed on the following morning. This afterwards turned out to be only a ruse to get rid of the assembled throng, as later in the evening the principals and a few in the "know" were *en route* for Womborne, near Wolverhampton; where Samkins arrived at half past six, and, as his opponent was not to hand, his party were very clamorous for a decision in their favor. In the midst of the confusion, the referee disappeared just as Sulphur arrived on the scene of action. Had, however, both men been to the minute, they could not have fought, as the ropes and stakes were not forthcoming. We shall give the particulars when they come to hand.

GAME BATTLE BETWEEN HARRY LEE AND HARRY SMITH.—On Wednesday, June 8, a couple of novices of the names of Harry Lee and Harry Smith met in the home district, to fight at catch-weight, at £5 a side, when a tremendous battle ensued, Lee by his superior weight pulling through, but not without receiving a fair amount of punishment. The victor is eighteen years of age, weighed at least 9 st. 10 lbs., and was backed from Mr. Clift's, Barnsbury, and trained at Barnet. Harry Smith, who is twenty-three years of age and weighed 7 st. 6 lb., was backed from Mr. Battle's, Hornsey road. He trained with Young Elphick. The usual route was taken, and without any interruption the ring was pitched and both men within it at two P. M. Some little hitch occurred respecting the referee, which, however, was eventually overcome by a well known assistant at the ring-side filling the office. Not a bet was laid on the ground, although a large sum had been invested on the result, at six to four on Lee. No time was lost in completing the toilets, as it was only sixteen minutes past two P. M. when they commenced the fight. Lee took a strong lead from the first round, in which both drew blood, Lee from the nose, and Smith from the forehead. Lee knocked Smith down several times during the contest, never throwing away a chance, and, although he fell weak about the middle of the fight, the punishment Smith had received told its tale, and Lee held his own. In all, fifty-six rounds were fought, the balance being much in favor of Lee, who had recovered his pristine vigor, and fought poor little Smith across the ring, from time to time knocking him down. In the fifty-sixth and last round, Lee was busy with both hands, and fought Smith down on to his back, hitting the back of his head heavily on the ground, his nut actually rebounding from the turf. When the gallant little fellow was carried to his corner, he was much exhausted, when his seconds wisely gave in for him after he had been fighting exactly 56 min., and Harry Lee was hailed the winner of his maiden fight. Both men were severely punished, but soon recovered, and were able to accompany their friends to the metropolis.

DEATH OF HARRY ORME.—Another of the late school of pugilists, we are sorry to state, departed this life rather suddenly, on Thursday, June 9. Harry Orme died from gastric fever, at twenty minutes to one in the afternoon. Orme, although not ostentatious, did much on the quiet to benefit the needy in his immediate neighborhood, and his loss will be much felt by those who have been the recipients of his bounty. Harry Orme was born in 1826, and when he was in active service in the ring weighed about 11 st 12 lb. His first battle was with one Jones, in 1849, for £20 a side, when Harry won, after a rattling fight of forty rounds, in 2 hours 45 min. Orme, from this performance, could not get on a match until Nat Langham threw out a challenge, which Harry accepted, and they fought for £100, at catch weight, at Lower Hope, when Orme won by sheer gameness, after fighting 117 rounds, in 2 hours 56 min., on May 6, 1851. He next defeated Aaron Jones, for £100 a side, in twenty-three rounds and 33 min., in two rings, one at Bourne Bridge and the other at Newmarket. The referee named a third place of meeting, and Jones refusing to fight, Orme was declared the winner, May 10, 1852. Orme's last encounter within the ropes and stakes was with Harry Broome, for £250 a side, when Broome won, after a gallant fight of 2 hours and 18 min., during which time thirty-one rounds were fought. Soon after the above mill, Harry joined the Benedicts, and entered into business at the Jane Shore, Shoreditch, where, by his urbanity and straightforward conduct, he won the esteem and friendship of his supporters. His remains were to have been consigned to earth on the 13th of June, at Abney Park Cemetery.

THE IRISHMAN'S CONUNDRUM.—In a jolly company, each one asked a question; if it was answered, he paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was: "How does the little ground squirrel dig his hole without showing any dirt at the entrance?" When they all gave it up, Pat said, "Shure do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole. One of the party exclaimed, "But how does he get there?" "Ah," said Pat, "That's your question—can you answer it yourself?"

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 4 to 8 lbs.................................$4 per pair
" 8 to 12 " .... 5 " "
Dumb Bells, from.........................$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER Office, New York, or Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. P. S.—All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 7-tf

HARRY JENNINGS
has made many new improvements in his popular
"HOUSE OF CALL,"

No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,
and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling Viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the bar. 2-tf

N. B.—Harry Jennings, 32 Portland street, Boston, Mass., offers to the public his infallible ARSENICAL SOAP, for the destruction of fleas, lice, bugs, sheep ticks, and vermin of all descriptions; 25 and 50 cents a box. Warranted to kill all vermin in five minutes, (and not to injure the animal), and easily applied. H. J. has a sure cure for Mange, Distemper, and all kinds of diseases, and sent to any part of the United States. Also, agents wanted. 5

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 43-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $5. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
1-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

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Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
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THE BILLY DONELLY PRESENTATION.—Another of those happy episodes in the life of a New York fireman took place at Fowler Hall, 161 Avenue B, on the evening of June 20th, when William (or Billy, as our friendship allows us to call him), Donnelly was presented with a beautiful silver fire horn and an expensive, highly ornamental fire cap. Donnelly, as our readers are already aware, is assistant foreman of Forrest Engine Co., No. 3, and this makes the second affair of the kind in less than two months, the former presentations consisting of a cap and horn for fire duty, and the latter are more for ornaments, parades, special occasions, and to be treasured up as heir-looms in his family. Receiving an invitation to be there, we went post haste to the trysting spot, a clean, natty, well-ventilated ball room, and among the guests there and then present, we met Isaac Berrian, J. Maguire, J. M. Ward, Irish comedian; Thos. Langdon, John Ryan, Billy Lee, M. Langdon, Mike Murphy, of the old Fox Club, and about two hundred others, including the members of the Old Tree Social Club, and a number of prominent firemen. In the ante-room, the tables almost groaned with their load of the good things of this life, while lager was as free as water. To add joyousness to the occasion, some fifty ladies, all young and handsome, "surprised" the invited guests by marching in a body to the ball room and engaging in the social dance, after which, the event of the evening the presentation, was anounnced. When all had uncovered, with the Old Tree Club and theatrical and literary guests in a line, Mr. Thomas Gilroy, on behalf of the Club of which Francis Mack is president, was selected to make the presentation, which he did in a very appropriate and eloquent little speech, first giving the fire cap and afterwards the silver trumpet. In acknowledging the same, Donnelly was somewhat embarrassed, but managed to get bravely over it, and after a few words in reply, which, if not Websterian came direct from the heart, he stated to the company present that his friend, Mr. E. Biggs, would respond, which that gentleman did in a very able manner. Three cheers were then given for the little fireman, and the party adjourned for refreshments. To make the affair still more attractive and enjoyable, Mr. Ward, the Irish comedian, recited "Shamus O'Brien;" then came more dancing, and the party enjoyed the festivities till a late hour. While the dancing was going on, Billy Donnelly showed us all over the engine house, where every thing is as clean as a pin. The cap bore the following inscription: "Presented to William Donnelly by the Old Tree Social Club, June 20, 1864." On the silver trumpet the wording read: "Presented to William Donnelly, assistant foreman of Forrest Engine Co., No. 3, by a few of his numerous friends." We do not remember of such a happy event as this double presentation was, and it only tends to show the esteem and regard in which he is held by all with whom he comes in contact. One of the youngest (and we were about to add smallest) members of the Department, Billy Donnelly ought to, as he does, feel proud of these substantial tokens of appreciation, and we know that he will yet do honor to the company in which he holds so enviable and distinguished a position.

A CUSTOMER FOR GEORGE BAKER.—Bob Corcoran, of Springfield, Mass., hearing that the loud-mouthed Baker has been making his brags about his pugilistic capabilities and that he fancies him in particular, will give the aforesaid Baker a chance to make his word good or make him "take water." Corcoran has left money with us, and is prepared to fight Baker in two weeks for $200, or four weeks for $400, at catch weight. If there is any fight at all in this Baker, and he is not all dough, let him toe the mark or cry a go. Corcoran is prepared to make the match any time at Jem Colbert's, the Gem, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, and extends his time to a fortnight from date.

JAKE ROOME'S PRESENT TO GEORGE TALLMAN.—Not many months ago we had the pleasure of describing a massive gold ring sent on from Philadelphia by that popular sporting man, George L. Tallman, to his friend, Jacob B. Roome. We now learn incidentally that Mr. Roome has been returning the compliment by remitting on the 21st of June to Mr. Tallman a very handsome and valuable dog collar for his dog "Roome," also a present from Jake, and christened by George after the ex-chief engineer, with which Monsieur George is very highly pleased.

DEATH OF BIG BENNY.—We regret to learn that Big Benny, a well known California sport, the friend and adviser of Bill Poole and Heenan in their early days, died about a month ago in San Francisco. His loss is felt deeply there, as it will also be here by all who were ever acquainted with the man.

WHAT BILL CLARKE IS DOING.—"William the Conqueror" has started a free and easy in San Francisco, the first ever known there, and made quite a hit with it. Singing and playing, as he only knows how, among all the profession, Billy's just the man to work it, warbling "'Twas on the 22d of December in the middle of July," etc. In addition to pupils outside, Clarke continues to teach boxing at the Olympic Club, which numbers four hundred and sixty members.

ALMOST A DUEL.—Billy Mulligan and another California sport, who loved "that pretty horse breaker," came near having a shooting affray before "Mazep" left the Pacific coast, owing to jealousy as to who she loved best. What will Mrs. Billy Mulligan say to this?

ALL ON THE OUTSIDE.—The "Mazeppa" saloon on Broadway, except the outside sign, don't amount to chucks. We promised to look in and write a piece about it, but it is away behind all the others we have sketched, and therefore we don't think it worth while.

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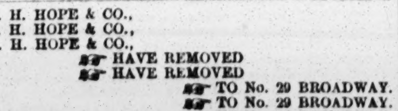

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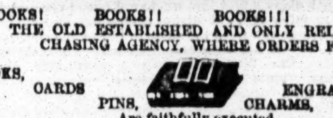

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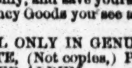

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City Summary.

MONDAY, June 27, 1864.

THE SUMMER VACATION is close at hand, but whether the actor is favorable to a recess, or would sooner "play on," is a point which those directly interested can answer much better than we can. To be sure, the actor needs a little recreation occasionally, but he cannot afford to lie idle several weeks in succession—his receipts won't admit of such indulgence, even if he is frugal and economical in his mode of living, which the majority of them are not. Some folks have an idea that an actor's life is one of ease and luxury, and all that sort of thing; but it's not so. Of the various trades and professions to which men have recourse, either to gratify their inclinations or as a firm "base of subsistence," we can think of none more laborious or wasteful of life than that of an actor, and more especially of a tragedian. To arrive at consummate excellence requires indefatigable study, unwearied practice, and the greatest exertion of the vocal organs, not to mention the violent bodily exercise frequently demanded; and above all, the violent agitation of alternate passions, which, though assumed, are often very deeply felt, and thus tend to impair the vigor of the animal spirits and exhaust the lamp of life. When we see an actor endeavoring to portray the character assumed in a spirited manner, and exerting himself to the utmost to please the patrons of the house, and when we contemplate the faces of those patrons as they look with vacant hilarity or stupid apathy portrayed in them, we cannot help thinking what a pity it is that a man of talents should be killing himself in a vain attempt to please or to profit so many blocks of wood. It does not require the physiological or anatomical skill of a physican to understand how intimately the passions and feelings are connected with and effect the bodily frame; and yet, without this feeling and these passions, what is a player? Said Baron, the sublime actor, the Garrick of France, "Rules may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if passion carries them there, it will be done—*passion knows more than art*." And the man was right, if he *was* a Frenchman. With this beautiful peroration, we will close our essay on the labors of the poor players......We occasionally have to say some pretty severe things about "lovely woman" (as she is artificially called), because the "rights of man" demand it. We are too apt to overlook the vices of the "gentle sex" and speak only of their virtues; we don't belong to this partial class—we "speak of a man as we find *him*," and we speak of a woman as we find *her*. Recently, we came out strong against those "she-devils," as we are said to have flatteringly termed them, who disturb audiences by leaving their seats before the close of the play. If we bestowed upon them such a terrible name, we'll stick to it, but we are not apt to be *quite* so ferocious. A celebrated writer, who seems to have made woman his special study, thus sums up her merits:

WHAT IS WOMAN?

Quid est mulier?
Amicitia inimica;
Ineffugabilis poena;
Necessarium malum;
Naturalis temptatio
Desiderabilis calamitas;
Domesticum periculum;
Delectabile detrimentum;
Mali nata, boni colore depicta;
Janua diaboli;
Via iniquitatis;
Scorpionis percussus notitiumque
Genus femina.
Ex eis ab initio aucupatum
Est peccatum.

Yes, and we'll peck at 'em until they have been brought to a realising sense of their inhumanity to man. Here's another little scrap that will give the learned reader an insight into the true character of woman and her profanity. It is sent to us by a correspondent, and if it is original with him we'll claim it: if not, we'll strike him from the list of our "valuable contributors":

PARADISE LOST.

Says Adam to Eve—
"My dear, I much grieve
To inform you that Paradise soon we must leave;
But such is in fact the command."
To which Eve replying,
(You see she'd been crying)—
And wiping her eyes with the back of her hand—
Said—"To stay here I'd rather;
But since we both go together,
And *must* go, believe me I don't care *A-dam*."

....Scarcely a week elapses now that we do not have to record the decease of some member of the theatrical profession, and yet how little is thought of their exit from the stage of life, or of the means by which their taking off has been accomplished. The obituary merely announces the fact that such a performer died, perhaps adding that typhus fever, heart disease, consumption, or something of the kind carried them off. It is seldom that the real facts reach the ears of the public. What we sometimes dignify by calling heart disease, in many cases means rum, or *delirium tremens;* but "out of respect for the family of the deceased," we lie the man into the grave, and lie the public out of it. Many actors are addicted to the vice of drinking, while others are addicted to the vice of women. Frequently, both at home and abroad, do we hear of the death of some favorite actress, or danseuse, or equestrienne; we are told that she died of some prevailing disease, generally consumption, but in many instances the real causes of death may be traced to the seducer, or to the abortionist. The victims of seduction and abortion among the show people are more numerous than the public have any idea of. They are generally those who have made themselves favorites by their voluptuous forms, handsome faces, and fascinating manners. Some come among us young and innocent, in the full enjoyment of life, without a thought of the snares being laid to entrap them. If they escape ruin in the profession, they have still another ordeal to pass through in the circle of profligates and *roues* who attend our places of amusement "seeking whom they may devour." But unless a girl has uncommon fortitude, her virtue stands but a poor chance against the wiles of the "gentlemanly seducers" *in* the profession. When the results of the *liason* are made painfully apparent, then the aid of the abortionist is called into requisition; if successful, well and good; if unsuccessful, and the abortionist finishes the job the seducer began, by mangling the poor victim to death, we hear the old tale—"she died of consumption," and there an end. The seducer and the abortionist are not troubled: a few dollars will purchase a "doctor's" certificate, and the grave soon hides the truth and the victim together. And yet the profession, who are generally cognizant of the real facts, mix and mingle with the seducer as before, and tacitly encourage him in his vicious operations. Seduction appears to be one of the aims of a certain portion of the theatrical people. The super endeavors to lead astray the superess; the utility man miscegenates with the *ballet* girl; the heavy man makes love to the pretty *soubrette;* the villain to the walking lady; the genteel comedy man to the leading lady; the manager to everybody. Mind, we don't say *all* are guilty of these things; but we *do* say that many theatrical people, from the supes up, are "on it," and each, in his own particular way, lays his little plans to ensure the success of his evil designs. Thus much for the men folks. The women are muchly like unto them. Some of our actresses seduce the men, and lead them into hidden paths of which before they knew nothing. Husbands are seduced from their wives by these wanton actresses, who sometimes come to grief themselves by a too intimate connection with those they have captivated. Money is said to be the root of all evil, but women are as much at the bottom of it as gold at 2.40. Look at the numerous actresses that "travel on their shape" just as a pugilist travels on his muscle. And it is their shape that makes them popular. What would the majority of *ballet* girls and *prima danseuses* be if they didn't cut their dresses short at both ends, and display their legs and bosoms to the vulgar gaze of an admiring and appreciative audience? What would they be, we ask? Of no more account than Abe Lincoln would be with his head cut off. Shape does it—it will fill a house when everything else fails. Let it be advertised that Miss So-and-so will appear on such an evening as Lady Godina, in "puralibus naturalibus"—without her things on—what do you think would be the result? Why, all the theatres in New York wouldn't begin to hold the people that would flock to see the show, for going one eye only on which poor Peeping Tom, of Coventry, was struck blind. Just so. The voluptuous busts, alabaster bosoms, well-developed limbs, and so forth, will place a manager's treasury in a healthy condition any day. Everybody knows this to be a fact. Go to our first class theatres, and you will see that the leading lady is just as anxious to display *her* charms, where the character will admit of it, as the ballet girl is to show off her's. If they have good legs, or stand well upon their pins, they much affect the tights, or breeches, and get into them as often as they can with propriety. We commenced this little article about deaths in the profession, but we seem to have wandered off, and now fetch up among living legs and ladies who travel on their shape. Well, well, we guess the reader won't object to the change. *Sie haben.*

MR. YOUNG, who was greatly addicted to "Night Thoughts," and which helped to make him famous as a thinker, had not a very exalted idea of hypocrites, and people who go to church to sleep. Says he—"Some go to church proud, humbly to repent, and come back much more guilty than they went; one way they look, another way they steer, pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear." Good for the young man and free thinker. Now, had Mr. Young lived in our day, and desired to spend an evening pleasantly, he would have gone to Bryants' Minstrels, where there is no fear of anybody getting the blues, or becoming sleepy, or coming back much more guilty than they went; because the amusement given us there is of an innocent character, and calculated to relieve the mind of those dreadful feelings engendered by losses in stocks, horse races, and playing policy. If you would laugh and grow fat, the comicalities of the gentlemanly comedians will bring about that much-desired end; are you of a sad and sorrowing disposition, and would have that benign feeling kept sacred, the pathetic ballads and the plaintive singers will hold you "as you were;" are you a volunteer, a conscript, or a man subject to the draft—our friends will ease your agitated mind by singing "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" "Let Me Kiss Him for his Mother," "When this Cruel War is Over," etc.; if you are of a roving, reckless disposition, the gentlemanly comedians before referred to will sing at you "Root Hog or Die," "We'll all Drink Stone Blind," and so forth. We are sorry that Mr. Young missed the chance of seeing our sable friends. We think he would have had different thoughts from those so closely identified with his name and fame.

CUBAS is dead. This once dashing and fascinating *danseuse* and pantomimist died in this city on Monday evening, June 20th, after a long and painful illness, in the 27th year of her age. As a biography of this *artiste* has already appeared in the CLIPPER, it is unnecessary to repeat it here. Isabel Cubas (Blasco) was born in Valencia del Cid, Spain, in the year 1837, and came to this country in 1861, in September of which she appeared at the Winter Garden in this city, as a dancer, her voluptuous and dashing style bringing her into favor at once. She subsequently appeared at Cremorne Garden, and with the Italian Opera Company at the Academy of Music. She soon after started out on a starring tour, performing pantomime in such pieces as the "French Spy," in which character she achieved a decided success, and attracted large audiences in almost every theatre in which she performed it. She also attempted an English speaking part, in a drama arranged expressly for her, but her failure in this was as great as her success in the "French Spy." After performing a series of engagements in the western country, she returned eastward, and performed a second engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, several months ago, and it was there, we believe, that she made her last appearance, for she was taken ill in that city, and has lingered on from that time until death released her from her sufferings. Mr. James Nixon has been her companion during her residence in this country, and her professional engagements have been under his management. We believe she realized a very fair sum of money by her performances here, and it is said that after the close of her last engagement she invested some $8000 in United States bonds. She leaves a promising little daughter in this city, a child too young to comprehend the extent of its bereavement. The funeral took place from her late residence, Second Avenue near 36th street, on Wednesday afternoon, 22d inst., the remains being followed to their resting place at Greenwood Cemetery by a number of the theatrical profession. Reaching Greenwood, the body was placed in a vault, to be removed, at some future time, to a Catholic ground. She died in the Roman Catholic faith, and as it is said that the late Bishop Hughes, previous to his decease, declined to consecrate any more ground at Greenwood, the remains of Cubas could not be placed there permanently. We understand that she made her will a week before her death, but it was not signed by her until the morning of the day on which she died. It is said that she has left her money to her child in this city, and her mother in Spain. She was conscious to the last. Her illness had wrought a frightful change in her once beautiful form and expressive face; she was wasted away to a mere skeleton. Thus has passed away one of the best Terpsichorean artists and pantomimists that has graced the American stage since the days of Celeste. She was called the "Beautiful Cubas," but with the exception of large, piercing, and speaking eyes, her face was not at all beautiful; she was beautifully formed, and her attitudes in the "French Spy" formed a series of very pretty and bewitching pictures. Her dancing was not extraordinary, yet there was something so bold and voluptuous about it as to excite general admiration. We have spoken chiefly of the bright side of her life. In the midst of all her assumed gayety, she had her bitter moments, her griefs and sorrows, but the dark side of the picture had better be left untouched. Like a frail flower, she has perished in the spring time of life, mourned and regretted by a large circle of friends and admirers:

The sweetest flower that blooms to-day,
May droop and die to-morrow:
Thus earthly hopes do pass away,
And leave behind them sorrow.

WHEN THE RAMPAGE in gold commenced last week, did the people sit down, suck their thumbs, and like some of the old time folks "refuse to be comforted?" Did they? No, ma'am. They had nothing to regret; what was gold to them but a delusion and a snare? They had been utter strangers to it and its dazzling light ever since the cruel war was inaugurated in Charleston harbor in the spring of 1861. What did they do then? Why they boldly put their untainted hands in their untainted pockets, drew forth specimens of that never-failing currency, ye friendly greenback, and invested it in admissions to Mrs. Wood's Olympic, where they saw as much fictitious gold evoked by the lamp of Aladdin as we hear about on the fraudulent corners of Wall street. The great pageant is still the great source of attraction at the Olympic, and were it the commencement of fall instead of summer, Mrs. Wood might retain it on her bills for an indefinite period. It has now reached its fourth week, and if the weather should not be too oppressive, it will run for some time longer.

THE NIGGER QUESTION—owing to its unanswerable character—has progressed so rapidly in popularity as to bring about our ears one of the greatest wars ever known, and precipitated one section of our country upon another with such ferocity as to make it look as though only the annihilation of one or the other would end it. In a peaceful manner, another Nigger revolution has been brought about, a revolution in favor of Negro Minstrelsy and all its attendant eccentricities. Some years ago it was not deemed quite the thing to attend a minstrel show, but now how changed are the sentiments and feelings of the people, for our minstrel entertainments are among the most popular in the list of amusements. Go to Wood's Minstrels any night, and look at the fashionable audiences in attendance there; notice the favor with which they receive the jokes of the end men, and the sympathetic feeling created by the beautiful singing of the quartette. These are the revolutions we like—revolutions in favor of popular amusements, peaceful revolutions, edifying revolutions, benefiting everybody and injuring no one. Let us continue to favor this sort of demonstration, and invest our surplus funds in bonds that will admit you to Wood's Minstrels at any and all times, and thereby make you at peace with all the world, including Maximilian the 1st and last.

THE LIGHTS at Wallack's are gradually going out, night after night witnessing the expiring flicker of brilliant fancies that have kept the place in a blaze for weeks. The regular season is announced to close on the 30th of June, and an irregular season, under the "indefatigable treasurer's" management, will commence immediately after.

TIMOTHY TOODLES was a man who took his liquor plain, and a good deal of it; the result of this indulgence in spirituous fluids was detrimental to the understanding and general health of the gentleman, and he sometimes appeared in the streets in a state of beastly intoxication, much to the detriment of his neckcloth and black clothes, and to the disgust of Mrs. Toodles. If Mr. T. had his faults, however, Mrs. T. was not without hers; her infirmity ran in the direction of auction sales, cheap coffins, watch-boxes, and door-plates with other people's names on; we believe she would have dealt in secondhand tombstones had there been a market for such articles. Of the virtues of the Toodles family we cannot speak, for we don't believe they had any. A very amusing play has been arranged from the peculiarities incident to Mr. and Mrs. Toodles' mode of moving through the world, and although Mr. Wm. Burton, who played Toodles with such force and humor, has long since deceased, yet we have a very fitting wearer of the mantle in the person of Mr. F. Chanfrau, who has performed the part with much success in nearly all the principal theatres in the country, and who has been giving it with much zest at the Broadway Theatre in this city. It is a good thing to see, and provocative of uncontaminated laughter and good-nature. Those who would spend an evening with Mr. Chanfrau will know where to go. He is now in the sixth week of his engagement at the Broadway.

THE HOLMAN TROUPE brought their season to a close on Saturday evening, June 25th, and their Broadway Academy of Music, late Hope Chapel, will be let during the summer months to parties who may wish to make the acquaintance of our *habitues*.

BALLADS made popular by Bryants', Wood's, and other minstrel bands, can always be procured of Mr. D. C. Winans, who has his head quarters at Bryants' hall, 472 Broadway. There, too, you may purchase *cartes de visite* of actors, actresses, minstrels, soldiers, and other noted people of whom we talk and hear so much. Mr. Winans' list of celebrities is great. When you have read one thousand names, bright shining as the sun, you've just as many more to read as when you first begun. Fact.

THE CAMPBELLS, which were to have come, *have* come, and the caravan will appear before us this evening, in the beautiful hall just erected for them in the Bowery opposite Spring street. M. C. Campbell, the manager of the troupe, is an original Campbell, having been in the profession many years, travelling with various bands as performer, and finally coming out as a prominent manager. It is to his enterprise that we are indebted for a minstrel hall in the Bowery, a description of which structure will be found in another column.

AMONG those who leave the New Bowery this season are Miss Hathaway, and Mr. Beissenherz, leader of the orchestra. They are equally useful in their respective lines of business, and will prove to be valuable acquisitions to any establishment.

M. C. CAMPBELL's new Minstrel Hall in the Bowery will be opened this evening for the first time. On Saturday evening last we paid a visit to the new Hall for the purpose of viewing it, and found it to be one of the best, if not the best, hall of its kind in this country. It is erected on the site of Hoym's Dutch Theatre, Nos. 199 and 201 Bowery, opposite Spring street. The lot of ground is two hundred and nine feet deep, by fifty front, on the Bowery, and forty feet back, is one hundred and three feet wide. The Hall is circular in form, and has a parquet and dress circle, and four private boxes. The dress circle will seat 300 persons and the parquet 700, in all 1000 persons, with standing room and room for camp stools for at least 300 more. The floor of the parquet has just enough pitch to allow every person full view of the stage. It is without doubt the best ventilated place of amusement in this country. In the dress circle there are sixteen windows, and in the parquet ten windows, and as the building is not attached to any other, there will always be a fine current of air in the house, which is lighted by one of Frink's patent reflectors, and it is a stunner, for we saw the first lighting of it on Saturday night, and it made every part of the house so light that a pin could be seen on the floor. The entrance to the Hall is through a passage 18 feet wide and 93 feet from the Bowery to the first row of benches in the parquet. On the right of this entrance and close up to the parquet is a pair of stairs leading to the dress circle. The seats are wide, and plenty of room is allowed for the free action of the knees when sitting, and not at all cramped as at most other places of amusement. There is one fact, and that is the comfort of the audience has been studied by *one* manager at least. The seats are all stuffed and colored with crimson damask. The stage is one of the largest used for that business. It is 40 feet wide, 34 feet deep, 45 feet high, and has a clear in the proscenium of 25 feet. There are four grooves, three entrances, four sets of flats and twenty wings. The drop curtain is a very neat affair, and is an exact representation of Central Park, comprising the pond, the large stone bridge on the right and the small bridge on the left of the picture, with the four and eight oared shallups, the swans, and the ramble in the distance, carriages, pedestrians, etc. It was painted, as also all the scenery of the establishment, by W. J. Wallack, and reflects equal credit upon the author. Mr. T. Morgan, of the Winter Garden, did all the stage carpentering, and Thos. W. Newton, of the two Bowery Theatres, got up the gas fixtures. The East-siders owe Mr. Campbell a great debt for having erected in their midst a first class Minstrel Hall in every respect, and they should turn out in full strength and support the institution. Mr. M. C. Campbell is a veteran in the burnt cork business, having been actively engaged therein for many years past, and he has now not only erected a splendid Minstrel Hall, but he has engaged a most excellent company, among whom will be found the following: W. S. Budworth, Ned Davis, John Whiting, Robt. McCaire, Frank Leslie, M. Ainsley Scott, N. W. Gould, Jas. T. Gulick, W. Hodgkins, Adolph Nicols, Robert Nicols, Jos. Bailey, Jos. Livingston, Francisco Eben, Master Collins, M. C. Campbell, Manager; Frank Edwards, Treasurer; and Frank Leslie, Stage Manager; the whole constituting a galaxy of comic, vocal and instrumental talent. The initial performance will be given this Monday evening, June 27th, and consists of the following programme: Part First—Grand Instrumental Overture (composed by Adolph Nicols), Orchestra; Opening Chorus, from Faust, Company; "When the moon with glory brightens," N. W. Gould; "When Johnny comes marching home," Ned Davis; "Our good old friends," M. Ainsley Scott; "Tapioca," W. S. Budworth; "No one to love," Frank Leslie; Finale—"See, Sir, See," W. Ainsley Scott and Company. Part Second "Why did you go away," R. McCaire; Ballad—"Thou art so near and yet so far," Frank Leslie; "Springfield Mountain Boys," by Budworth, Davis, Gulick and Hodgkins; Vocal duet—"Robin Ruff," Leslie and Scott; "Scenes from the 'Stranger'," Davis and Whiting; "The Two Effeminate Children," Gould and Leslie; "The African Apollo," Ainsley Scott; Banjo Solo, W. S. Budworth; Clog Dance, Master Collins; Cornet Solo, Bailey; "The Shakers," Davis, McCaire, Scott, Whiting, Leslie, &c.: Guitar Solo, N. W. Gould; "Scenes in an Apple Orchard," Budworth and McCaire; Song and Dance, John Whiting; concluding with the "Walk Around of U. S. G.," making in all twenty-three acts, which is enough for one night.

MISS E. VESTVALI LUND still continues at the Stadt Theatre. Our correspondent, "Caissa," who is "up" in the German element, maintains his base regarding the merits of the lady, and thus speaks of her: "There seems to be some feeling manifested between the public and the critics concerning the merits of Miss Lund. An article signed "Lovers of Theatricals" recently appeared in the principal German periodicals, wherein the lady was defended against "the cowardly and jealous attack of the press in general," most of the English papers having copied the German criticisms. For myself, I cannot waive one iota of the views set forth in last week's CLIPPER. In the interim, I have seen Miss L. in different characters, all of which have more than confirmed the high opinion I entertained of the lady's talent. On Tuesday, 21st, she appeared as Adrienne in the play of like name. Excepting the declamation scene, which lacked vividness of passion, discrimination of power, and was not at all up to the mark of the lady's ability, the performance was very excellent. The death scene, when Adrienne becomes distracted, was one of the most remarkable morceaux of acting I have ever had the good fortune to witness. The lights and shades of lunacy, the sudden transitions from sadness to mirth, from love to hatred, the last convulsions when Adrienne, notwithstanding the excruciating bodily and mental pain she is suffering, seems suddenly restored to consciousness, were rendered as no pen can describe. Miss Lund's *forte* is evidently in her delicate transitions of character, and the exquisite finishing touches she lends her personations. Every attitude is studied; she never swallows a syllable, and always keeps within the bounds of nature. Why was Mr. Hoym (one of the best actors in the country) so apparently cold and indifferent on this occasion? Nobody would have recognized Ferdinand von Walter in Morris of Saxony."

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL, with her agent, M. W. Hanley, have wisely concluded to enjoy their *otium cum dig.* in this city for a brief season, by way of recuperating after their protracted season, during which the lady has completed successful engagements as a tight rope artist and danseuse in New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Washington, and other places. She will again grace the boards for the season of 1864-5 on or about August 22d. See her business card in our advertising columns.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON on Fourteenth street will be re-opened for a brief period on Friday, July 1st. The building has been well ventilated, newly decorated, and newly roofed. Among the artists engaged are M. Verrecke, the Farini Bros., Charles and Henri, and Buono Core.

MESSRS. J. F. CROSSEN and L. W. SEAVY, of Rouse's dramatic company, were in town last week. They report an excellent run of business during the past season. They make a fresh start in about three weeks.

A SECOND VIOLIN, bass, and cornet players are wanted to travel. Any person desiring either of these berths will address Music, as instructed elsewhere.

A CUSTOMER for magic apparatus can be found by addressing Magic, as per advertisement.

THE WINTER GARDEN closed on Wednesday evening, June 22d.

VESTVALI will probably conclude her engagement at Niblo's this week. Miss Lucille Western will follow her.

SOME OF THE theatrical people were at court last week. On the 22d June, Matilda C. Wood was summoned to the Marine Court, to respond to a suit entered against her by Jennie De Lacy, who seeks to recover the sum of $165 due for theatrical services under a contract with Mrs. Wood. Jennie, it appears, was engaged as walking lady for the Olympic for the season of 1863-4, but her services were dispensed with on the 21st of March, and she sues for salary from that date to June 6th. Matilda admits the agreement, but says that the winter season ended on the 21st of March. To establish what constitutes a winter season, evidence was heard on both sides, when the court took the papers, and reserved a decision for a future day.

WE WERE engaged in conversation with a rebel prisoner a few days ago, and during the talk the recent battles and movements between the two armies were referred to. We asked John Reb what he thought of General Grant and his strategy. "I'll tell you what I think of him," said he; "he's a puzzler, and if ever Gen. Grant gets to heaven it will be by means of a flank movement." We left the reb more in sorrow than in anger. And that's the way with Manager Fox, of the Old Bowery; he's always at it, and yet never exhausts his resources. To-night he may be dashing away with heavy tragedy, and before you are scarcely aware of it he has changed his position, and is battering away at the public with something entirely fresh and novel; if that don't succeed, the programme is changed and changed again until he *does* succeed. Fox is a clever theatrical general, and manœuvres his forces with uncommon skill and judgment. Last week an unusual variety was presented at this house, and for a "heated term" the attendance was very good.

HORACE GREELEY and Thurlow Weed, Ethiopian performers, and end men for the Republican Minstrels, are, we are sorry to say, in a state of insubordination and demoralization. What they are at loggerheads about we cannot say, but they appear to be pitching into each other with perfect recklessness. It's as great a muddle as the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, and *nobody* knows what *that* is all about. The two gentlemen above named are improving their means of offence and defence, and are taking lessons from the old boy himself, or at least from one of his representatives, for they are said to be frequent visitors at Heller's Salle Diabolique, and watch the man of tricks with great penetration. We think they had better re-unite their forces, if they hope to keep their own ends up, as well as the ends of the administration.

TALKING ABOUT flank movements, M'lle Sulzer (Biachi), the operatic singer, was up before U. S. Commissioner Osborne, on the 23d inst., on the charge of fixing her "internal revenue" income at nine hundred dollars, whereas it is said to be fully four thousand dollars. The lady put in a very strange plea in justification of the discrepancy; she said that the surplus was being used to defray the expenses of a passage to Mexico, where she is to join an opera troupe. The collector wouldn't see it in that light, for if such a plea held good, all hands would be fixing things to suit themselves, and the revenue would come up mighty small. Sulzer will have to pay the percentage on the $4,000 instead of $900.

J. B. HOWE is expected to arrive by the next steamer from Europe, and will appear at the New Bowery Theatre.

DORA DAWRON, the double voice singer, arrived in town on June 25th, from New Orleans.

J. H. OGDEN, the vocalist, arrived in this country from Europe on the 26th inst.

MISS FANNY HERRING, a great favorite on the East side of the town, takes a benefit at the Old Bowery on the 28th inst., when will be produced a new drama in three acts called "Albertini," Miss Herring appearing as the Dumb Boy, and during the piece sustains a combat against six heavy tragedians. The petite drama of "The Midnight Watch," the vaudeville of "The Rifle Brigade," and the Irish drama of "Shandy Maguire" make up a bill of powerful attraction.

MR. J. B. STUDLEY is to be the recipient of a benefit at the Old Bowery on the 1st of July, when tragedy, comedy, drama and farce will be performed. Mr. Studley is the heavy man at this establishment, where he has made himself popular.

MANAGER LINGARD of the New Bowery puts up his name for a benefit on the 28th inst., when a host of volunteer talent will appear, among whom will be Bryants' Minstrels, Tony Pastor, Chas. E. Collins, "the Cure;" and Miss Nellie Lingard, being this lady's first appearance on any stage. Manager Lingard's friends will no doubt give him a warm reception on his benefit night.

OUR CITY MANAGERS dish up the following bill of fare at their establishments this evening for the especial benefit of amusement seekers. At Niblo's Garden the dauntless Vestvali appears in "Bel Demonio," being the last night but five of its representation, when the fighting actress will take herself to the sea shore, and rest her wearied limbs after a season of ten months of acting..... Heller, "the strange man on Broadway," begins the second week of his new programme, which is far ahead of programme No. one. Heller brings his season to a close on the 4th of July, after which he will betake himself to the magician's cave by the sea side, and lay off sipping Catawba cobblers until September, when he re-opens his Salle Diobolique.......Campbell's Minstrels give their initial performance this evening at their New Hall in the Bowery........ The Bryants produce a new act called "Bel Delmonico," also many other laughable acts......At Mrs. Wood's Olympic Theatre, "Aladdin" is announced for the last night but five. The season closes on Saturday next......Mr. E. Lamb, the popular comedian takes his benefit at the Winter Garden this evening......At the Broadway Theatre, Mr. Chanfrau appears as Salem Scudder in the "Octoroon." Miss Jennie Parker has been engaged expressly to appear as Zoe.......Wallack produces the comedy of "The Batchelor of Arts" at his new theatre......"The Bride of Venice," "Flying Dutchman" and "Spirit of '76," are "did" at the Old Bowery, and at the New Bowery a new Scotch drama called "Elsie," is performed by the stock company......Wood's Minstrels produce a host of novelties, bringing forth the entire company in many laughable acts. ...Vestvali and "Bel Demonio" leaves us on the 2nd of July, and on the 4th, the "Duke's Motto" will be re-produced at Niblo's for six nights only, after which Lucille Western will appear in a round of her sensation dramas. ......On Monday, July 4th, Mrs. Wood inaugurates a season of English Opera at the Olympic, with the following artists:—Madam Compte Borchard, Wm. Castle, S. C. Campbell, and an efficient chorus.

Dramatic.

FRANK DREW took his farewell benefit at the Arch, Philadelphia, on the 24th of June, on which warm evening *five* pieces were announced on the bills, in four of which the *beneficiaire* appeared, and in *all* of which Stuart Robson performed. This is working a man rather close. Speaking of Stuart Robson, it may not be out of place to state that this gentleman is now one of the most popular performers that ever appeared in that city; we know of no actor who has come into such favor at such short acquaintance as Mr. Robson. Mr. Frank Drew has been the star at this house, but if you were not informed of the fact by the bills, and formed your own judgment by occular and auricular demonstration, you would certainly come to the conclusion that Mr. Stuart Robson was the stellar attraction; the applause he receives is of the most earnest character; and his *entree* is always the signal for an outburst. He is the greatest favorite in the company, judging by popular approval, and we believe him to be the most popular stock actor at present performing in that city. Mrs. Drew has given him a chance to advance himself (which has always been denied him in other cities), and he has profited by the lady's kindness; she has also been the gainer by it. He is a young man, has had to work his way up by incessant study and toil, and generally in the face of jealous opposition. By perseverance, he has lived down the malice of his detractors, and now holds a position which will make his future operations easier and more remunerative than the past has made them. Let managers give our young actors a chance, and in many instances they will turn up a trump card, as in the case of Stuart Robson......Frank Drew's engagement was terminated on the 25th.

MANAGERS wishing to engage Miron W. Leffingwell, the well-known actor, for leading business, and his "better half" for first singing walking ladies, should refer to his card in our advertising columns.

BENEFITS have had full sway at the Louisville Theatre the past two weeks, all of which have been well attended. On the 17th of June, Mr. Thomas Connor had a benefit, when the domestic drama of "Ben Bolt" was performed; also, the farce of "Paddy Miles." As a burlesque upon the presentation system, which has been carried on rather extensively this last season, Mr. C. was presented with an "Irish potatoe." On the 18th ult., the benefit of Miss R. Noah occurred. The play selected for the occasion was "Fanchon." Miss Noah sustained the leading *role* with great credit to herself. On the 20th, the "funny man," Mr. James M. Dawson, took his benefit, which closed the regular dramatic season. The Ravel Troupe were announced to commence a week's entertainment June 17th, at the Louisville Theatre.

LEONARD GROVER was tendered a complimentary benefit at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, June 25th, by the German Opera Troupe which has been under his management. The performance was announced as the last to be given by the troupe in America under its present organization, and the following performers to participate therein: Madame Bertha Johannsen, M'lle Marie Frederici, M'lle Pauline Cannissa, M'lle La Roche, Carl Formes, Herr Herrmanns, Theod. Habbleman, M. Himmer, M. Graff, M. Steinecke, M. Kronfeld, M. Lehman, Herr Zinstein, together with the chorus and orchestra. If the benefit really took place, it must have been a dead failure, for the intense heat and closing of the Great Fair would both operate against its success.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" is to be resuscitated this week at the Continental, Philadelphia.

THE MORGANS arrived all well in San Francisco, and from W. O. Morgan we have the following epistle, giving a brief account of the passage out. It contains some information that may be of interest to people about starting for the land of gold:

San Francisco, May 26th, 1864.

FRIEND QUEEN:—Here we are, away off in Frisco, and now to fulfill my promise and give you an account of our trip on the two oceans. We left New York, as you are aware, on the 4th of April, on the anything but good ship Champion—she is the worst old tub I ever got aboard of—with nine hundred and twenty souls packed in a space not sufficient to accommodate four hundred. We encountered a very severe gale, which lasted four days, and we had a narrow escape from a watery grave. We were compelled to put into the English island of Anagua for water; went on shore with our party and had jovial sport. Our next port was Aspinwall, a miserable hole, but, thank God, only a few hours had to be spent there, when we left for Panama by the cars, and were transferred to the magnificent steamer Constitution. I will here say that the "Constitution" is the finest "institution" afloat: here we had plenty of elbow room, and made a splendid trip to the Queen City of the Pacific, arriving on the 1st of May! The first view of San Francisco, as obtained while passing through the Golden Gate, does not make a very favorable impression on the mind of a stranger, the main portions of the city being hid from sight by Russian and Telegraph hills, which are covered by small, and in most cases, unsightly shanties; but after landing, and reaching Montgomery street, the similarity to Broadway is very striking; though not so wide, it is a splendid street, containing many magnificent edifices, among the most prominent of which are the Masonic Temple, the Occidental, Russ and Lick Hotels, and Andrew McCreary's Gould and Curry buildings. This is indeed a go ahead place; nearly every street has its horse cars, and you can ride to any section of the city for five cents. There are any number of theatres and concert halls, all flourishing. The New Idea Theatre, at which we are engaged, is about the size of the old National, in Chatham street. It is elegantly fitted up, and is doing a stunning business. The proprietor and managers are gentlemen, who secure nearly all the available talent, besides occasionally bringing some novelty from Europe or the Atlantic side of the world. I enclose you a bill of this place, by referring to which you will see their style of business. The Wilson and Zoyara Circus opened last week to immense houses. Zoyara is the rage, while Ross and Carlo are placed as superiors to even the Hanlons.

W. O. MORGAN.

A COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT was tendered Mrs. W. H. Riley at the Indianapolis, Ind. Theatre, on the 18th ult. The *beneficiaire* was welcomed by a full house. Mrs. R. was well deserving of this mark of esteem, for she has labored hard for two seasons to amuse the citizens of Indianapolis.

MANAGERS AND ORCHESTRAL DIRECTORS in want of Mr. Thomas Baker's popular music for nearly all the spectacles, pantomimes, operas, and *entre* acts, including "Colleen Bawn," "Jeannie Deans," "Green Bushes," etc., have an opportunity of securing them by addressing Mr. Baker as per advertisement in another part of this paper.

MR. CHARLES GAYLER, the dramatist, has written a protean farce for Miss Lotta, entitled "The Odd Trick." It is adapted to the style of the *petite* California star, and it is probable that it will prove to be a success.

BELLA GOLDEN commenced a two week's star engagement at the New Nashville Theatre on the 20th ult.

MYERS' DRAMATIC COMPANY closed a successful three nights at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 18th ult. They will re-appear shortly in that city.

JENNIE HIGHT was at the Indianapolis, Ind. Theatre, last week. On the 17th ult. she was the recipient of a benefit.

THE NEW theatre at Cairo, Ill., is progressing finely, and will be opened to the public July 11th.

THE PADUCAH, Ky. Theatre has closed.

THE CUSHMAN ALBUM, noticed in our last, has not been very liberally subscribed for at the Philadelphia Fair. The paintings it contains are valued at $1500, not more than one third of which, we understand, has been made good. It is now proposed that New York and Boston each subscribe $500 toward the purchase. The Album is intended for presentation to Miss Charlotte Cushman.

THE NEW LEAVENWORTH THEATRE, now in process of erection, is to be opened to the public for the first time on or about September 1st. Harry Linden has been secured by the proprietor, W. H. Coolidge, as stage manager. By an advertisement in another column, it will be seen that talent of both the male and female persuasion are wanted for the fall and winter seasons. W. H. Coolidge is principal of a drug firm in Leavenworth, and we think, formerly of Cincinnati, for the name at least is familiar to us in the cricket history of the west.

IN NASHVILLE, both theatres are in full blast, and both in spite of the 'orful heat,' are vieing with each other for the greatest amount of greenbacks. A correspondent, signing himself W. B. E., says: Allen and Simons having no star, are relying upon dramatic novelties with their stock, while Duffield and Flynn are amusing the public hugely with Jane English's Ravel Troupe, who are doing pantomime, tight-rope dancing, double violins and Muller's solos, to crowds of delighted audiences. Their opening night, June 14th, at raised prices of 75 cts. boxes, and 40 cts. gallery, produced the largest amount of money that has been gathered together in any one night this season. They play here three weeks, and then leave for Louisville, provided Morgan's guerrillas will let them, where they stay two weeks and finish with Duffield and Flynn at Cincinnati. The tug of war at both new and old theatres will be a pretty severe scrimmage next season, according to present indications, and play actors will be in great demand at heavy sals.

OF THEATRICALS in Chicago our correspondent "Claude," writing June 23d, says: At McVicker's Theatre Couldock and daughter closed a pretty good engagement June 18th, and on the 20th Matilda Heron commenced in "Camille." Now I don't suppose my opinion is worth much, one way or another, but nevertheless I must say, that I don't think much of Miss Heron's "Camille." In the last act I thought the "fragile" (how are you "fragile"?) Matilda looked more as if she had just been enjoying a good, square plate of hash, than going off into a decline. Macauley's Armand, in the last two acts, was very good. The rest of the characters were well sustained. "Belle of the Season" was produced June 22d; the scenery was fine. "Scarlet Letter" is in preparation......At Wood's, June 17th, Aiken took a benefit, "Miriam's Crime," the dagger scene from "The Wife," etc., etc., being offered. Mrs. Perrin and Mr. Dillon are the chief attractions. Dillon as "Biles" can't be beat. Mr. A. as St. Pierre was not equal to the part. Bradley takes a benefit June 24th, when a good bill is offered. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to be produced with a fine cast.

"ROSEDALE," after eighty representations, has been shelved at the Boston Museum, and in its place the "Ticket-of-Leave Man" has been revived, with L. R. Shewell as Bob Brierly. The season closes July 4th.

MANAGER WILLARD was up for a complimentary benefit at the Howard, Boston, June 27th. The present is the last week of the season, which has lasted forty-six weeks.

MANAGER BUTLER of "444," commences a season of six weeks at the Boston Museum July 6th, with the following company of stars: Tony Pastor, Charley White, Jas. Wambold, J. S. Maffit, Nelse Seymour, W. H. Bartholomew, Chas. E. Collins, Johnny Pierce, W. H. Burke, Ed Murray, Master Tommy, Ben Harris, J. Myers, Dan Braham, M'lle Flora, Misses Lizzie Schultz, Ida Ross, Emma Schell, Lizzie Whelply, L. La Point, Florence Wells, Annette La Point, Mary Blake, Emma Ross, Julia Melville and Jenny Loraine.

MISS HELEN EASTMAN, of Boston, made her *debut* on the stage at Cleveland, Ohio, June 21st, at the Athenæum, as Evadne. She was called before the curtain at the end of the third act, and at the close of the play.

SAM RYAN AND KATE DENIN are at the Howard, Boston. At the termination of this engagement they go to Montreal, C. E.

MARY PROVOST was the attraction last week at the Academy, Albany. For her farewell benefit on the 24th ult., she played Robert Brierly, in the "Ticket of Leave Man."

R. E. J. MILES commenced an engagement at Ellsler's Athenæum, Columbus, Ohio, on the 20th of June.

AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE, St. Louis, business continues good. A new pantomime was brought out June 20th, which bids fair to have a long run. The Misses Morley, Sallie Mason, Sophie Walton, and Messrs. Jaques, Barrett, Chapman, Harry Leslie and Raymond, are highly spoken of by a correspondent for the superior manner in which they enact their parts. The pantomime is called "Dame Trot." Edwin Blanchard is underlined for an early appearance.

THE JULLIEN THEATRE, Dubuque, Iowa, is still open, doing, we learn, a good business. June 16th, a benefit was tendered Wm. Marble, when Mr. R. S. Meldrum appeared as Danny Mann, in "Colleen Bawn."

REBELS and rebel sympathizers at our end of the line generally have more latitude allowed them than Union sympathizers have in the South; but occasionally, when one of the former seeks by every means in his power to annoy Union people, and make himself conspicuous as an opponent of our cause, he is likely to come to grief. Here is an instance in point. Recently, in St. Louis, an actor named Hamilton was convicted of persistent avowals of rebel sympathy, and sent to Alton for five years, one year of which he is to wear a chain and ball. The Court sentenced him to *wear a chain and ball for five years*, but General Rosecrans remitted that part of the sentence for four years.

MRS. MARY L. BERRELL, late of Glenn's Theatre, Norfolk, Va., wishes an engagement as first old woman. See the lady's card in our advertising columns.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Albany, N. Y., can be rented for the night or week after July 4th, by addressing Harry Van Vechten as instructed in an advertisement elsewhere.

FROM MEMPHIS we learn that business is very dull at present, on account of the lines being closed. A correspondent says:—"The New Memphis Theatre is doing scarcely anything except giving benefits. A new place (late Maginley's Amphitheatre) opened June 11th, under the name of the New Idea. The managers brought a very good company down from Cairo, and opened to a good house, but the managers got on a time, and kept so for four days, when up she went, and the company has gone back to Cairo, excepting E. D. Gooding and M'lle Theodora, who commence at the National June 20th......The National, under the management of Bliss and Lewis, is doing a good business. They have an excellent company, consisting of the following:—Millie Francis, La Belle Marie, Miss Lizzie Walker, M'lle Theodora, Miss Mary Warren, Oscar Willis, E. D. Gooding, Johnny Cole, Hughey Morton, Master George, Charley Lewis, Master Jimmie Lewis, George Handerwerker, and Prof. Wilhelm. They give a good show, and cannot help prospering well."

MR. AND MRS. BARRETT were announced to appear in the "Seven Sisters," at the New Chestnut, Phil'a, last week, but owing to some "difficulty," or "unforeseen circumstance," the twain did not put in an appearance. Mr. Nichol McIntyre, "principal light comedian from the Haymarket, London," is this week announced to do Dundreary in the "Sisters," which Mr. Barrett did *not* do. James F. Sherry, "principal juvenile comedian from the St. Louis Theatre," is also advertised to appear this week. Annie Ward appears as Tartarine, in place of Mrs. Barrett. Mr. McDonough's engagement closes this week.

ROUSE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, the members of which are taking a brief rest during the summer solstice, are to be reorganized shortly for a grand campaign in, around, and among our most fashionable watering places, including Saratoga. The plan is a good one, and we are of opinion that the "raid" will prove successful. Mr. W. A. Rouse, with his talented lady, will, of course, accompany and command the expedition.

"THE QUEEN OF MAZEPPAS" is the *soubriquet* under which that intrepid equestrienne, Miss Kate Vance, is known. The lady closes her engagement at Grover's Theatre, at Washington, D. C., on July 6th., after which she will "lay off in clover" at Deagle Villa, St. Louis. See James Conner & Co.'s advertisement in another column.

MRS. MATILDA KORSINSKY VON GULPEN, well known as a vocalist in the pioneer days of 1849 and '50, and who sang the contralto roles in opera with Madame Bishop and others, in New York and California, recently died in California.

THE OLD AMERICAN THEATRE, San Francisco, was re-opened June 1st, after a long season of closed doors. Murphy and Bray are the lessees, and have got together a good company. The Worrell sisters, Miss Sager, Messrs. Stadtfelt, Corrister, Murphy and Bray are in the company.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE, San Francisco, has undergone a course of painting and refitting. An entire new stage has been built; the seats throughout have been renovated and painted; the traps have been improved; the side appointments have been increased and renewed; the dressing rooms have been more commodiously arranged; the scene machinery has been simplified; the properties have been largely added to; and in fact every thing necessary to the perfect working of the theatre has been done which means, skill, and industry could accomplish. The re-opening took place May 3d, with the Richings' in the spectacle of the "Enchantress."

MR. AND MRS. S. M. IRWIN made their *debut* in San Francisco, May 25th, at Maguire's Academy of Music, in "Chimney Corner" and "An Hour in Seville."

MR. J. D. MCGOWAN made his re-appearance at Maguire's Opera House, Virginia City, N. T., May 24th, after an absence from the stage of seven years. He was well received.

T. C. MYERS continues his season at Portland, Me., playing to good business. Mr. Myers will have four different companies in the field the coming season, having established theatres in Portland, Me.; Providence, R. I.; Portsmouth, N. H., and Augusta, Me. A regular season will commence at the above named places early in August, besides a company will be engaged for his travelling circuit. Mr. W. H. Hamblin and the different members of the Boston Theatre company have become decided favorites in Portland, and the sensation dramas of "Captain Kyd," "Nick of the Woods," "Ticket of Leave Man," &c., have been placed on the stage in a very effective manner by the stage manager, Mr. C. M. Davis.

MR. F. O. SAVAGE, formerly of the Boston Theatre, has purchased of Mr. W. W. Pratt, a new Dutch drama (after the style of Rip Van Winkle), which he will produce on the occasion of his benefit in Portland, Mr. Savage enacting the character of Karl Harperwith, a North river Dutchman.

KATE VANCE is preparing for a tour to England, accompanied by Mr. Frank Rivers. Miss Vance goes over to "Mazeppaise."

"FAUST" RAN TOLERABLY WELL at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, up to the 25th inst., when "Romeo and Juliet," with the afterpiece of "Jack Robinson and His Monkey" was substituted. On Monday, the 27th, Conway took his first benefit. Arrangements are in progress to introduce attractions in the way of fountains and horticultural displays in the rooms adjoining the theatre. Mr. Davidge is to appear at the Park shortly. The heated term has effected a considerable change in the attendance.

THE HOUSE Military Committee have reported in favor of allowing Mrs. Jean M. Lander, formerly Miss Jean Davenport, the popular actress, widow of General Lander, $4,750 for her husband's services in surveying the railroad route from Puget's Sound to the Mississippi.

OF PITTSBURGH theatricals our correspondent, "Cosmopolite," thus writes, under date of June 25th:—At the theatre, Mr. Blanchard is in the last week of his engagement, which has been highly successful He leaves for New York this evening and will at once sail for Europe. The season is rapidly drawing to a close, and benefits are the order of the day, or night. On Wednesday, June 22d, Harry Overington, the treasurer, took his "annual," and was rewarded by a very fine house. Captain W. C. Gallagher appeared as Carwin in "Therese." His performance of the character was very creditable. Thursday, 23d, Miss La Grange, the *danseuse*, made her first appearance. She made a very successful *debut*. She is a very pretty girl and dances well. Mr. C. Loveday takes his farewell benefit June 27th, producing "Don Cæsar" and "Colleen Bawn."

"FAUST" will be repeated this week at the Walnut, Philadelphia, when the season will terminate.

MISS LOTTA, the California Pet, will perform a short engagement at the Arch, Philadelphia, commencing June 27th. She will appear in conjunction with Cecil Rush, the tragedienne, who opens the same evening in the new play of "Ida Lee." The season at this house is announced to close on the 2d of July.

Music Halls.

"THE WORLD-RENOWNED COMEDIAN AND COMIC VOCALIST," Harry Pearson, as the bill-writer terms him, commences an engagement on an entirely new base of operations, this evening, June 27th, the manager of the Casino, Philadelphia, offering him weighty inducements to give up the theatre for the music hall. We are informed that Mr. Pearson is to receive one thousand dollars for a series of twenty-four performances.

THE CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, Harrisburg, is still A No. 1. Joe Miller, the manager, has the largest troupe ever engaged in that city, having fifteen star performers. He has engaged the *danseuse* Lizzie Lane, who appeared on the evening of the 20th of June, together with Mollie Newton, the vocalist. Billy Porter is still acting as stage manager. Lizzie La Grange, the jig dancer, closed a successful engagement there June 18th, and went to Pittsburgh.

MANAGER MILLER, of the Canterbury, Harrisburg, is in want of six good *danseuses*. See his advertisement elsewhere.

MANAGER LEA, of the Canterbury, Washington, still keeps that popular establishment open, notwithstanding the weather is extremely hot in the City of Magnificent Distances. The sensation drama of "The Bushwhackers of the Potomac" was announced for production on Monday, June 27th, with a cast including every member of Mr. Lea's company. The St. George Sisters are underlined for an early appearance. They are said to be far superior to the Davenport Brothers. The present is the last week of M'lle Marietta Ravel, who has created quite a sensation by her beautiful dancing and graceful exercises on the tight rope.

THE TRIAL of the young man charged with killing Maggie Baer, at the Continental, Philadelphia, has been postponed until September, in consequence of the serious illness of one of the witnesses.

MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL—Your whereabouts is enquired for by P. T. Barnum. See advertisement.

Circuses.

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—Did you read it in our advertising department? If not, do so at once. Robinson & Howes, proprietors of the Champion Circus, have such confidence in the superiority of their company over all others, that they offer to match them against all comers for a big stake. They claim to have the best bare-back horsemen, the best equestrians, gymnasts, etc. Who will accept the "Champion" challenge.

RIVERS AND DERIOUS' COMBINATION CIRCUS with the Arabs were billed for South Boston, 22d, East Boston, 23d, and Cambridge, Mass., 24th.

SLAYMAKER AND NICHOLS' OLYMPIC CIRCUS was at Portsmouth, N. H., June 24th, and Dover, 25th.

RIVERS AND DERIOUS' Circus company celebrate their 4th of July at Providence, R. I.

SPALDING AND ROGERS' Circus will exhibit at Elmira, June 27th and 28th, Watkins, 29th, Penn Yan 30th, Canandaigua, July 1st, Rochester 2nd and 4th inst.

DAN RICE'S GREAT SHOW performs in Harrisburgh, Pa., June, 28th.

MELVILLE's Circus will put in their 4th of July at Leavenworth City, Kansas. C. W. Parker, the contortionist, who was left behind some time since with the small pox, has recovered, and joined the company.

THAYER AND NOYES' United States Circus and Menagerie will visit the following places: West Newton June 27th, Monongahela City 28th, McKeesport 29th, and Pittsburgh June 30, July 1st, 2d, and 4th. This show has done a good business. In the southern part of Ohio, business was immense, many of the towns turning in from $1500 to $1800 at two performances. Mr. Pennyfield, a short time since, while doing the "L'Echelle," was so badly hurt that he was left behind for ten days, but joined the show again at Wheeling, Va., but is not able to perform for several days. G. H. Batcheldor goes over ten horses and the old Elephant Hannibal. Big thing on the leap.

FERDINAND TOURNIAIRE and Kate Ormond are no longer connected with Dan Rice's circus, and are open for engagements with any first class circus.

MABIE'S MENAGERIE is advertised ahead as follows: Minneiska, Minn., June 30th; Winona, July 1st; Cooper's 2d, and La Crosse 4th.

STONE, ROSSTON & CO.'S CIRCUS was to be at Oswego N. Y., June 29th.

HOWE'S EUROPEAN CIRCUS opened in Chicago, June 20th. Our correspondent, "Claude," says:—"They promised a great deal and did not fulfill it. Big posters and big processions don't make a big circus. Jim Cooke's leaping was very good, but on the whole it was a very poor show. If they had not promised quite so much we might have been better satisfied."

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE EVER-POPULAR BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS are meeting with great success through the New England cities. At Portland they were "chock full" to overflowing, and at Portsmouth in that old Temple, says the Daily *Chronicle*: "At least 500 persons, for whom there was not room, were turned away last night. The receipts were nearly $400." We also copy the following from the Boston Daily *Herald* of June 21st, concerning the progress of their new hall in Boston:

"GREAT IMPROVEMENTS TO BUCKLEYS' MINSTREL HALL.—As we have before stated, the Buckleys' Minstrel Hall, corner of Summer and Chauncy streets, is undergoing extensive alterations and improvements. When completed it will be the largest establishment of the kind in the United States. Messrs. Weld & Boyson have the contract for the remodelling, and the estimated cost of the proposed alterations is $10,000—$6000 of which will be expended on the interior. The auditorium is now being dropped down to the first floor, and the long stair-ways and recesses will thus be done away with. There will be accommodations for fully three hundred more persons than before, making the whole seating capacity of the house seventeen hundred. The grand or main entrance will be 20 by 23 feet, with a stair-case 10 feet wide, leading from Summer street. There will also be a means of ingress and egress between Chauncy street and the parquet. The whole interior of the hall is to be beautifully decorated, and will be made to contain many new improvements. The stage will be 32 by 50 feet, with a new proscenium, and the dress circle and parquet will be entirely remodelled. The fresco paintings, ornaments and decorations will be made by Mr. T. C. Bartholomew, assisted by Mr. H. Weld, and the gas fixtures by Mr. S. A. Stetson, the whole being under the direction and supervision of the Buckley Brothers. The hall will be re-opened some time in August."

DICK BERTHELON joined Frank Forrest's Minstrels at Rahway, N. J., on the 23d ult., in place of Ned Turner.

THOMPSON AND RADEKER'S MINSTRELS are now performing under a mammoth pavillion at Huntsville, Ala., doing a most excellent business. The parties engaged are J. V. Chadduck, J. W. Smith, J. W. Thompson, Ned Kneeland, Master Francis, W. F. Bush, Joe Davidson, Fred Knickerbocker and J. C. Murphy. Parties wishing to join the company will address the manager as per advertisement elsewhere.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS open at Indianapolis, Ind., June 29th, for six nights.

ARLINGTON, KELLEY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS have been performing nightly at Wood's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., to crowded houses. They were billed for Monday, June 20th, but owing to the non-arrival of their wardrobe they did not appear until the 21st. They opened to as fine an audience as ever graced the walls of said theatre.

BOWERS AND PRENDERGAST'S MINSTRELS perform in Newark, N. J., July 2d and 4th.

THE RAYNORS' CHRISTY MINSTRELS are advertised for Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., July 2d and 4th.

SAM SANDFORD, with his minstrel party, opened in Washington, June 27th.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS, notwithstanding the torrid state of the atmosphere, have been favored with a succession of large audiences to witness their pleasing and versatile performances. On the 13th and 14th ult., they were at Springfield, Ill., and occupied Capitol Hall, to their own pecuniary benefit and to the great gratification of crowded assemblages. Referring to their first performance, the Springfield *Daily Register*, of the 14th, says:—"Duprez & Green's Minstrels made their first appearance last night. The house was a perfect jam. This troupe is the best that has visited our city for a long time. It fills the bills in every respect. Their performances are as entertaining as can be made by first rate music (instrumental and vocal), trenchant wit, and side-splitting humor." On the 23d and 24th ult., they were to be at Logansport, 25th Peru, 27th and 28th Richmond, and from thence Manager Duprez would pilot them to Indianapolis for five nights, commencing on June 29th, and winding up on the "glorious Fourth." Late advices inform us that the troupe are all well, which their friends hereaway will, we are sure, be pleased to know.

THE CHARLES MORRIS MINSTREL PARTY have disbanded for the present season, the hot weather, no doubt, having been a forcible argument in favor of such a step being taken. As evidence that there was nothing like mutiny or revolt, we have had sent us the following communication from Jackson, Mich., dated June 21, by the sole proprietor and manager, Mr. Charles A. Morris, with a request to give it place, which we cheerfully accede to:—We, the undersigned, bear witness that the company known as Morris' Minstrels was honorably disbanded (by mutual consent), and that in leaving we express ourselves perfectly satisfied with

the arrangements provided by the manager, and that we have received payment in full for services rendered to date; also that we disband in good fellowship, without quarrel or any disagreement among ourselves or the manager. Carl Wagner, J. R. Taylor, J. H. Surridge, L. Cook, M. Kanane, Frank Wells, O. H. Carter, W. A. Abbott, Jules Stratton, W. Blakeny, M. C. Miller, E. Kerwan, Ned West, J. Nutting, J. O. Taylor, Jules Slidel, per W. A. Abbott.

BISHOP'S CUMBERLAND MINSTRELS continue doing a good business at Chattanooga. The end men are Add Reyman and Billy Sweatman. The middle man is George Wallace. Mr. Bishop is now east looking up talent.

THE EUREKA MINSTRELS opened at Maguire's Academy of Music, San Francisco, May 30th.

MR. D. S. WAMBOLD is walking into the affections of San Franciscans at a rate that outdoes the Lightning Calculator. He is highly spoken of by the citizens of that place. As a tenor and vocal performer, Wambold has few equals, while his little essays at anecdote and sly touches of wit rarely fail to convulse his hearers. The company at the Eureka still continues to be strengthened by Signor Abecco, Charley Backus, Simonson, Billy Birch, George Coes, Sam Wells, Lewis, Evans, Medina, Pluto, Charles, Washburg, and Mrs. Fanny Simonson. It would be difficult to find a stronger team than Manager Wells presents at the Eureka nightly.

MR. M. C. SEXTON, the celebrated violinist, formerly with the Matt Peel party as leader of orchestra, is at present laying off at Vincennes, Ind.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS are as popular as ever across the river with the churchites of that benighted village. Several new additions are made to the company this week, and a host of novelties are to be produced. The Boys are all preparing for their benefits, and notwithstanding the heated term they all look for good returns.

Miscellaneous.

BALLET MUSIC for as many as twenty-eight dances is offered for sale by E. E. H., in an advertisement in another column.

NATIONAL HALL, Pontiac, Mich., is one of the most convenient in that section of country, and is of quite comfortable dimensions. It can be rented for concerts, lectures, exhibitions, etc., by application to James C. Goodsell, who is too good to sell anybody. See his advertisement in another column.

PROF. J. M. BOULARD, Manager of the "Alleghanians," is now rusticating at his home in Mott Haven, N. Y.

THE PEAK FAMILY Bell Ringers are concertising "away down in Maine."

DR. U. P. MARTIN gave his new entertainment entitled "Musical Gymnastics" at Lawrence, Mass., June 25th. Prof. Albert H. Fernald, of Boston, is with the troupe.

WHO HAS GOT $500? Let him that hath look straightway among our theatrical advertisements, where he will find full and explicit directions in regard to the investment of the same by one who wants a partner. Fail not so to do, or you may lose an opportunity to make a fortune.

A VIOLONCELLO PERFORMER having the repute of being first class, wishes an engagement either with a travelling or fixed company. See his card in our advertising columns.

PROF. SIMMONS, the escamoteur, will commence a tour of the British Provinces and the Canadas at St. Johns, N. B., July 11th.

THE SHOWMAN'S HEADQUARTERS, kept by Mr. Daniel Birckard, at No. 355 Broome street, is a first rate place, we are informed, for every traveler and promenader to call in and refresh himself. A call will prove the truth of the above.

MR. GEORGE SIMPSON, the popular Scotch tenor vocalist, is about to start on a Canadian tour with a new entertainment, "A Nicht wi' Burns," which has been prepared for him by Fred G. Maeder, under whose superintendence the affair is to be—Mr. M. assisting in the entertainment. The opening night is July 11th, at Montreal, C. E.

THE FAKIR OF AVA (John Hughes) and his agent, Harry Tindale, were in Rochester, June 22d. The Fakir closed for the season at Cincinnati. He will resume in September.

LA RUE'S War Show opens at Montreal, C. E., July 4th, for two weeks.

Amateur.

THE MEMBERS OF BATTERY A, Knapp's Artillery, of Pittsburgh, Pa., now stationed at Fort Slocum, D. C., have fitted up one of the old barracks with stage, scenery, and almost everything necessary for a small theatre. Saturday evening, June 18th, was set apart for the opening night, on which occasion they were honored with the presence of General Rowley, General Watt, Major Mears, and all the officers of the surrounding forts. The following was the programme:—Opening address, Sergeant Cromlish; after which was presented the last act of "The Corsican Brothers," with William Whitesides as Fabien, Ellis McClure as Chateau Renard, and Gif. Bakewell as Montignon. A correspondent says:—"Whitesides is an old stager, and has always been a great favorite with the Pittsburghers. His make up and acting was excellent. The other characters were well sustained by McClure, Bakewell, and Biggs. The next performance was 'Hamlet's Soliloquy,' by Mr. Lucius Higginbottom, which was a masterly effort. This gentleman promises to be an actor of note, having good command of voice and excellent gesture. Following this, was Tyrone Bracey's recitation, entitled 'The Maniac.' This was the most artistic performance of the evening, and the gentleman may well be proud of the flattering applause he received. The performances concluded with the drama of 'The Toodles,' with Sam Turner as Toodles. The gentleman was suffering from the effects of a severe attack of sore-throat, but he managed to do justice to the part. Mr. Gazzam's George Acorn was well received, but the gentleman's dress was very unbecoming. The rest of the characters were tolerably well performed. The entertainment, on the whole, was a success, and gave universal satisfaction. The officers and performers received an invitation from Lieut. Col. Johns to partake of a supper which had been prepared for them. The party broke up some time the next morning, and the occasion will long be remembered by all the participants."

AN AMATEUR THEATRICAL performance will be given at Murdoch Hall, in the Bowery, on the 30th of June, it being the occasion of a complimentary testimonial to James M. Hart, a returned volunteer, we believe. "Love's Sacrifice," "Lady of the Lake," and "Box and Cox" are the plays for the night.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

MR. SOTHERN'S engagement at the Haymarket, London, is drawing to a close. A new eccentric piece, in one act, entitled "Lord Dundreary Married and Done For," is to be produced, and Mr. Sothern was to play in this piece as well as in "David Garrick" for the remainder of the season. Mr. Buckstone takes his annual benefit on July 1st, the last night of the season.

A MADAME LAURA BON is rivalling Ristori on the Italian stage. She intends shortly to visit other countries, accompanied by a troupe of her own, which is also to include the renowned actor, Salvator Rosa.

THE ANCIENT THEATRE OF EPHESUS has recently been examined and measured. Its diameter was 660 feet, and it would accommodate 75,000 spectators. It is memorable for the uproar described in Acts VI., when the Ephesians accused Paul and the Christians in this very building. It was also the scene of Apollonius' miracles.

THE BOULOGNE PAPERS state that Carlotta Patti has agreed to sing at the grand concert which will be given in the course of August next by the Philharmonic Society of that town. *Apropos* of Boulogne, the theatre known as the Salle de Monsigny, reopened for the summer season, June 4th, with an operatic company, under the direction of M. Clement. The opera selected for the night was Gounod's "Faust."

THOMAS ELLENDEN, formerly of the Edinburgh and Glasgow theatres, died at Berwick-on-Tweed, June 6th, aged forty-eight.

MR. RICHARD KIRWAN ADAMS died at Belfast, June 2d, after a short illness. He was in his twenty-third year, and was recently of the Theatre Royal, Cheltenham.

A REFRACTORY ACTRESS—At the Theatre Dejazet, at Paris, "Sous les Toits," "Deux Permissions de Dix Heures," and "Le Degel," were to have been played, but at the time when the curtain should have been raised, M'lle Hortensé Neveu, who was to play in the first piece, had not arrived, and the order of the pieces was changed. As the lady, however, did not make her appearance, the manager, M. Eugene Dejazet, sent a commissary of police and a medical man to her house. They found her in bed, but, as they reported, not laboring under any serious illness, as she appeared to be in excellent spirits. It being impossible to proceed with the representation, the persons in the house were informed that their money would be returned at the doors, and the house was cleared. The manager intends taking legal proceedings against the actress.

SAM COFFIELD, the comedian, committed suicide in the Thames, at Millwall, Poplar, June 3d.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, London, is now open for a short time, under the management of Miss Bessie Aleyne, from Astley's. The present company have been collected from various sources, the leading man, Mr. Gustavus Blake, hailing lately from the Marylebone.

MRS. EDMUND FALCONER, wife of the well-known dramatist and co-lessee of Drury-lane Theatre, London, expired, after a few weeks of most painful illness, on June 7th. The deceased was one of the daughters of the esteemed actor, Mr. John Neville, and at an early period of her life was a favorite actress in the provinces. To metropolitan playgoers she was best known as Mrs. Weston, and on her first appearance at Drury-lane, fifteen years ago, as Lady Macbeth, she seemed to aspire to the highest walks of her profession. Comedy, however, proved her *forte*, and both at the Princess' Theatre and at the Lyceum, under the lesseeship of her second husband, Mr. Edmund Falconer, she established herself in public estimation as the excellent representative of parts requiring a comely figure and a genial interpretation. A serious accident that befel the lady at Liverpool, while representing an equestrian character, had produced a lameness, which, however, was only occasionally perceptible to the audience. Her last appearance on the stage was at Drury-lane, on the occasion of the revival of the first part of "King Henry IV.," when she personated Dame Quickly.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HIPPOTHEATRON, Fourteenth street.
RE-DECORATED, RE-VENTILATED, AND NEWLY ROOFED.
THE "CLUSTER STARS,"
an unequalled combination of artistic talent, in their entirely new
SALAMANDROGYMNASTICOAERON
ENTERTAINMENT,
FRIDAY, JULY 1st, AND EVERY EVENING.
This unrivalled troupe is composed of
M. LOUIS VERRECKE,
THE AERIAL GYMNAST OF THE WORLD,
in his renowned "Cloud Leaps," Flying Trapeze, and "Drum Acts."
THE FARINI BROTHERS.
SIGNOR FARINI,
THE "HERO OF NIAGARA,"
in his New Acts—the Marvellous Bars in the Air, the Goliath Swing, Giant Leap, and Novel Wire-Funambulism.
CARLO FARINI,
THE HERCULEAN GYMNAST AND GREAT INDIAN CLUB SWINGER,
Using Clubs weighing 50 lbs. each.
ENRICO FARINI,
THE ATHLETE OF THE ARENA,
in Novel Acts of Strength and Grace. The Wild Cossack Athletes, by CARLO and ENRICO FARINI.
CRISTOFORO BUONO CORE,
THE SALAMANDRINE HERO OF THE UNIVERSE,
in his Perilous Feat of the
"CARBO-HYDROGYN ORDEAL,"
in which he will stand, whilst
SATURATED WITH INFLAMMABLE FLUID,
in the midst of ONE THOUSAND FLAMING JETS OF GASS, the central heat of which is terrific, whilst offering no inconvenience to the spectators.
Other and astounding Feats by this unrivalled troupe of artists.
Doors open at 7½ P. M. Commence at 8 P. M.
Admission, 25 and 50 cents. Reserved Seats, 75 cents.
Saturday, July 2, Matinee at 2 P. M.
THREE PERFORMANCES JULY 4,
At 11 A. M., 3 P. M., and 8 P. M. 12-1t*

AMUSEMENTS.

"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING."
CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
will positively open their
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT HALL,
199 and 201 BOWERY,
Opposite Spring street,
ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 27,
which, for
SOUND, SIGHT, AND VENTILATION,
Excels any similar place of amusement in America.
The Company comprises the following
TALENTED ARTISTS,
which combine
ALL THE ELEMENTS KNOWN IN
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY.
ARRAY OF ARTISTS:
W. S. BUDWORTH, NED DAVIS, JOHN WHITING,
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W. HODGKINS, ROBERT NICHOLS, JOSEPH BAILEY,
J. LIVINGSTON, AUGUST EBEN, MASTER COLLINS.
The whole constituting a galaxy of
COMIC, MUSICAL, AND INSTRUMENTAL TALENT,
to approach which the Management emphatically
CHALLENGE THE WORLD.
Tickets, 25 cents. Orchestra Seats, 50 cents.
12-tf M. C. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

AMERICAN THEATRE,
444 BROADWAY,
LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.
After one of the most Brilliant and successful seasons on record,
WILL CLOSE ON AND AFTER THE
FOURTH OF JULY,
FOR A SHORT SEASON,
During which the Establishment will be thoroughly
RENOVATED, RE-DECORATED, PAINTED, &c.
THE GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
will appear Every Night this week
In a Grand and Varied Programme.
See small bills.
R. W. BUTLER, Manager.
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ANTONIO GROSSI, Ballet Master.
DAVID BRAHAM, Musical Director.
12-tf J. AMMERMAN, Treasurer.

HELLER'S! HELLER'S!!
SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
585 BROADWAY,
Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.
WILL POSITIVELY CLOSE
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JULY 4TH,
AND RE-OPEN IN SEPTEMBER.
ROBERT HELLER'S
NEW PROGRAMME,
By far more wondrous, more mystic, more astonishing and more instructive than his first; finishing every night with the extraordinary Phenomenon of
QUISBEE SPIRITUALISM,
being the production of
A LIVING, BREATHING GHOST,
Performing Inexplicable Handiwork,
IN A CHARMED DAVENPORT CABINET.
The most Illusory Illustration of what others term Spiritualism, but which, in reality,
IS PURE HELLERISM,
of anything yet attempted.
Doors open every evening at 7½; commence at 8.
MATINEE NEXT WEDNESDAY, at 2 P. M.
NOT ON SATURDAY.
☞ TWO PERFORMANCES ON JULY 4TH. 12-2t*

MISS LEO. HUDSON,
"THE MAZEPPA QUEEN."
This superb and fascinating Artiste, pronounced by the press and public the most magnificent Equestrian attraction of the day, is now completing her engagements for the ensuing Fall and Winter Season. Managers desirous of the services of this talented and attractive lady, will please address AGENT, Clipper office.

LEO HUDSON	is the	MAZEPPA QUEEN,
LEO HUDSON	in	ROOKWOOD,
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LEO HUDSON	in	EAGLE EYE,
LEO HUDSON	in	THE FRENCH SPY,
LEO HUDSON	in	HERNE THE HUNTER,
LEO HUDSON	in	THE WIZARD SKIFF,
LEO HUDSON	in	JACK SHEPPARD,
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AND FORTY OTHER NEW, NOVEL, AND THRILLING
EQUESTRIAN DRAMAS.
MISS LEO HUDSON'S
"GRAND SENSATION."
The noblest steed on the American Stage, now undergoing a thorough course of training on Miss Hudson's farm, Hudson Grove, near Baltimore, will, with his charming mistress form the greatest Equestrian attraction during the ensuing season ever witnessed. Managers will please address
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SUMPTUOUS WARDROBE,
TRAPPINGS, LITHOGRAPHS, CUTS, &c.,
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The above Theatre, now in the course of erection, will be ready for opening on or about
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Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability desiring engagements, for the Fall and Winter season, will address
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MADAME MACARTE will sell the right of playing her magnificent new copyright
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Wood Engravings, Patterns of Costumes, Music, &c.
The above Drama, and the Wood Cuts, will be the Grand Sensational Card this coming Fall. The whole of the Equestrian Situations are by MADAME MACARTE, and of
THE MOST THRILLING CHARACTER.
A novel Combat is introduced that has not yet been done in America, which, for effect, is magnificent.
The Costumes for Lady Godiva, both Male and Female,
ADMIT OF VERY GREAT DISPLAY,
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In reply to the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Concert Hall Profession, who are daily applying to us for engagements, we would state most positively, that, until they put a stop to the newly discovered dodge of managers who make a business of getting performers from us for the purpose of
RELETTING AND EXCHANGING
them with other managers, thereby speculating on both performer and manager, neither performer or manager need apply to us hereafter. We do not care how long or how short a period we engage performers for; but at the expiration of their engagements they must be either returned to us, or the future engagement must be made through us. We are aware that certain parties don't like our style of drawing articles, as they are in the habit of persuading the performers to tear them and sign fresh articles with them, with the understanding that if the Lady or Gentleman will drop one third on their salaries, said bushwhacking manager will keep said unsophisticated performer in constant employ, by the EXCHANGE DODGE, provided he can persuade his brother manager to give him a third or a half more than he pays himself. If this hint don't take, we will station an agent in every city where this THIEVING SCHEME is most practiced, and we know exactly where they are most required.
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MUSICAL.--A Violoncello Performer of acknowl-
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INFORMATION WANTED of the present where-
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12-1t Barnum's Museum.

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Performers of acknowledged talent wishing engagements, address, stating salary, &c. THOMPSON & RADEKER,
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Giving a series of
LIGHT AND POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS,
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SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.
NOTICE.
The regular FALL AND WINTER SEASON will commence
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PERFORMERS OF TALENT
wishing engagements will please address as above. None but the
VERY BEST ARTISTS IN THE PROFESSION
need apply. To such
GOOD SALARIES WILL BE PAID. 12

BOSTON MUSEUM,
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BUTLER'S
Great
COMBINATION TROUPE,
From the
AMERICAN THEATRE, NEW YORK,
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ON
THURSDAY, JULY 7th, 1864.
During their stay nothing shall be left undone on the part of the Management to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed, that shall add to the pleasure of the citizens of Boston by presenting
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CARD.--All persons who are indebted to me will
be kind enough to settle the same within thirty days from this notice, otherwise I will publish their names and amount.
FRED. LUBIN.
New York, June 27, 1864. 12-2t

MRS. GEORGE MELVILLE, late of the Front
Street Theatre, Baltimore, desires to negotiate for "First Old Women" and "Heavy." Managers will please address her at 53 West 41st street, New York, or JAMES CONNER & Co.,
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WANTED---Immediately, at the Canterbury Hall,
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Address JOE MILLER, Business Agent,
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MIRON W. LEFFINGWELL.
Managers wishing to engage this celebrated
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AND HIS WIFE FOR FIRST SINGING and WALKING LADIES,
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WANTED---Immediately
ONE SECOND VIOLIN PLAYER and ONE BASS PLAYER both to play brass. Also, a CORNET PLAYER to travel. Address "Music," Clipper office. Also, anyone having a bass drum to sell may find a purchaser by addressing as above. 12-1t*

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Leader and Instructor Wanted.—A steady, respectable, well qualified person can have a permanent situation with an A 1, sure paying company. Address, with qualifications, salary expected, former position, &c., "M," care of Clarry & Reilley, 12 Spruce street, New York. 12-2t*

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Player, one who can play another class of instrument also preferred. Sure pay and a permanent "sit." State salary, &c., &c., to J. C., care of "Farwell" Printing Office, 112 Washington street, Boston. 12-2t*

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Albany, N. Y.--This mag-
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RENTED BY THE NIGHT OR WEEK,
after July 4th, during the months of July and August. For terms apply to HARRY VAN VECHTEN, Treasurer,
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MISS KATE VANCE,
The Queen of Mazeppas, with Mr. DEAGLE'S champion horse DON JUAN, and Mr. R. DERR, closes her engagement at Grover's Theatre, Washington, on or about July 6th, and retire to her beautiful mansion, Deagle Villa, St. Louis, where she will remain during the warm weather. All business letters addressed to
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ROUSE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY.
W. A. ROUSE,
After a most successful season of thirteen months, during which time he has been compelled to keep a Provost Guard stationed at his doors to prevent the great mass from rushing to witness the performances of the best dramatic company now traveling, brought his season to a close on Saturday evening, June 18th, for one month. Meantime
MR. ROUSE AND LADY
with his company, will
VISIT SARATOGA SPRINGS,
and the various watering places, where they will recruit for the fall and winter season, which will commence on or about July 28th. First class stars will address
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LA RUE'S GREAT WAR SHOW,
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WHISTON, THE HUMORIST,
COMMENCE
AT MECHANICS' HALL, MONTREAL,
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A YOUNG MAN, good looking, with plenty of means, and at present an officer in the U. S. Navy, wishes to open a Correspondence with some young lady with a view to better acquaintance. Address R. N. STONE, Iron Clad "Lehigh," off Charleston, S. C. 12-2t*

BOOKS, PRINTS, CARDS, &c.—Send for my Circular. No puffing. NO FRAUD PRACTICED.
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FANNY MILLER is a great Book for fancy fun and frolic; to read it and the Private Looking Glass would cure a case of colic. One has 1 and the other 6 nicely colored pictures. Both I'll mail on receipt of price in Chase's paper mixtures. 85c. for Fanny Miller, and 50c. for the Looking Glass, and if you don't think that that is cheap then (make up the rest yourself.)
P. JESSE, No. 2 Rivington St.,
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ADVANTAGE PLAYING CARDS, 75 cts per pack; also, Advantage Dice, full set of nine, only $5. Transparent Playing Cards, $1 50 per pack. Sent free by mail. Direct to WALFISH, Book Agent, Box 5385, N. Y. Post Office. 12-1t*

24 Different Cartes de Visite sent free by mail for $1 50. Address HUGO RUCHE, box 5385, N. Y. P. O. 12-1t*

THE TURF.

TROT FOR $2,000.

Some capital sport has been witnessed during the past week on both the Union and Fashion Courses. On the former the second great match for $2,000, between Mr. Lorillard's b g Port Royal and Mr. Bradford's b m Baby Belle, was trotted on Monday, June 20th. The race was two miles, and repeat, in harness, Hiram Woodruff driving Baby Belle and Dan Pfifer the bay gelding. This was the second of the trio of matches made between the same horses, at one, two, and three miles, in harness, Baby Belle, as reported in last week's CLIPPER, winning the first race in such hollow style as to lead many parties to conclude that the owner of Port Royal would pay forfeit in the two remaining matches rather than run the risk of almost certain defeat. Mr. Lorillard, however, was determined to start him, thinking probably that the distance, two miles and repeat, would suit his Port Royal better than the shorter race of the preceding week. There was not a large attendance to witness it, the company being composed almost entirely of the personal friends of the respective owners of the horses. Baby Belle, in consequence of her victory in the previous race, was at once installed the favorite, $100 to $25 being the current quotation in the betting market. In the race for the first heat, Port Royal broke as soon as the word was given, and Baby Belle took the lead, which she maintained and gradually increased throughout the two miles, winning with the greatest possible ease, the time of the first mile being 2:36 and of the heat 5:13. In the second heat the odds were increased to $100 to $10 on the Bashaw mare, who, as in the last heat, took the lead at the start and was never approached, winning heat and race with consummate ease in 5:10. The summary, which we append, gives the time of the miles in the two heats:

UNION COURSE, L. I., Monday, June 20.—Match $2,000, two mile heats, in harness.

H. Woodruff named b m Baby Belle	1	1
D. Pfifer named b g Port Royal	2	2

TIME.

First heat........First mile 2:36....Second mile 2:37—total 5:13
Second heat.......First mile 2:35....Second mile 2:35—total 5:10

THE SECOND GREAT TROT OF THE SEASON.

For the second time this season was the beautiful course of the Fashion Pleasure Grounds Association on Wednesday, the 22d of June, visited by an immense assemblage of interested spectators, to witness the second trot between the three fastest horses on the American trotting turf—General Butler, Robert Fillingham and John Morgan—to wagons, mile heats, best three in five. An additional degree of interest was attached to this race in consequence of the unfortunate contretemps which occurred in the memorable trot between these horses the week before, and which resulted in Gen. Butler winning the race and money, John Morgan being distanced in the fifth heat in consequence of his breaking down, and Robert Fillingham being ruled out of the race on the third heat for foul driving on the part of Sam McLaughlin, after the gallant horse had won the first two heats in superb style. The first race had been to harness, for a purse of $1000 added to a sweepstake of $250 each, and the second race was for a similar purse and stake, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons. An impression was very general among the non-sporting public that the result of the first race was a pre-arranged affair for Butler to win. This, however, we are perfectly satisfied, was an entirely erroneous idea, for we do not for a moment believe either Messrs. Simmons or Genet, the respective owners of Fillingham and General Butler, would lend themselves to any such dishonorable proceeding. Nor do we think that the action of Sam McLaughlin in driving foul in the third heat was intentional, for, our impression is, as we stated in our report of the race last week, that Fillingham was tiring, and swerved across the track on to Butler from sheer distress. We thought then, and we think the result of Wednesday's race confirms our opinion, that McLaughlin took "too much steel" out of his horse before the race, by sending him so often round the course at the height of his speed. On this last occasion he only warmed him up at a gentle exercising gait, and he showed the benefit of this course of proceeding by his perfect steadiness in the first two heats, in which he never made a skip or break.

The victory of General Butler in the race to harness induced many to pin their faith on him again, more especially as his owner openly expressed his strong confidence in being able to repeat his triumph in the wagon race. The Fillingham party, however, notwithstanding their heavy losses the week previous (rumored to be over $30,000), did not abate one whit of their confidence in the brown son of Hambletonian, for they well knew his extraordinary speed and gameness, and believed that his long, low, regular action would be admirably served in the rig to wagon. At the pool sales of Messrs. Somerindyke and Armstrong, at Lafayette Hall, on the evening before the race, Fillingham was decidedly the favorite, being taken for first choice in every pool sold. The nominal price which the sorrel gelding John Morgan brought in the pools, prepared the public for his non-starting the following day. Still, however, the amount of business done was insignificant compared with that transacted on the eve of the previous race. People were anxious to wait and see further before investing their greenbacks on either the "black contraband" or the brown stallion.

The morning of the race broke auspiciously, giving promise of a warm and beautiful day, to the great satisfaction of the thousands of intending pleasure seekers. The road was more extensively patronized than on the week before, owing in a great measure to the wretched mismanagement and utter want of good faith of that fossil one-horse company, the Flushing Railroad, as manifested at the last race, and as it proved, repeated on this occasion, and which induced hundreds to drive down, rather than trust to the good faith and honor of this mismanaged and miserable line. The number of elegant turns-out and carriages in the enclosure, laden with the freight of lovely fair ones, was very great. The stands were also well patronized, and we should estimate the number of spectators present about four thousand. The scene from the stand was beautiful in the extreme; the enclosure, with its brilliant carpet of green, white, and gold, and the gay and fashionable costumes of the fair occupants of the rows of carriages, the masses of excited humanity surging hither and thither on the track, and the waters of Flushing Bay in the distance, glancing in the sun's rays like a sheet of polished silver, all combining to augment the charms of the prospect. On that portion of the track where betting men most do congregate, around the place where Jake Somerindyke has his rostrum, attended by his partner and cashier, George Armstrong, a better judge, we opine, of racing than of trotting horses, pool selling was going on briskly. In pools of one hundred dollars, Robert Fillingham was bringing $65, General Butler $40, and John Morgan $4. In pools of $200, Fillingham was sold, as first choice, for $135, $140, and just before the race $165; Butler, as second choice, for $70, $75, and $70; and Morgan for $12, $15, and $12 respectively. The low price the latter brought was significant of his being withdrawn from the contest, which turned out to be the case, in consequence of his not having recovered from the lameness which he contracted in the previous race. John Morrissey appeared to be the principal backer of Fillingham, although it may be he was merely the ostensible representative of the owners of the horse; he repeatedly offered $1000 to $700 on the brown stallion, and gradually increased his odds until $1000 to $500 were currently offered and taken to a good deal of money. The owner of Butler expressed his willingness to take $1000 to $400, as often as they were inclined to bet these odds; and in smaller sums, the odds of $100 to $40 was freely taken. The condition of the horses, as they trotted up and down the track in their preliminary exercise, was keenly scrutinized by the cognoscenti, and those who pretended to know something about horseflesh. Fillingham looked finer than he did the preceding week, his trainer and driver, Sam McLaughlin, having evidently made a great improvement during the interval. General Butler looked in splendid condition, and had, as before, John Lovett behind him. At last the bell rung for the clearing of the Course, which the police force, under the direction of Captain Walling, quickly effected.

First Heat. After scoring eight times unsuccessfully, in which both horses broke before reaching the stand an equal number of times, they got a good send off at the ninth time of asking. Before they reached the first turn, Fillingham took a slight lead, carrying Butler off his legs, and improving the opportunity thus afforded him by opening a gap of two lengths at the quarter pole, which was passed in 36¾secs. The black horse now commenced trotting beautifully, and gradually closing up the gap, had got his head to Fillingham's wheels at the stables. As they swept past the half mile pole in 1min. 13½secs., Butler had got on even terms, and a magnificent race for a brief period was witnessed, as they dashed along head and head together. An application of the whip to Fillingham resulted in the brown horse responding nobly, and letting out an extra reef of speed, he drew gradually and almost imperceptibly away from the black gelding, and at the new stand was two clear lengths in front. Butler, in a fine brush on the third quarter, closed up the gap a little, but still Fillingham was a full length ahead as they swung into the home stretch. The "contraband" made a fine and resolute effort on the straight run home to get on even terms, but breaking half way up, his chance of victory in this heat was extinguished, and Fillingham jogged home an easy winner, with his driver pointing his whip jeeringly at his opponent, by two lengths in 2min. 26¾secs.

Second Heat. The result of the last heat did not dampen the confidence of the owner of Butler, who loudly proclaimed his willingness to bet $300 against $1000 that he won the race. The current betting was $100 to $40 on Fillingham winning, and these odds were freely taken by the supporters of the black gelding. The horses got off at the first attempt, Butler getting the best of the send off. At the first turn the brown stallion's speed had made up his lost ground, and was neck and neck with his opponent, when the latter went off his feet, and Fillingham gave him the go-by before Lovett could get him settled down to his work, as he broke twice in succession. The Hambletonian passed the quarter pole first by three lengths in 38secs.; on the second quarter the black horse began to close up rapidly, displaying a speed and style of going that elicited the warmest admiration. At the half mile, which was done in 1min. 16secs., he was only half a length behind, and as he made another splendid burst of speed on the third quarter, closing upon and lapping the brown stallion, and swinging into the home stretch locked head and head with him, a tremendous shout of exultation broke from his partisans. It was premature, for suddenly Butler was carried off his feet by the fast rate he was going, and Fillingham jogged home an easy winner by six lengths in 2min. 31secs., without having made a break or skip on either this or the preceding heat.

Third Heat. The superiority in speed which Fillingham possessed over Gen. Butler was evident to all, and the backers of the latter had now only to depend on the chapter of accidents and his great lasting powers to enable them to win their investments. Fillingham's friends were jubilant, and offered in vain $100 to $15 that he won the race, and $100 to $20 that he won the third heat. They got off well together at the first attempt, Butler leading round the upper turn in consequence of Fillingham, for the first time, breaking. He lost so much ground in consequence of his bad break, that, at the quarter-pole, which Butler passed in 37 secs., he was four lengths in the rear. McLaughlin seemed unable to get the horse down until they had gone some distance on the second quarter, and were still two lengths behind as they passed the half-mile pole in 1 min. 15 sec. Butler's owner now offered $1000 to $100 that his horse won the heat, but no one could be induced to take it, as it seemed almost impossible for Fillingham to make up the gap. But with a horse possessing such extraordinary powers of speed as the Hambletonian stallion, no certain calculation of success can be made until the score is crossed, and, on this occasion, as Sam freely plied the whip, the tremendous burst of speed which he now exhibited fairly electrified the spectators with astonishment. He closed up the gap, collared and passed Butler, and, before the lookers-on could hardly realize the fact, was two clear lengths ahead, with the contraband hopelessly endeavoring to reach him. The race was virtually over, for Fillingham, without losing any portion of the advantage he had gained, came home amid tremendous cheering, an easy winner by two lengths, in 2min. 27¼secs., the last half-mile having been trotted by the winner in 1:12½, the latter part of it on an easy jog.

After the race, at the Club House, Mr. Genet acknowledging that Fillingham was too fast for his horse in mile heats, offered to match Butler against Fillingham in two races, two miles and repeat and three miles and repeat, to wagons, for five thousand, ten thousand or fifteen thousand dollars each match. To this bold *defi* the Fillingham party have not yet returned any response. Two such matches would excite intense interest among the sporting men of the turf. Summary:

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Wednesday, June 22d.—Purse and stake $1,750, mile heats, three in five, to wagons.

S. McLaughlin named br. h. Robert Fillingham, by Hambletonian, dam Dolly Spanker	1	1	1
J. Lovett named blk. g. General Butler, by Smith Burr, dam a Mount Holly mare	2	2	2
T. S. Turner's s. g. John Morgan, by Pilot, Jr., dam a Medoc mare	drawn.		

TIME.

First heat..........Quarter, 36¾s; Half mile, 1:13½; Mile, 2:26¾
Second heat.........Quarter, 38 s; Half mile, 1:16; Mile, 2:31
Third heat..........Quarter, 37 s; Half mile, 1:15; Mile, 2:27¼

A BULL'S HEAD TROTTING RACE.

ON Friday, June 24th, a $300 sweepstakes, two mile heats and repeat, between three road horses belonging to the classic locality of Bull's Head, came off on the Union Course, L. I. The entries were Hiram Woodruff's blk s St. Lawrence; R. Walker's g m Lady Gaffney, and R. Ogle's b g Napoleon IV, Jr. They had trotted the previous week over the same Course for a similar stake, in a race of mile heats, in harness, on which occasion St. Lawrence was the winner; the favorite, Napoleon IV, being distanced in the second heat in consequence of his having cut and lamed himself, owing to the unskilfulness of his driver. On this occasion, St. Lawrence was made the favorite in the money market, $20 to $14 being bet that he won the race. As is invariably the case in these kind of races, a great deal of time was wasted before the horses could be got together for a start, Mr. McRoberts, the well known Bull's Head horse dealer and owner of Lady Gaffney, bringing his mare on the track harnessed to a wagon instead of a sulky; the conditions of the race being that Lady G. was to go in harness, and St. Lawrence and Napoleon to wagon. Mac persisted in arguing that he could suit himself as to the rig he went in, but was at last overruled by the judges, and the mare transferred to a sulky. In the first heat the favorite broke on the first quarter, and Napoleon won the heat by six lengths in 6:06. He repeated his successful performance in the second heat, winning it equally as easily as the first in 6:03, and thus gaining the race and money. Summary:

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.—Friday, June 24th.—Sweepstakes $300, two miles and repeat.

R. Ogle named b g Napoleon IV, Jr., to wagon	1	1
R. Walker named r m Lady Gaffney, in harness	3	2
H. Woodruff named blk s St. Lawrence, to wagon	2	3

TIME.

First Heat..........................1st mile 3:01 2d mile 6:06
Second Heat........................1st mile 3:04 2d mile 6:03

THE NEW YORK RACES.

The Spring Meeting of the New York Jockey Club commences to-day (Tuesday, June 28th), on the Centreville Course, L. I. There is every prospect of it being a capital meeting, as a majority of the horses which ran at Paterson are engaged in the purses and stakes here. The purses added are very liberal, and calculated to attract good fields of horses and produce excellent sport. The stables at present at Centreville are Mr. Morris's, including Reporter, Throgsneck and three Eclipse colts and filly. Colonel Bush has Ben Bruce, Lurline and Seven Oaks; Fleetwing having a cracked heel, being reserved for Saratoga. Dr. Weldon has Charlotte F. Vaccine and the renowned old race horse Wild Irishman, who has been taken from the stud and put into training again after many years retirement from the turf. The old horse looks as fine and gay as a two year old, and his clever trainer expects to have him in fit condition to run at the Saratoga Meeting. Jacob Perkins has Tipperary, Eagle, and a two year old. Mr. Hunter has Copeck only, Kentucky being reserved for Saratoga. Captain T. W. Moore, the experienced turfman and treasurer of the Club, has the famous old mare Idlewild, Panic, the Lexington colt that ran in the Jersey Derby, and the colt by Knight of St. George out of Ada Tevis.

The racing on the first day (Tuesday), comprises three races. The first is a dash of three miles for all ages, Club weights, for a Jockey Club Purse of $400. The second is a purse of $200, mile heats, for all ages, Club weights; and the third a handicap stake of $10 each, with $100 added by the Club, if two or more start. On the second day there are two races, the first a sweepstakes for three year olds, mile heats, $50 each, play or pay, with $300 added, and has the following entries: F. Morris's b c by Eclipse and b f by Eclipse; P. C. Bush's b f Lurline, and Captain Moore's b c by Lexington and blk c by Knight of St. George. The second race is a dash of two miles for all ages for the Club purse of $200. The third day has a Jockey Club purse of $600, dash of four miles, and a handicap stake of $50 with $200 added, dash of a mile and a half. Such a programme of sport is abundant enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic turfman, and we anticipate seeing large attendances on the beautiful Centreville Course on each day of the Meeting.

THE FRENCH TURF—BLAIR ATHOL DEFEATED.

BY the latest European advices, we learn that Blair Athol, the celebrated winner of the "blue riband of the turf," the Epsom Derby, was defeated in the great race for the Grand Prix de Paris, a stake worth over $30,000, exclusive of a valuable piece of plate presented by the Emperor. The victor was Vermonth, a French bred horse, owned by Mons. Delamurre. So sanguine was the English turfmen of Blair Athol winning, that 2 to 1 was bet on him, £100 to £30 against Fille de l'Air, the winner of the English and French Oaks; 7 to 1 against Bois Roussel, the winner of the French Derby; 15 to 1 against Baronello, the winner of the French Two Thousand, and the same price against Vermonth. Both the Emperor and Empress were present, and expressed their gratification at the rich prize being won by a French horse. The winner was ridden by Kitchener, who once won the Chester Cup on Red Deer and who once went to scale in a race at Ascot when his bodily weight was only 29 pounds. All the English bookmakers won heavily, one of them having vainly offered 30 to 1 against the winner.

THE ASCOT RACES.

THE meeting at "Royal Ascot" commenced June 7th and lasted four days. The attendance was larger than ever known before. The Queen's Gold Vase was won by Young Rapid, beating Fairwater, Vingrave, Caller Ou, Birch Broom, Little Stag and six others. Baron Rothschild's Hippolyte won the Ascot stakes, beating a field of fourteen horses. The Prince of Wales' Stakes (worth $10,000), was won by Ely, beating the French mare Fille de l'Air (second), and eleven others, including Mr. Ten Broeck's Idler. The Royal Hunt Cup was won by Gem of the Sea, beating 33 others. Scottish Chief, who was third in the Epsom Derby, won the First New Biennial Stakes, and the Ascot Gold Cup, beating Little Stag (second), Lord Clifden, Lord Zetland, The Ranger, and four others. Blair Athol beat Ely and Hopper for the Ascot Triennial Stakes, and Anglo Saxon the Alexandra Plate of 500 sovs., a race named after the Princess of Wales.

THE NOVA SCOTIA SPRING RACES took place on the Common at Halifax, on the 15th ult., and were well-attended. The first race was for a sweepstakes of $15, with $200 added, three starters, and was won by Retriever. The second was for the same amount, and was won by Lady Jane. The third race, also for the same amount, was won by Gulnare. The fourth, also for $200 and a sweepstakes of $15, over six flight of hurdles, was won by Ella. The fifth was a selling race, $5 each, with $100 added. Lady Jane raked the pile; after which there was a match race of one heat between Lieutenant Pinson's horse Judex and Lieutenant Denne's horse B. B., which was one easily by the latter, ridden by Captain Thomson.

AN INTERESTING TROT came off at Newton, N. J., on June 21, between Vansickle's Hambletonian and Oliver Struble's gray Patchen colt Sussex Boy, both fine, promising young stallions. The trot was to harness, mile heats, best two in three. The first heat was pronounced a dead heat—time 3:00. The second and third heats were closely contested, but were taken by Vansickle's Hambletonian in 2:58 and 3:00, respectively. It is but fair to say that the Patchen Colt was entirely untrained, and had never been driven in a match before. The Hambletonian had received some driving, but no regular training. The time made is good, under the circumstances, as both stallions are now in use for the season, Hambletonian having served 63 mares already. The same horses are to have another brush at some future day. Both horses have received premiums in their classes at the Sussex Fairs.

TROTTING IN MILFORD, MASS.—The season at the Milford Trotting Park was opened on the 22d ult, by a double event. The first trot was for a $50 purse, between C. C. Mover's b. g. Contraband and G. W. Fry's b. m. Lady Fry, mile heats, best three in five in harness, in which Contraband proved the winner, although the odds were the other way. The second trot was for a purse of $25, on the same conditions, between S. W. Howe's b. m. Jenny and T. N. Harris' b. m. Sally Come Up. Sally came up to the mark a winner. After the trot a clam bake was served up, and all came off well.

SWIMMING MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—On the 6th of June, Frederick Beckwith, of London, who has held the title of Champion against all comers for a number of years, and E. B. Mather, of Manchester, contended against each other in the natal art for £100 a side and the Champion Cup, over the usual course, Hammersmith Suspension bridge to Putney Acqueduct bridge. The condition attached to the Cup is, that it must be held for three years by one person, when it becomes his own property. The first time it was competed for was in an open race on the Thames, when E. B. Mather easily defeated P. Johnson and several others. Mather was then challenged by Gardner, and they contended over the course assigned by the club, when Mather won easily. He was not allowed to remain long without a challenge, and, to the surprise of many, Fred. Beckwith issued a cartel to swim Mather for £50 a side and the Cup, likewise a bet of £50 each. The race took place in August last, when Beckwith won easily, Mather owing his defeat to his drawers becoming entangled in his legs and retarding his progress. His friends, thinking that he would have won on that occasion had it not been for this unfortunate *contretemps*, determined to give him another chance; therefore, the present match was speedily made, and articles drawn up to contend for £100 a side and the Cup. Both the competitors appeared in splendid condition, the betting opening at 5 and 6 to 4 on Beckwith, but just before the start even money was laid on Mather. Beckwith is sixteen years older than his opponent, stands 5ft. 4in., and weighed 8st 7lb; while Mather is 5ft. 8½in, and weighed 10st 5lbs. After a gallant contest, Mather was declared the victor. Beckwith, who was suffering with cramp in his legs, was compelled to give up the ship when within half a mile from the winning post. Charley Westhall, the literary ped., was referee. Time, 31min. 12secs.

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SAM HAGUE wishes to inform his friends in and out of the profession, that he has cast anchor at the above named house, where he will be happy to welcome all his old friends and as many new ones as will honor him with a call. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. SAM & TOM HAGUE. 8-5t*

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PLEASANT SUMMER RESORT
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Managers wishing to engage the services of these very talented Artists, for STAR Engagements, will address them care of
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SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,

BRASS BAND,
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unable to obtain a suitable hall in this city, will make an extensive tour in the West.
THE GREAT IRON CLADS
Will shortly appear at
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DETROIT, ST. LOUIS, MEMPHIS,
MILWAUKIE, CINCINNATI, NEW ORLEANS,
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The Company now consists of
12 STAR PERFORMERS
In the Ethiopian business,
And the fascinating
LA BELLE LOUISE,
Danseuse and Vocalist.
The Pavilion now seats 1300 people, and has been crowded nightly, the fifth week's receipts being $4100.
WANTED, on or about the 1st of July, people for our new place at Nashville, Tenn. At this place we shall give a regular Concert Hall performance, so talent in any line may apply to the manager,
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The above establishment,
NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION,
will be opened to the public, July 10th, 1864.
Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability desiring engagements will address, stating business and salary expected, for a season of eight months, commencing as above HARRY GILBERT,
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☞ Stars treated with on liberal terms. 9-6t

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First Class STARS treated with at all times. None others need apply. JAMES CONNER & CO., Agents,
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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
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BEAUTIFUL AND COMMODIOUS
THEATRE
has been entirely re-fitted and decorated, making it the most comfortable as it is the most
POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT
on the Pacific Coast.
THE NEW IDEA IS OPEN NIGHTLY
with an
"ARRAY OF TALENT"
Superior to any Company ever combined in one Theatre west of the Rocky Mountains;
While the Entertainments consist of
OPERA, COMEDY, DRAMA, FARCE,
BALLET, MINSTRELSY, BURLESQUE, AND ACROBATIC.
Performers of acknowledged ability and reputation desiring to visit California, can enter into permanent engagements with the Proprietor, by applying to
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WM. E. SINN ....Proprietor
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL
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THE NATIONAL will seat
Three Thousand People.
The Stage is Eighty Feet Deep.
The Company
The Best in the World.
Good Talent Always Wanted.
None Other Need Apply.
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The Varieties is now in the full tide of success, and it is one of the fixed institutions of Columbus.
Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession would do well to address the proprietor, stating line of business, terms, &c., with programme and stamp enclosed. 5-tf

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PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
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Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
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For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
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All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 9-tf

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE, and young female Brass Band,

twenty in number. Sole proprietor, J. Henage Carter. Musical Director, Professor J. J. Watson. Leader and Brass Band Instructor, G. H. Marsh. The manager feels it perfectly unnecessary to say a word in behalf of his troupe to those who have once seen them. To those who have merely heard of them, he would say that they are literally and universally acknowledged to be "the best and most popular exhibition of the day." The novelty, variety, and excellence of this extraordinary company, makes it stand alone and unapproachable. It has taken years of labor and perseverence to bring the troupe to its present high standard of excellence. In securing the valuable services of Professor Watson, the eminent violinist and composer, the manager feels that he offers the best guarantee for the excellence of the musical department, and in retaining those of Mr. Marsh (the efficient instructor in "brass") the "young female Brass Band" will always have more brass in their faces than any modest young ladies were ever before known to have. The company will make a complete tour of New England before again going west. 1-3m*

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Chestnut Street, above Sixth,
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Wanted competent Artistes in the various departments connected with the Music Hall business.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
CHRIS. NORRIS, (Sole Lessee),
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The Fall and Winter season of this favorite establishment will commence August 15th—next.
Stars wishing nights, will address
HENRY WILLARD, Lessee,
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H. D. BEISSENHERZ, Leader New Bowery Theatre Orchestra,

will be happy to negotiate with managers for the coming season. Has one of the largest libraries. Address
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MISS A. HATHAWAY,
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WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL, 514 Broadway, may

be hired for any respectable afternoon entertainment not interfering with the performance of Wood's Minstrels in the evening. Apply to the proprietor, 514 Broadway. 10

MARY GLADSTANE.---Managers wishing to engage

the services of the above popular Artiste for star engagements, will address her, care of C. T. PARSLOE, P. O. Box 2414, New York. 52-3m

TO MANAGERS.---A Gentleman who possesses

a fine Mezzo Soprano voice, which cannot be distinguished from a lady's, wishes a situation in some travelling or stationary troupe as Soprano Singer. Has also a scientific knowledge of Melodeon playing. Address
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TO LET, Nightly or weekly or arrangements will be made with any first class entertainment.
49-tf J. W. BUCKLAND, Lessee.

BELLA GOLDEN, the Popular Comedienne, Danseuse and Vocalist,

will commence a starring tour in September. Managers wishing to engage her services will address to the care of Theatre, Lexington, Ky. 4-3m

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THE GREAT ORIGINAL
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"MAZEPPA,"
and her beautiful and
HIGHLY TRAINED STEED,
WONDER.
MISS KATE FISHER,
THE CELEBRATED
PROTEAN AND EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS,
has appeared at all the principal Theatres in the United States and Canada, and has been everywhere greeted with
ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE BY CROWDED HOUSES.
Her Engagement at the New Bowery Theatre,
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was one of the most
BRILLIANT ON RECORD,
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SIX WEEKS' ENGAGEMENT
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OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS.
Of equal brilliancy have been her engagements at the Theatre Royal, Montreal; Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati; McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, and in every theatre
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MISS FISHER'S Repertoire embraces
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HERNE THE HUNTER, &c., &c.
Managers desiring to secure the services of MISS FISHER for next season, will address, until OCTOBER, BOX 1313, POST OFFICE, Cincinnati, Ohio. 6-tf

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ROBINSON AND HOWES,
Proprietors and Managers of the
CHAMPION CIRCUS,
hereby offer a challenge for
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS OR UPWARDS,
that they have with their establishment
THE GREATEST BARE BACK HORSEMAN,
THE BEST GYMNASTS AND ACROBATS,
THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED EQUESTRIANS,
THE BEST VOLTIGUERS, VAULTERS and TUMBLERS,
and, in brief, the
FINEST CIRCUS COMPANY IN AMERICA.
Any manager or Managers wishing to test the capacity of their troupe can be accommodated by accepting this challenge through the columns of the Clipper. ROBINSON & HOWES,
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CHRISTY MINSTRELS.
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The only person having the right to the title of "CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS," as decided by the Hon. Judge Davies of the Court of Appeals of New York, Aprill 22, 1856.
Are now making an extensive tour through the States and Canadas, being their
FIRST VISIT SINCE THEIR RETURN FROM ENGLAND,
AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SEVEN YEARS.
MR. RAYNOR takes pleasure in announcing an engagement with the Great Comedian,
GEORGE CHRISTY,
who appears nightly in connection with this company.
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REVOLUTION
IN
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY.
PART FIRST.
GRAND PARLOR CONCERT—IN WHITE FACES.
Quartettes, Duets, Ballads, Comic Songs, Recitations, Comic Descriptions, &c., &c.
PART SECOND.
CARNIVAL DE AFRIC.
By a Combination of the leading members of the Ethiopian Profession.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS.
CHILDREN UNDER TEN YEARS OF AGE 15 CENTS.
Doors open..7¼ o'clock
Performance.......................................8¼ o'clock
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Proprietors. 9-tf

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EXCELSIOR MINSTREL TROUPE
AND BRASS BAND.
EIGHTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
This unique Troupe of Metropolitan Artistes, acknowledged to be by far the best company now travelling.
OBSERVE THE POWERFUL ARRAY OF TALENT.
J. CLARK, Tamborinist and Comedian,
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I. W. CHARLES, Personator of Female Characters,
D. BOLES, Basso,
PROF. S. HOSFIELD, Leader of Orchestra,
J. J. GUNN, Flute Picolo and Alto Horn,
GEO. HOSFIELD, Second Violin and Tenor Horn,
G. CLIFTON, Flagiolet,
EUGENE GORMAN, Flutinist and Comedian,
CHAS. STEVENS, Vocal Director and Alto,
FRANK WINSLOW, Second Violin and Guitar,
WM. SHEEHAN, Leader of Brass Band,
THOS. YATES, Double Bass and Tuber,
GEO. EDMONDS, B Flat Cornet,
and F. V. CONWAY, Clarionet and Baritone.
Balcony Serenade each evening, previous to opening of the doors, by the
BRASS BAND.
For particulars see small bills.
The above talented Troupe is now on an extended tour, viz.: Pittsburgh, Pa., Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and West India Islands.
J. L. HARRIS, GEO. CLIFTON, } Sole Proprietors.
HARRY WILLIAMS, Business Agent.
7-

THE TALENTED YOUNG ARTISTES,

GEO. C. BONIFACE
and
MISS KATE NEWTON,
will commence their summer campaign at Buffalo on Monday, July 11th, 1864. Letters of negotiation for the ensuing fall and winter tour may be addressed to H. H. WALL,
Business Manager,
Care of W. C. Wemyss,
11-tf 575 Broadway, New York.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE.

Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements for the coming season, opening about the middle of August, for eleven months, will please direct to
4-tf W. HENDERSON, Manager.

APOLLO THEATRE,

LEXINGTON, KY.
WEAVER & GOLDEN, Managers.
The above Theatre, altered and improved, will open for the regular season on Monday, Sept. 5th, 1864.
Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talent desiring engagements from that date until the 4th of July inclusive, will apply as above.
FIRST CLASS STARS TREATED WITH ON LIBERAL TERMS. 4-3m

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STAGE MANAGER..........................DAN. W. COLLINS
This popular establishment is now being thoroughly renovated, painted and upholstered, and will re-open AUGUST 24th, with a full dramatic and variety company. Ladies and gentlemen of versatility can make good engagements for the season. None but good performers need apply. Address as above. 10-5t*

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A MUSEUM, DRAMATIC SCENERY &c.
The undersigned offers for sale, separately or together, a FINE COLLECTION OF CURIOSITIES, comprising beasts, birds, and fishes. Also, a RARE GEOLOGICAL COLLECTION, and the glass sash for cases. Also, the SCENERY, PROPERTIES, WARDROBE, LIBRARY, &c., of a Dramatic Concern, said to have been one of the most complete for its size in the U. S. It is a rare opportunity for parties building in any growing town at the West, to arrange and use the upper stories of a block very profitably. Plans, &c., can be furnished, if desired. Address
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AUGUSTA OPERA HOUSE,

AUGUSTA, MAINE.
Sole Lessees and Proprietors......S. E. BROWNE and G. W. PIKE
Will be completed on or about the 1st of August. The regular Dramatic Season will commence on or about the 1st of Sept. The present season will close in Newport, R. I., July 4th. All communications should be addressed to
BROWNE & PIKE'S DRAMATIC CO.,
10-2t* Care of L. R. Pike, Box 3294, Boston, Mass.

EXCELSIOR.--The Carter Zouave Troupe have

just completed their first tour through New England, which for artistic and pecuniary success is unparalleled in the history of the profession. They are now commencing their second tour through the same country, which will occupy the rest of the summer; after which their Western friends may expect the re-appearance of the best show of the day. Such is the result of energy, enterprise and novelty, combined with strict integrity in all business transactions. J. HENEAGE CARTER, Manager and Proprietor. 11-2t*

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Wishing immediate engagements for a long or short Season, can address
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MR. J. C. MYERS' Summer Season at Portland

and Bangor, Me., will commence at Deering Hall, Portland, on Monday evening, June 20; Bangor, Norumbega Hall, July 6.
Stars and artistes of acknowledged ability wishing to negotiate for the present or coming season, will address the undersigned as above. J. C. MYERS. 11-2t*

THE NEW CAIRO THEATRE

WILL OPEN ON THE 10th of JULY.
Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements for the coming season of eight months, will please address CRUMP & CO. 11-4t

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514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c...........................HENRY WOOD.
THE BEST VENTILATED HOUSE IN THE CITY.
MONDAY, June 27, and every evening during the week,
RUNNING THE BLOCKADE,
GISSIPIUS,
HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES,
NAPOLEON AND MAXAMILIAN,
THE OLD MAID'S LAMENT, HURRY UP,
&c., &c., by
FRANK BROWER, J. T. BOYCE, FRANK MORAN,
And the entire Troupe.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
GRAND MATINEE,
MONDAY, JULY, 4, at 2½ o'clock.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 12

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor.................................MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, June 27, 1864.
A NEW SCOTCH DRAMA,
ELSPIE,
THE WIZARD OF THE MOOR.
The popular Actor
MR. G. C. BONIFACE,
MRS. W. G. JONES,
MISS KATE NEWTON,
Geo. Brookes, Mr. Marden, Mr. G. Lingard, Mr. Glassford.
And the whole Company.
MY YOUNG WIFE AND OLD UMBRELLA,
and
THE SCAMPS OF NEW YORK.
TUESDAY EVENING,
Grand Testimonial Benefit to
MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Box sheet open. 12

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager...............WM. WHEATLEY
THE SUMMER THEATRE OF THE CITY.
THE ILLUMINATED GARDEN OPEN EVERY EVENING.
MONDAY EVENING, June 27, 1864.
POSITIVELY LAST NIGHT BUT FIVE,
of the celebrated Lyric Artiste,
M'LLE. VESTVALI,
As ANGELO, with the songs, "You are the Star" (words by S. R. Fiske Esq.), and "The Brave Marco," in John Brougham's Grand Romantic Drama, in Five Tableaux, entitled
BEL DEMONIO,
Which has elicited the admiration of full and fashionable audiences, for the last
THIRTY-SIX NIGHTS,
But which must positively be withdrawn on Saturday July 2.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
Many inquiries having been made for a repetition of
THE DUKE'S MOTTO,
the Management begs leave to announce its re-production
ON MONDAY, JULY 4,
For positively Six Nights Only.
Capt. Henri de Lagardere (his original character)
MR. W. WHEATLEY.
In preparation—THE SEA OF ICE.
Seats secured six days in advance.
Commences 7¾; concludes 10:40. 12

OLYMPIC, 622 and 624 Broadway.

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Stage Manager ....J. H. SELWYN.
LAST WEEK OF
ALADDIN.
In consequence of arrangements previously entered into, it is absolutely necessary on the termination of the present week to withdraw, in the zenith of its popularity and success, the romantic spectacular and gorgeous Eastern pageant of
ALADDIN.
MRS. JOHN WOOD...............as...........................ALADDIN.
Mrs. John Wood has effected an engagement with
MADAME COMTE BORCHARD,
MR. WILLIAM CASTLE and MRS. C. CAMPBELL,
with a powerful Company and efficient Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Anthony Reiff, for a short season of
ENGLISH OPERA,
commencing
MONDAY, JULY 4.
Doors open at 7½, performances commence at 8.
Seats for the last performance of ALADDIN can now be secured. 12

BROADWAY THEATRE,

LATE "WALLACK'S."
BROADWAY CORNER OF BROOME STREET.
LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.
SIXTH WEEK
OF
MR. F. S.
CHANFRAU,
who will appear in his great impersonation of
SALEM SCUDDER.
First appearance of the beautiful and talented artiste
MISS JENNIE PARKER,
who will appear as
ZOE, THE OCTOROON GIRL.
The piece will be produced with
NEW SCENERY AND MECHANICAL EFFECTS.
THIS AND EVERY EVENING,
until further notice, Dion Boucicault's play, entitled
THE OCTOROON.
Salem Scudder..Mr. F. S. Chanfrau
Zoe (an Octoroon).................................Miss Jennie Parker
Seats may be secured for any night in the week. 12

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.

Lessee, Director and Manager...........................G. L. FOX
LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.
MONDAY, June 27,
the great Tragic Drama of
THE BRIDE OF VENICE;
OR, THE COUNCIL OF TEN.
Guard de Courcy......................................J. B. Studley
Catarina..Miss R. Denvil
Guy, the Gascon....................................Mr. H. Chapman
Dance..................by.............M'lle Martinetti
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.
Vanderdecken, Captain of the Phantom Ship, the Flying Dutchman } ....Miss Fanny Herring
Peter Von Bummel...G. L. Fox
Toby Varnish...C. K. Fox
Lucy...Mrs. H. Chapman
THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX.
TUESDAY, June 28,
BENEFIT OF MISS FANNY HERRING. 12

FORREST'S MINSTRELS.---The Only Original

FRANK FORREST'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND are now making their first tour North and East during the fitting up of their Opera House.
18 STAR PERFORMERS,
comprising the following familiar names:
FRED. HOFFMAN, FRED. SHARPLEY,
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J. FRIEDREICH, HARRY BUTLER,
GEO. W. FORREST, J. WILCOX,
PROF. HARROLD, T. H. JACKSON,
C. G. STANLY, SAMUEL A. PORTER,
E. S. SULLIVAN, MASTER JAMES,
E. JAMES KELLY, MASTER JOHNNY,
FRANK FORREST, C. BLAISDELL.
DICK BERTHELON.
The SLITER BROTHERS, Masters James and Johnny, the youthful wonders, appear each evening in their great act,
DOUBLE CLOG HORNPIPE.
The BEST BRASS BAND travelling, under the leadership of JOHN C. McGUINESS, plays from the depot to the hotel, upon arriving in town, and each evening in front of the hall.
FRANK FORREST, Proprietor and Manager.
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The Original Music arranged by him to the following Dramas, Spectacles, Pantomimes and Entre Actes can be had for large or small Bands: THE COLLEEN BAWN, JEANNIE DEANS, FLOWERS OF THE FORREST, GREEN BUSHES, "FAUSTUS," MARBLE HEART, PEEP O' DAY BOYS, THE ELVES, THE SEVEN SISTERS, BLUE BEARD, GOLDEN EGG, SPIRIT OF THE FLOOD. OPERATIC SELECTIONS—from all the most popular Operas, including FAUST and IONE. QUADRILLES—from all the Operas, including HIBERNIAN (Irish), JEANNIE DEANS (Scotch). AMERICAN BALLADS (Ethiopian), MEDLEYS, &c. THE THALIA WALTZ. Polkas—THE IRVING, WOODLAND MURMURS, POLKA MAZOURKA, from Faust, by application to THOMAS BAKER, Olympic Theatre, and
11-1t* 52 St. Mark's Place, 8th street, New York.

NATIONAL HALL,

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN,
14 feet high, 30x70, WILL BE RENTED for Concerts, Lectures, Exhibitions, &c. Address
JAMES C. GOODSELL,
12-3t* Pontiac, Mich.

TO MANAGERS OF MINSTRELS.--A Situation

WANTED BY A WENCH DANCER and Personator of Female Characters, capable of taking parts in Farces and Burlesques. Address PETE FISHER, Barnum's Museum. 12-1t*

NEW SHEET MUSIC,

CARTES DE VISITE,
PLAYS AND
SONG BOOKS.
D. C. WINANS, having for the past eight years been connected with
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
wishes to inform the public throughout the
UNITED STATES
that he has established an agency for the sale of
NEW SHEET MUSIC,
CARTES DE VISITE,
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Sent on receipt of marked price, postage paid.
A Catalogue has just been published containing upwards of
TEN THOUSAND NAMES OF THE CHOICEST SELECTIONS.
Cartes de Visite 20 cents each, or six for $1.
All orders addressed to
D. C. WINANS,
Bryants' Minstrels,
472 Broadway, N. Y.,
Will be promptly attended to.
☞ Enclose Stamp for Catalogue. 11-3m

A CARD.---Mr. Charles Pope, will return from

California about the 15th of July. Managers wishing to negotiate with him for Summer or Winter engagements, will please address CHAS. T. PARSLOE, or CLIPPER Office. 11-3t*

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PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLE

AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.
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